

T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F T H E  
VALOROUS and WITTY  
Knight-Errant  
DON QUIXOTE  
Of the M A N C H A.

Written in *Spanish* by MICHAEL CERVANTES.

Translated into *English*  
By THOMAS SHELTON,  
and now printed *verbatim* from the 4<sup>to</sup> Edition of  
1620.

*With a curious SET of CUTS from the French  
of COYPEL.*

V O L. III.

L O N D O N:

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THE  
SECOND PART  
OF  
DON QUIXOTE.

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BOOK II.

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CHAP. I.

*How the Vicar and the Barber pass'd their time with  
Don QUIXOTE, touching his infirmity.*



ID Hamet Benengali tells us, in the second part of this history, and Don Quixote's third sally, that the Vicar and Barber, were almost a whole month without seeing him, because they would not renew, and bring to his remembrance, things done and past.

Notwithstanding, they forbore not to visit his Niece and the Old Woman, charging them they should be careful to cherish him, and to give him comforting meats to eat, good for his brain; from whence, in all likelihood,

all his ill proceeded. They answer'd, that they did so, and would do it with all possible love and care: For they perceiv'd that their master continually gave signs of being in his entire judgment; at which, the two receiv'd great joy, and thought they took the right course, when they brought him enchanted in the ox waine, as hath been declar'd in the first part of this so famous, as punctual history. So they determin'd to visit him, and make some trial of his amendment, which they thought was impossible; and agreed not to touch upon any point of knight-errantry, because they would not endanger the ripping up of a sore, whose stitches made it yet tender.

At length, they visited him, whom they found set up in his bed, clad in a waste-coat of green baze, on his head a red *Toledo* bonnet, so dry'd and wither'd up, as if his flesh had been mummy'd. He welcom'd them, and they ask'd him touching his health; of it, and himself, he gave them good account, with much judgment and elegant phrase, and, in process of discourse, they fell into state-matters and manner of government, correcting this abuse, and condemning that; reforming one custom, and rejecting another; each of the three making himself a new law-maker, a modern *Lycurgus*, and a spick-and-span new *Solon*; and they so refin'd the commonwealth, as if they had clapp'd it into a forge, and drawn it out in another fashion than they had put it in. Don *Quixote*, in all, was so discreet, that the two examinants, undoubtedly believ'd, he was quite well, and in his right mind. The *Niece* and the *Old Woman* were present at this discourse, and could never give God thanks enough, when they saw their master with so good understanding: But the *Vicar* changing his first intent, which was, not to meddle in matters of chivalry, would now make a thorough trial of Don *Quixote's* perfect recovery; and so, now and then, tells him news from court; and amongst others, that it was given out for certain, that the *Turk* was come down with a powerful army; that his design was not known, nor where such a cloud would  
dis-

discharge itself; and that all *Christendom* was affrighted with this terror, he puts us in with his yearly alarm: Likewise, that his majesty had made strong the coasts of *Naples*, *Sicily*, and *Malta*. To this, said Don *Quixote*, his majesty hath done like a most politick warrior, in looking to his dominions in time, lest the enemy might take him at unawares: but, if my counsel might prevail, I would advise him to use a prevention, which he is far from thinking on at present. The *Vicar* scarce heard this, when he thought with himself, God defend thee, poor Don *Quixote*; for, methinks, thou fall'st headlong from the high-top of thy madness, into the profound bottom of thy simplicity. But the *Barber*, presently being of the *Vicar*'s mind, asks Don *Quixote*, what advice it was he would give? for peradventure, said he, it is such an one as may be put in the roll of those many idle ones that are usually given to princes. Mine, Goodman *Shaver*, quoth Don *Quixote*, is no such. I spoke not to that intent, reply'd the *Barber*, but that it is commonly seen, that all, or the most of your projects, that are given to his majesty, are either impossible, or frivolous; either in detriment of the king, or the kingdom. Well, mine, quoth Don *Quixote*, is neither impossible nor frivolous; but the plainest, the justest, the most manageable and compendious, that may be contain'd in the thought of any projector. You are long a telling us it, Mr. Don *Quixote*, said the *Vicar*. I would not, reply'd he, tell it you here now, that it should be early to morrow in the ears of some privy counsellor, and that another should reap the praise and reward of my labour. For me, quoth the *Barber*, I pass my word here, and before God, to tell neither king nor keisar, nor any earthly man, what you say: an oath, I learnt out of the ballad of the *Vicar*, in the preface whereof he told the king of the thief that robb'd him of his two hundred double pistoles, and his gadding mule. I know not your histories, said Don *Quixote*, but I presume, the oath is good, because I know Mr. *Barber* is he an honest man. If were not, said the *Vicar*, I

would make it good, and undertake for him, that he shall be dumb in this business, under pain of excommunication. And who shall undertake for you, Mr. *Vicar*, quoth Don *Quixote*? My profession, answer'd he, which is to keep counsel. Body of me! said Don *Quixote*, is there any more to be done then, but that the king cause proclamation to be made, that, at a prefix'd day, all the knights-errant, that rove up and down *Spain*, repair to the court? and if there came but half a dozen, yet such an one there might be amongst them, as would destroy all the *Turk's* power. Harken to me, hoe! and let me take you with me: do you think it is strange, that one knight-errant should conquer an army of two hundred thousand fighting men, as if altogether but one throat, or were made of sugar-pellets? But tell me, how many stories are full of those marvels? You should have brave Don *Belianis* alive now, with a pox to me, for I'll curse no other; or some one of that invincible lineage of *Amadis de Gaul*: for if any of these were living at this day, and should affront the *Turk*, I'faith I would not be in his coat: but God will provide for his people, and send some one, if not so brave a knight-errant as those formerly, yet at least that shall not be inferior in courage; and, God knows my meaning, and I say no more. Alas! quoth the *Neice* at this instant, hang me, if my master have not a desire to turn knight-errant again. Then, cry'd Don *Quixote*, I must die so, march the *Turk* up and down when he will, and as he can; I say again, God knows my meaning. Then, said the *Barber*, good sirs, give me leave to tell you a brief tale of an accident in *Sevil*, which, because it falls out here so pat, I must needs tell it, Don *Quixote* was willing, the *Vicar* and the rest gave their attention, and thus he began.

In the house of the madman, at *Sevil*, there was one put in there by his kindred, to recover him of his lost wits, he was a *Batchelor of Law*, graduated in the canons at *Osuna*, and, though he had been graduated at *Salamanca*, yet, as many are of opinion,



nion, he would have been mad thereto; this *Batchelor*, after some years imprisonment, made it appear that he was well, and in his right wits; and to this purpose writes to the *Archbishop*, desiring him earnestly, and with forcible reasons, to deliver him from that misery in which he liv'd, since, by God's mercy, he had now recover'd his lost understanding: and that his kindred, only to get his wealth, had kept him there, and so meant to hold him still wrongfully, till his death. The *Archbishop*, induc'd by many sensible and discreet lines of his, commanded one of his *Chaplains*, to inform himself, from the *Rector* of the house, of the truth; and to speak also with the madman, that, if he perceiv'd he was in his wits, he should give him his liberty. The chaplain did this, and the *Rector* said that the party was still mad, that altho' he had sometimes fair intermissions, yet, in the end, he would grow to such a raving, as might equal his former discretion, as he told him, he might perceive, by discoursing with him. The *Chaplain* would needs make trial, and coming to him, talk'd with him an hour and more, and, in all that time, the madman never gave him a cross, nor wild answer, but rather spoke advis'dly, that the *Chaplain* was forc'd to believe him to be sensible enough; and, amongst the rest, he told him, the rector had an inclining against him, because he would not lose his kindred's presents, that he might say he was mad by fits: withal he said, that his wealth was the greatest wrong to him in his evil fortune, since, to enjoy that, his enemies defrauded him, and would doubt of God's mercy to him, that had turn'd him from a beast to a man. Lastly, he spoke so well, that he made the *Rector* to be suspected, and his kindred thought covetous and damnable persons, and himself so discreet, that the *Chaplain* determin'd to have him with him, that the *Archbishop* might see him, and be satisfyd of the truth of the business. With this good belief, the *Chaplain* requir'd the *Rector*, to give the *Batchelor* the cloaths he brought with him thither: who

reply'd, desiring him to consider what he did, for that the party was still mad: but the *Rector's* advice prevail'd nothing with the *Chaplain*, to make him leave him; so he was forc'd to give way to the *Archbishop's* order, and to give him his apparel, which was new and handsome: and when the *Madman* saw himself civilly clad, and his madmans weeds off, he requested the *Chaplain*, that, in charity, he would let him take his leave of the madmen, his companions. The *Chaplain* told him, that he would likewise accompany him, and see the madmen that were in the house. So up they went, and with them some others there present, and the *Batchelor* being come to a kind of cage, where an outrageous madman lay, altho' as then still and quiet, he said, Brother, if you will command me ought, I am going to my house; for now it hath pleas'd God, of his infinite goodness and mercy, without my desert, to bring me to my right mind: I am now well and sensible, for unto God's power nothing is impossible. Be of good comfort, trust in him, that since he hath turn'd me to my former estate, he will do the like to you, if you trust in him. I will be careful to send you some dainty to eat, and by any means eat it; for, let me tell you what I know by experience, that all our madness proceeds from the emptiness of our stomachs, that fills our brains with air: Take heart, take heart; for this dejecting in misery, lessens the health, and hastens death. Another madman, in a cage over-against, heard all the *Batchelor's* discourse, and, raising himself upon an old matress, upon which he lay stark naked, ask'd aloud, who it was that was going away, sound, and in his wits. The *Batchelor* reply'd, It is I, brother, that am going, for I have no need to stay here any longer; for which I render infinite thanks to God, that hath done me so great a favour. Take heed what you say, *Batchelor*, reply'd the *Madman*, let not the devil deceive you; keep still your foot, and be quiet here at home, and so you may save a bringing back. I know, quoth the *Batchelor*, I am well, and shall  
need

need to walk no more stations hither. You're well, said the *Madman*: the event will try; God be with you: but I swear to thee by *Jupiter*, whose majesty I represent on earth, that, for this days offence, I will eat up all *Sevil*, for delivering thee from hence, and saying thou art in thy wits; I will take such a punishment on this city, as shall be remember'd for ever and ever, *Amen*. Know'st not thou, poor rascal *Batchelor*, that I can do it, since, as I say, I am thundering *Jupiter*, that carry in my hands the scorching bolts, with which, I can, and use to, threaten and destroy the world? But in one thing only will I chastise this ignorant town; which is, that for three years together there shall fall no rain about it, nor the liberties thereof, counting from this time and instant henceforward, that this threat hath been made. Thou free, thou sound, thou wise, and I mad, I sick, I bound; as sure will I rain as I mean to hang my self. The standers-by gave attention to the *Madman*: but our *Batchelor*, turning to the *Chaplain*, and taking him by the hand, said, Be not afraid, sir, nor take any heed to this madman's words: for if he be *Jupiter* and will not rain, I, that am *Neptune*, the father and god of the waters, will rain as oft as I list, and need shall require. To which, quoth the *Chaplain*, nay, Mr. *Neptune*, it were not good angering Mr. *Jupiter*. I pray stay you here still, and some other time, at more leisure and opportunity, we will return for you again. The *Rector* and standers-by began to laugh, and the *Chaplain* grew to be half abash'd: the *Batchelor* was uncloath'd, there remain'd, and there the tale ends.

Well, is this the tale, Mr. *Barber*, quoth Don *Quixote*, that because it fell out so pat, you could not but relate it? Ah, Goodman *Shavester*, Goodman *Shavester*, how blind is he that sees not light through the bottom of a meal-sive? and is it possible that you should not know, that comparisons made, betwixt wit and wit, valour and valour, beauty and beauty, and betwixt birth and birth, are always odious and ill taken? I am not

*Neptune*, god of the waters, neither care I who thinks me a wise man, I being none, only I am troubled to let the world understand the error it is in, in not renewing that most happy age, in which the order of knight-errantry did flourish: but our deprav'd times deserve not to enjoy so great a happiness, as former ages, when knights-errant undertook the defence of kingdoms; the protection of damsels; the succouring of orphans; the chastizing the proud; the reward of the humble. Most of your knights now-a-days, are such as ruffle in their silks, their cloth of gold and silver, and such rich stuffs as these they wear, rather than mail, with which they should arm themselves. You have no knight now that will lie upon the bare ground, subject to the rigour of the air, armed *cap-a-pie*: none now that upright on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, strives to be head-sleep, as they say your knights-errant did: you have none now, that, coming out of this wood, enters into that mountain, and from thence tramples over a barren and desert shore of the sea, most commonly stormy and unquiet; and finding at the brink of it some little cock-boat, without oars, sail, mast, or any kind of tackling, casts himself into it with undaunted courage, yields himself to the implacable waves of the deep main, that now toss him as high as heaven, and then cast him as low as hell; and be expos'd to the inevitable tempest, when he least dreams of it, finds himself at least three thousand leagues distant from the place where he embark'd himself: and, leaping on a remote and unknown shore, lights upon successes worthy to be written in brass, and not parchment. But now, sloth triumphs upon industry, idleness on labour, vice on virtue, presumption on valour, the theory on the practice of arms, which only liv'd and shin'd in those golden ages, and in those knights-errant. If not, tell me, who was more virtuous, more valiant than the renown'd *Amadis de Gaul*? more discreet than *Palmerin of England*? more affable and free, than *Tirante the White*? more gallant than *Lisuart of Greece*? a greater hackster, or more hack'd than *Don Belianis*? more undaunted than *Perian of Gaul*? who



a greater undertaker of dangers than *Felismarte* of *Her-  
cania*, who more sincere than *Esplandian*? who more cour-  
teous than *Don Cierongilio* of *Thracia*? who more fierce  
than *Rodomant*? who wiser than King *Sobrinus*? who  
more couragious than *Renaldo*? who more invincible  
than *Roldan*? who more comely, or more courteous,  
than *Rogero*? from whom the Dukes of *Ferrara* at this  
Day are descended, according to *Turpin* in his cosmo-  
graphy. All these knights, and many more, master  
*Vicar*, that I could tell you, were knights-errant, the  
very light and glory of knight-hood. These, or such  
as these, are they I wish for; which, if it could be, his  
majesty would be well serv'd, and might save a great  
deal of expence, and the *Turk* might go shake his ears.  
And therefore, let me tell you, I scorn to keep my house,  
since the *Chaplain* delivers me not, and his *Jupiter*, as  
Goodman *Barber* talks, reigns not; here am I that will  
reign when I list: this I speak, that Goodman *Bason* may  
know I understand him.

Truly Mr. Don *Quixote*, said the *Barber*, I spoke it  
not to that end, and so help me God, as I meant well,  
and you ought not to resent any thing. I know well  
enough whether I ought or no, Sir, reply'd Don *Quix-  
ote*. Then, quoth the *Vicar*, well, go to: I have not  
spoken a word hitherto, I would not willingly remain  
with one scruple which doth grate and gnaw upon my  
conscience, sprung from what Mr. Don *Quixote* hath  
here told us. For this, and much more, you have full li-  
berty, good Master *Vicar*, said Don *Quixote*, and there-  
fore tell your scruple, for sure it is no pleasure to conti-  
nue with a scrupulous conscience. Under correction,  
quoth the *Vicar*, this it is, I can by no means be per-  
swaded, that all that troop of knights-errant, which you  
nam'd, were ever true, and really persons of flesh and  
bone in this world: I rather imagine all is fiction, tales,  
and lies, or dreams set down by men waking, or, to say  
trulier, by men half asleep. There's another error, quoth  
Don *Quixote*, into which many have fall'n, who believe  
not that there have been such knights in the world: and  
I my self many times in divers companies, and upon



several occasions, have labour'd to shew this common mistake, but sometimes have fail'd in my purpose, at others not; supporting it upon the shoulders of truth, which is so infallible, that I may say, that with these very eyes I have beheld *Amadis de Gaul*, who was a goodly tall man, well complection'd, had a broad beard, and black, an equal countenance, betwixt mild and stern, a man of small discourse, slow to anger, and soon appeas'd: and, just as I have delineated *Amadis*, I might, in my judgment, paint and decipher out as many knights-errant, as are in all the histories of the world: for by apprehending, they were such as their histories report them, by their exploits they did, and their qualities; their features, colours, and statures, may, in good philosophy, be guess'd at. How big, dear Mr. Don *Quixote*, quoth the *Barber*, might giant *Morgante* be? touching giants, quoth Don *Quixote*, there be different opinions, whether there have been any or no in the world: but the holy scripture, which cannot err a jot in the truth, doth shew us plainly, that there were, telling us the story of that huge *Philistine Goliath*, that was seven cubits and a half high, which is an unmeasurable greatness. Besides, in the isle of *Sicilia*, there have been found shank-bones, and shoulder-bones so great, that their bigness shew'd their owners to have been giants, and as huge as high towers, which geometry will make good. But, for all this, I cannot easily tell you how big *Morgante* was, though, I suppose, he was not very tall; to which opinion I incline, because I find in his history, where there is particular mention made of his acts, that many times he lay under a roof: and therefore, since he found an house that would hold him, 'tis plain, he could not be of extraordinary bigness. 'Tis true, quoth the *Vicar*, who delighting to hear him talk so wildly, ask'd him what he thought of the faces of *Renaldo* of *Montalban*, *Don Roldan*, and the rest of the twelve peers of *France*, who were all knights-errant. For *Renaldo*, quoth Don *Quixote*, I dare boldly say, he was broad-fac'd, his complexion high, quick and full ey'd, very exceptionous, and extremely cholerick; a lover of thieves and debauched company. Touching *Rolando*, or  
Rosa-

*Rotolando*, or *Orlando*; for histories afford him all these names, I am of opinion, and affirm that he was of a mean stature, broad-shoulder'd, somewhat bow-legg'd, a-burn bearded, his body hairy, and his looks threatning, dull of discourse, but affable and well behav'd. If *Orlando*, said the *Vicar*, was so sweet a youth as you describe him, no marvel though the fair *Angelica* disdain'd him, and left him, for the handsome, brisk and conceited beard-budding *Medor*; and that she had rather have his softness, than t'others roughness. That *Angelica*, quoth Don *Quixote*, was a light house-wife, a gadder, and a wanton, and left the world as full of her fopperies, as the reports of her beauty: she despis'd a thousand knights, a thousand both valiant and discreet, and contented herself with a poor beardless page, without more wealth or honour, than what her famous singer *Ariosto* could give her in token of his thankfulness to his friends love; either because he durst not in this respect, or because he would not chaunt what befel this lady, after her base prostitution; for sure her carriage was not very honest: so he left her when he said,

*And how Cataye's scepter she had at will,  
Perhaps, some one will: rite with better quill.*

And undoubtedly this was a kind of prophesy, for poets are called *Vates*, that is, sooth-sayers; and this truth hath been clearly seen; for since that time, a famous *Andalusian* poet wept, and sung her tears: and another famous and rare poet of *Castile*, her beauty. But tell me, Mr. Don *Quixote*, quoth the *Barber*, was there ever any poet that wrote a satyr against this fair lady, amongst those many that have written in her praise? I am well perswaded, quoth Don *Quixote*, that if *Sacripant* or *Orlando* had been poets, they had trounc'd the damsel: for it is an ordinary thing amongst poets once disdain'd, or not admitted by their fain'd mistresses, fain'd indeed, because they fain they love them, to revenge themselves with satyrs and libels; a revenge truly unworthy noble spirits: but hitherto I have not heard of any  
infa-

infamatory verse against the lady *Angelica*, that hath made any hurly-burly in the world. Strange, quoth the *Vicar*. With that they might hear the *Niece* and the *Old Woman*, who were before gone from them, keep a noise without in the court: so they went to see what was the matter.

## CHAP. II.

*Of the notable fray that Sancho Panca had with the Niece and the Old Woman, and other delightful passages.*

THE story says, that the noise which Don *Quixote*, the *Vicar* and the *Barber* heard, was of the *Niece* and the *O'd Woman*, that were rating *Sancho Panca*, that strove with them for entrance to see Don *Quixote*, who kept the door against him. What will this bloodhound have here? said they, get you home to your own house, for you are he and none else, that doth distract and ring-lead our master, and carry him astray. To which? quoth *Sancho*, woman of satan, I am he that is distracted, ring-led, and carry'd astray, and not your master, 'twas he that led me up and down the world, and you deceive your selves, and understand by halves: he drew me from my house with his coney-catching, promising me an island, which I yet hope for. A plague of your Islands, reply'd the *Niece*) curs'd *Sancho*! and what be your islands? is it any thing to eat, Goodman glutton, you cormorant, as you are? 'tis not to eat, quoth *Sancho*, but to rule and govern, better than four cities, or four of the king's judges. For all that, said the *O'd Woman*, you come not in here, you bundle of mischief, and sack of wickedness; get you home and govern there, and sow your grain, and leave seeking after islands or dilands. The *Vicar* and the *Barber* took great delight to hear this dialogue between the three: but Don *Quixote*, fearing lest *Sancho* should out with all, and should blunder out a company of malicious foeries, or should touch upon points that might not be for

for his reputation, he call'd him to him, and commanded the women to be silent, and to let him in. *Sancho* entred, and the *Vicar* and *Barber* took leave of Don *Quixote*, of whose recovery they despair'd, seeing how much he was bent upon his wild thoughts, and how much he was besotted with his damn'd knights-errant. So, quoth the *Vicar* to the *Barber*, you shall quickly, gossip, perceive, when we least think of it, that our gallant takes his flight again by the river. No doubt, said the *Barber*, but I wonder not so much at the knight's madness, as the squire's simplicity, that believes so in the islands, and I think all the art in the world will not drive that out of his noddle. God mend them, said the *Vicar*, and let us expect what issue the multitude of this knight and squire's absurdities will have: for it seems they were both fram'd out of one forge, as it were, for the master's madness without the servant's folly, is not worth a chip. 'Tis true, said the *Barber*, and I should be glad to know their present discourse. I warrant, said the *Vicar*, the *Niece* and *Old Woman* will tell us all when they have done, for they are not so mannerly as not to hearken. In the interim, Don *Quixote* lock'd in *Sancho*, and thus discours'd with him: I am very sorry, *Sancho*, you should affirm and make good, that I was he that drew you from your dog-hole cottage, knowing that I willingly left mine, a palace in comparison; we went out jointly, so we march'd on, and so we held our whole peregrination; both of us having undergone the same lot, the same fortune; and, if once thou wast toss'd in a blanket, I have been banged an hundred times, and herein have I the advantage of thee. Why, it was very fit, answer'd *Sancho*, for, as you hold, misfortunes are more annex'd to knights-errant than to their squires. Thou art deceiv'd, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*: for according to the saying, *Quando caput dolet*, &c. I understand no other language but mine own, said *Sancho*: Why I mean, reply'd Don *Quixote*, that when the head akes, all the body is out of tune: so that I, being thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou a part of me, since thou art my servant; in which respect, the ill that touch-



toucheth me, must concern and grieve thee, and so thine me. Indeed, quoth *Sancho*, it ought to be so: but when I was toss'd in the blanket, my head stood aloof, like a part, beholding me fly in the air, without any feeling my grief; and since the members are bound to suffer for the head, the head in requital should also suffer for them. You mean, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, that I had no feeling of your being toss'd? And if you mean so, do not, neither imagine any such thing: for at that time, I was more vext in spirit, than thou could'st be in body: but leave we this for the present; for we shall have leisure to consider and rectify it: and tell me, friend *Sancho*, what say the common people of me? In what estimation do the gentlemen hold me? In what the knights and gallants? What say they of my valour? What of my exploits? What of my affability? What discourse they touching my plot in raising and restoring to the world, the long forgotten order of knight-errantry? To conclude, I would have thee tell me all that thou hast heard: and you must tell me, without adding to my praise, or diminishing my dispraise; for it is the part of loyal servants, to tell the naked truth to their masters, in its native colour, without increasing it by flattery, or diminishing it for any other vain respect: and I would have thee, *Sancho*, learn by the way, that if the naked truth should come to the ears of princes, without the apparel of flattery, we should have another manner of world, and other ages would be call'd iron, and not ours, and this would be the golden age. And let me advise thee, *Sancho*, that well and discreetly thou tell me the truth of what thou know'st, concerning my demand. I shall, with a very good will, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, upon condition that you shall not be angry at what I shall tell you, since you will have the naked truth, without any other cloathing than what I have seen her with. By no means will I be angry, answer'd Don *Quixote*, thou may'st speak freely, *Sancho*, and without any disguise. Why then, first of all, I must tell you, the common people hold you for a notable madman, and that I am no less a coxcomb. The ordinary gentlemen say, that, not contain-

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ing your self within the limits of gentry, you will needs be *Don* your self, and be a man of honour, having but three or four acres of land, and a rag before, and another behind. The knights say, they would not have you poor squires be rank'd with them, that clout their own shoes, and take up a stitch in their own black stockings with green silk. That concerns not me, quoth Don *Quixote*, for thou seest that I go always well clad, and never patcht: indeed a little torn sometimes, but more with my armour, than by long wearing. Concerning your valour, quoth *Sancho*, your affability, your exploits, and your plot, there be different opinions: some say, you are a madman, but a merry one: others, that you are valiant, but withal unfortunate: a third sort, that you are affable, but impertinent: and thus they discant upon us, that they leave neither you nor me a sound bone. Why, look thee, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, wheresoever virtue is eminent, it is persecuted: few or none of those brave Hero's that have liv'd, have, scap'd malicious calumniation. *Julius Caesar*, that most courageous, most wise, most valiant captain, was noted to be ambitious, and to be somewhat slovenly in his apparel and his conditions. *Alexander*, who for his exploits obtain'd the title of *Great*, is said to have been given to drunkenness. *Hercules*, he, with his many labours, was said to have been lascivious and a striker: Don *Galaor*, brother to *Amadis de Gaul*, was grudg'd at for being offensive: and his brother for a sheep-biter. So that, *Sancho*, since so many worthy men have been calumniated, I may well suffer mine, if it have been no more than thou tell'st me. Why, there's the quiddity of the matter, body of my father, quoth *Sancho*. Was there any more said then, said Don *Quixote*? There's more behind yet, said *Sancho*: all that was said hitherto, is cakes and whitebread to this: but if you will know all concerning these calumnies, i'll bring you one hither by and by, that shall tell 'em you all without missing a scrap; for last night *Bartholomew Carrasco's* son arriv'd, that comes from study, from *Salamanca*, and hath proceeded batchelor; and as I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that

your

your History was in print, under the title of the most ingenious gentleman Don *Quixote de la Mancha*; and he tells me that I am mention'd too, by mine own name of *Sancho Panca*, and *Dulcinea del Toboso* is in too, and other matters that pass'd betwixt us; at which I am amaz'd, and bless'd my self how the historian, that wrote them, could come to the knowledge of them. Assure thee, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, the author of our history is some sage inchanter: for such are not ignorant of all secrets they write. Well, said *Sancho*, if he were wise and an inchanter, I will tell you, according as *Samson Carrasco* told me, for that's the man's name that spoke with me, that the author's name of this History is *Cid Hamete* † *Beregena*. That is the name of a Moor, said Don *Quixote*. It is very like, quoth *Sancho*, for your Moors are great lovers of \* *Berengens*. *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, you are out in the Moor's surname, which is *Cid Hamete Benengeli*, and *Cide* in the Arabick signifieth lord. It may be so, quoth *Sancho*, but if you will have the *Batchelor* come to you, I'll bring him to your flying. Friend, quoth Don *Quixote*, thou shalt do me a special pleasure, for I am in suspense with what thou hast told me, and will not eat a bit till I am inform'd of all. Well, I go for him, said *Sancho*; and, leaving his master, went for the *Batchelor*, with whom, a while after, he return'd, and the three had a passing pleasant dialogue.

### CH A P. III.

*The ridiculous discourse that pass'd betwixt Don Quixote, Sancho, and the Batchelor, Samson Carrasco.*

**D**ON *Quixote* was monstrous pensative, expecting the *Batchelor Carrasco*, from whom he hop'd to hear the news of himself in print, as *Sancho* had

† It should be *Benengeli*, but *Sancho* simply mistakes, as followeth in the next note. \* *Berengens* is a fruit in Spain, which they boil with sod meat, as we do carrats; and here was *Sancho's* simplicity in mistaking, and to think that name was given the Author for loving the fruit.

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told him, and he could not be persuaded that there was such a history, since yet the blood of enemies, kill'd by him, was scarce dry upon his sword-blade; and would they have his noble acts of chivalry already in the press? notwithstanding, he thought that somehow or other, or enemy, by way of enchantment, had committed them to the press: if a friend, then to extol him for the most remarkable of any knight-errant: if an enemy, to annihilate them, and clap 'em beneath the basest and meanest that ever were mention'd of any inferior squire, although, thought he to himself, no acts of squire were ever divulg'd: but if there were any history, being of a knight-errant, it must need be lofty and stately, famous, magnificent, and true. With this he comforted himself somewhat, but began to be discomfited, to think that his author must be a *Moor*, by reason of that name of *Cid*: and from *Moors* there could be no truth expected; for all of them are cheaters, impostors, and chymists.

He fear'd likewise, that he might treat of his love with some indecency, that might redound to the lessening and prejudice of his lady *Dulcinea del Toboso's* honesty, he desir'd that he might declare his constancy, and the decorum that he had ever kept toward her, contemning queens and empresses, and damsels of all sorts, keeping distance with violences of natural motions. *Sancho*, and *Carraasco*, found him thus toss'd and turmoil'd in these, and many such like imaginations, whom Don *Quixote* receiv'd with much courtesy.

This *Batchelor*, though his name was *Samson*, was not very tall, but a notable wag-halter, lean-fac'd, but of a good understanding; he was about four and twenty years of age, round-fac'd, flat-nos'd, and wide-mouth'd, all signs of a malicious disposition, and a friend to conceits and merriment, as he shew'd it when he saw Don *Quixote*; for he fell upon his knees before him, saying, good Mr. Don *Quixote*, give me your greatness's hand, for by the habit of St. *Peter*, which I wear, you are, Sir, one of the most complete knights-errant, that hath been, or shall be upon the roundness of the earth.

Well-

fare, *Cid Hamete Benengeli*, that left the stories of your greatness to posterity, and more than well may that curious author fare, that had the care to cause them to be translated out of the *Arabick* into our vulgar *Castilian*, to the general entertainment of all men.

Don *Quixote* made him rise, and said; Then it seems my history is extant, and that he was a *Moor*, and a wise man that made it. So true it is, quoth *Samson*, that upon my knowledge, at this day, there be printed above twelve thousand copies of your history: if not, let *Portugal*, *Barcelona*, and *Valencia* speak, where they have been printed; and the report goes, that they are now printing at *Antwerp*, and I have a kind of guess, that there is no nation or language where they will not be translated. One of the things then, quoth Don *Quixote*, that ought to give a man vertuous and eminent content in, is, to see himself living, and to have a good name from every body's mouth, to be printed, and in the press. I said with a good name: for otherwise, no death could be equall'd to that life. If it be for a good name, said the *Batchelor*, your worship carries the prize from all knights-errant: for the *Moor*, in his language, and the *Christian* in his, were most careful to paint, to the life, your gallantry, your great courage in attempting of dangers, your patience in adversities, and your sufferance, as well in misfortunes, as in your wounds; your honesty and constancy in the so *Platonick* loves of your self and my lady *Donna Dulcinea del Toboso*. I never, reply'd *Sancho*, heard my lady stil'd *Don* before, only the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*; and there the history erreth somewhat. This is no objection of moment, said *Carraasco*. No truly, quoth Don *Quixote*, but tell me Signior *Batchelor*, which of the exploits of mine are most ponderous in this history?

In this, said the *Batchelor*, there be different opinions, as there be different tastes: some delight in the adventure of the wind-mills, that you took to be briareans and giants: Others in that of the fulling-hammers: this man in the description of the two Armies, which afterwards fell out to be two flocks of sheep; that man doth extol  
your



your adventure of the dead man, that was carry'd to be buried at *Segovia*: one saith, that that of the freeing of the gally-slaves goes beyond them all: Another, that none comes near that of the *Benitian* giants, with the combate of the valorous *Biscayner*. Tell me, said *Sancho*, Sir *Batchelor*, comes not that in of the *Yanguesian* carriers, when our precious *Rozinante* long'd for the forbidden fruit? The wise man, said *Samson*, left out nothing, he sets down all most punctually, even to the very capers that *Sancho* fetcht in the blanket. Not in the blanket, reply'd *Sancho*, but in the air, more than I was willing,

According to my thought, said Don *Quixote*, there is no human history in the world, that hath not his changes, especially those that treat of chivalry, which can never be full of prosperous success. For all that, reply'd the *Batchelor*, there be some that have read your history, that would be glad the authors had omitted some of those infinite bastings, that in divers encounters were given Sir Don *Quixote*. I, there, quoth *Sancho*, comes in the truth of the story. They might likewise in equity silence them, said Don *Quixote*, since those actions, that neither change nor alter the truth of the story, are best left out, if they must redound to the misprizing of the chief person of the history. *Aeneas* i'faith was never so pitiful, as *Virgil* paints him out: nor *Ulysses* so subtil, as *Homer* describes him. True it is, said *Samson*, but it is one thing to write like a poet, and another like an historian; the poet may say or sing things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been: and the historian must write things, not as they ought to be, but as they have been, without adding or taking away ought from the truth.

Well, said *Sancho*, if you go to telling of truths, we shall find that this Signior *Moor* hath all the bastings of my master and me; for I am sure they never took measure of his worship's shoulders, but they took it of all my body too; but no marvel, for, as my master himself saith, the rest of the parts must participate of the head's grief. *Sancho*, you are a crack-rope, quoth Don *Quixote*,



ote, I'faith you want no memory, when you list to have it. If I would willingly forget those cudgelings that I have had, the bunches yet fresh on my ribs would not consent. Peace *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, and interrupt not the *Batchelor*, whom I request to proceed, and tell me what is said of me in the mention'd history. And of me too, said *Sancho*, for it is said, that I am one of the principal personages of it. Personages, and not Parsonages, you would say, *Sancho*, quoth *Samson*. More correcting of words, quoth *Sancho*? Go to this; and we shall not end in all our life-time. Hang me, *Sancho*, said *Samson*, if you be not the second person in the story, and you have some, that had as live hear you speak, as the best there: tho' others will not stick to say, you were too credulous to believe, that your government of the island, offer'd by Sir Don *Quixote* here present, might be true.

There is yet shun-shine upon the walls, quoth Don *Quixote*, and when *Sancho* comes to be of more years, with the experience of them, he will be more able and fit than now, to be a governour. By the mass, said *Sancho*, if I be not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall never govern, tho' I come to be as old as *Methusalem*; the mischief is, that the said Island is delay'd I know not how, and not that I want brain to govern it. Leave all to God, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, for all will be well, and perhaps better than you think for; and the leaves in the tree move not without the will of God.

'Tis true indeed, said *Samson*, for, if God will, *Sancho* shall not want a thousand islands, much less one. I have seen, said *Sancho*, of your governours in the world, that are not worthy to wipe my shoes, and, for all this, they give 'em titles, and are serv'd in plate. Those are not governours of islands, reply'd *Samson*, but of other easier governments; for they that govern islands, must be at least *Grammarians*. For your gray, I care not, but your mare I could like well enough: but leaving this government to God's hands,

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hands, let him place me where he pleaseth: I say, Sir Batchelor *Samson Carrasco*, that I am infinitely glad that the author of the history hath spoken of me, in such sort, that the things he speaks of me, do not cloy the reader; for, by the faith of a *Christian*, if he had spoken any thing of me not befitting an \* old *Christian*, as I am, I should make deaf men hear on't. That were to work miracles, said *Samson*. Miracles or not miracles, quoth *Sancho*, every man look how he speaks or writes of men, and set not down each thing that comes into his noddle in a mingle-mangle. One of the faults that they lay, said *Carrasco*, is in that history, is this; that his author put in it a certain novel or tale, intitl'd, the *Curious Impertinent*: nor that it was ill, or not well continu'd, but that it was unseasonable for that place, neither had it any thing to do with the history of Don *Quixote*.

I'll hold a wager, quoth *Sancho*, the dog-bolt hath made a gallimawfry. Let me tell you, said Don *Quixote*, the author of my story is not wise, but some ignorant prater, that at unawares, and without judgment, undertook it, hab-nab, as *Orbaneja* the painter of *Uzeda*; who being ask'd, what he painted, answer'd, As it happens, sometimes he would paint ye a *Cock*, but so unlike, that he was forc'd to write underneath, in *Gothish* letters, *This is a Cock*: and thus I believe it is with my history, that it had need of a comment to make it understood.

No surely, replied *Samson*, it is so conspicuous, and so void of difficulty, that children may handle him, youths may read him, men may understand him, and old men may celebrate him: To conclude, he is so glean'd, so read, and so known to all sorts of People, that they scarce see a lean horse pass by, when they say, *There goeth Rosinante*: And amongst these, pages are most given to read him: You have no great man's withdrawing-room that hath not a Don

\* In Spanish *Christiano Vieio*, a name they desire to be distinguished from the Moors by. *Quix-*

*Quixote* in him, some take him; if others lay him down; these close with him; they demand him: Lastly, the story is the most pleasing, the least hurtful for entertainment, that hath hitherto been seen; for all over it, there is not to be seen a dishonest word, or one like one; nor an imagination less than catholic.

He that should write otherwise, quoth Don *Quixote*, should write no truths, but lies, and he that doth so, ought to be burn'd, like them that coin false money; and I know not what the author meant, to put in novels and strange tales, my story affording him matter enough; belike, he holds himself to the proverb of chaff and hay, &c. Well, I'll tell you, out of mentioning only my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my honest wishes, and my on-sets, he might have made a greater volume than all *Tostatus's* works. Indeed, Signior *Batchelor*, all, that I conceive, is, that to write a history, or any other work of what sort soever, a man had need of a strong judgment, and a ripe understanding. To speak wittily, and write conceits, belongs only to good wits: The cunningest part in a play is the fool's; because he must not be a fool, that would well counterfeit to seem so: an history is as a sacred thing, which ought to be true and real, and where truth is, there God is, inasmuch as concerneth truth, howsoever; you have some that do so compose and cast their works from them, as if they were fritters.

There is no book so bad, said the *Batchelor*, that hath not some good in it. No doubt of that, said Don *Quixote*: but many times it falls out, that those that have worthily hoarded up, and obtain'd great fame by their writings, when they commit them to the press, they either altogether lose it, or in something, lessen it. The reason of it, quoth *Samson*, is this, that as the printed works are view'd by leisure, their faults are easily espy'd, and they are so much the more pry'd into, by how much the greater the author's fame is: men famous for their wits, great poets,

poets, illustrious historians, are always, or for the most part, envy'd by them, that have a pleasure, and a particular pastime, to judge of other men's writings, without publishing their own. That's not to be wonder'd at, cries Don *Quixote*, for there be many divines that are nothing worth in a pulpit, and are excellent in knowing the defect or excess of him that preacheth. All this, said *Carraasco*, Sir Don *Quixote*, is right, but I could wish such censures were more mild, and less scrupulous, in looking on the moats of the most clear sun of his works, whom they bite; for, if *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, let 'em consider how much he watch'd, to shew the light of his work, without the least shadow that might be: and it might be, that what seems ill to them, were moles that sometimes increase the beauty of the face that hath them; and thus, I say, that he that prints a book, puts himself into a manifest danger, being of all impossibilities, the most impossible to frame it so, that it may content and satisfy all that shall read it.

The book that treats of me, quoth Don *Quixote*, will have pleas'd very few. Rather contrary, says *Samson*, for, as *Stultorum infinitus est numerus*, an infinite number have been delighted with this history, but some found fault, and craftily tax'd the author's memory; in that he forgot to tell, who was the thief that stole *Sancho's* dapple; for there is no mention there, only it is inferr'd that he was stole, and not long after we see him mounted upon the same Ass, without knowledge how he was found. They also say, that he forgot to tell what *Sancho* did with those hundred pistoles, which he found in the mail in *Sierra Morena*, for he never mentions them more; and there be many that desire to know what became of them, and how he employ'd them, which is one of the essential points in the work.

Master *Samson*, said *Sancho*, I am not now for your reckonings or relations, for my stomach is faint, and if I fetch it not again with a sup or two of the old dog, it will make me as gaunt as St. *Lucia*; I have it at home,  
and



and my pig's-eye stays for me; when I have din'd I am for ye, and will satisfy you and all the world in any thing you will ask me, as well touching the loss of mine As, as the expence of the hundred pistoles: and so, without expecting any reply, or exchanging another word, home he goes. Don *Quixote*, intreated the *Batchelor* to stay and take a pittance with him; the *Batchelor* accepted the invitement, and so staid dinner: beside their ordinary fare, they had a pair of household pigeons added; at table they discours'd of chivalry, *Carraasco* follow'd his humour, the banquet was ended, and they slept out the heat: *Sancho* return'd, and the former discourse was renew'd.

## CHAP. IV.

*How Sancho Panca satisfies the Batchelor Samson Carraasco's doubts and demands; with other accidents worthy to be known and related.*

**S***Ancho* came back to Don *Quixote*'s house, and, turning to his former discourse, said: Touching what Mr. *Samson* desir'd to know; who, how, and when my As was stol'n: By way of answer, I say, that the very same night we fled from the hue-and-cry, we enter'd *Sierra Morena*, after the unfortunate adventure of the gally-slaves, and the dead man that was carrying to *Segovia*; my master and I got us into a thicket, where, he leaning upon his lance, and I upon my dapple, both of us well bruis'd and weary'd with the former skirmishes, we fell to sleep as soundly, as if we had been upon four feather-beds; especially I, that slept so soundly, that he, whosoever he was, might easily come and put me upon four stakes, which he had fasten'd upon both sides of my pack-saddle, upon which he left me thus mounted; and without perceiving it, got my dapple from under me.

This was easy to be done, and no strange accident; for we read that the same happen'd to *Sacripant*

*pant*, when being at the siege of *Albraca*, that famous thief *Brunelo*, with the self-same, flight got his horse from under his legs. *Sancho* proceeds: It was light day, said he, when I had scarce stretch'd my self, but the stakes fail'd, and I got a good squelch upon the ground: then I look'd for mine ass, but not finding him, the tears came to mine eyes, and I made such strange moan, that if the author of our history omitted it, let him be assur'd he forgot a worthy passage. I know not how long after, coming with my lady the princess *Micomicona*, I knew mine ass, and that he who rode on him, in the habit of a *Gipson*, was that *Gines de Passamonte*, that cheater, that arrant mischief-monger, that my master and I freed from the chain.

The error was not in this, said *Samson*, but that; before there was any news of your ass, the author still said, you were mounted upon the self-same dapple. I know not what to say to that, quoth *Sancho*, but that either the historian was deceiv'd, or else it was the carelessness of the Printer. Without doubt, faith, *Samson*, 'twas like to be so: But what became of the pistoles? were they spent?

I spent them upon my self, quoth *Sancho*, and on my wife and children, and they have been the cause that she hath endur'd my journies and careers, which I have fetch'd in my master Don *Quixote*'s service: for if I should have return'd empty, and without mine ass, I should have been welcom'd with a pox: and if you'll know any more of me, here I am, that will answer the king himself in person; and let no body intermeddle to know, whether I brought, or whether I brought not; whether I spent or spent not; for if the blows that I have had in these voyages were to be paid in money, tho' every one of them were tax'd but at three farthings a-piece, an hundred pistoles more would not pay me the half of them; and let every man look to himself, and not take white for black, and black

for white, for every man is as God hath made him, and sometimes a great deal worse.

Let me alone, quoth *Carraſco*, for accusing the author of the history, that if he print it again, he shall not forget what *Sancho* hath said, which shall make it twice as good as it was. Is there ought else, Sir *Batchelor*, said Don *Quixote*, to be mended in this Legend? Yes marry is there, said he, but nothing so important as what hath been mentioned. Perhaps the author promiseth a second part, quoth Don *Quixote*: He doth, said *Samson*, but saith, he neither finds nor knows who hath it; so that it is doubtful, whether it will come out or no: so that partly for this, and partly because some hold that second parts were never good; and others, that there is enough written of Don *Quixote*, it is doubted, that there will be no second part, altho' some, more jovial than *Saturnists*, cry out, let's have more *Quixotisms*; let Don *Quixote* assault, and *Sancho* speak, let the rest be what they will, this is enough. And how is the author inclin'd?

To which, said *Samson*, when he hath found this history, that he searcheth after with extraordinary diligence, he will streight commit it to the press, rather for his profit tho', than for any other respect. To this, said *Sancho*, What! doth the author look after money and gain? 'tis a wonder if he be in the right: rather he will be like your false stitching taylor upon *Christmas Eves*; for your hasty work is never well perform'd: let that Mr. *Moor* have a care of his business, for my master and I will furnish him with rubbish enough at hand, in matter of adventures, and with such different successes, that he may not only make one second part, but one hundredth: the poor fellow thinks belike, that we sleep here in a hay-mow; well, let it come to scanning, and he shall see whether we be defective: This I know, that if my master would take my counsel, he should now be abroad in the champion, remedying grievances, rectifying wrongs, as good knight-errants are wont to do.

No

No sooner had *Sancho* ended this discourse, when the neighing of *Rozinante* came to his ears, which *Don Quixote* took to be most auspicious, and resolv'd within three or four days after to make another fall, and manifesting his mind to the *Batchelor*, ask'd his advice to know which way he should begin his journey; whose opinion was, that he should go to the kingdom of *Aragon*, and to the city of *Saragoſa*; where, not long after, there were solemn juſts to be held in honour of *St. George*, wherein he might get more fame than all the knights of *Aragon*, which were above all other knights. He prais'd his most noble and valiant resolution, but withal desir'd him to be more wary in attempting of dangers, since his life was not his own, but all theirs also, who need'd his protection and succour in their distress.

I renounce that, *Mr. Samſon*, saith *Sancho*, for my master will set upon an hundred arm'd men, as a boy would upon half a dozen of young melons: Body of the world, *Sir Batchelor*, there is a time to attempt, a time to retire, all must not be \* *St. Jaques*, and upon 'em. Besides, I have heard, and I believe from my master himself, if I have not forgotten, that valour is a mien between the two extreams of a coward and a rash man: and if this be so, neither would I have him fly, nor follow, without there be reason for it: but above all, I wish, that if my master carry me with him, it be upon condition, that he fight for us both, and that I be ty'd to nothing but waiting upon him, to look to his cloaths and his diet, for this I will do as nimbly, as bring him water; but to think that I will lay hand to my sword, altho' it be but against base fellows, and poor rascals, is most impossible. I, *Mr. Samſon*, strive not to hoard up a fame of being valiant, but of the best, and trustiest squire, that ever serv'd knight-errant: and if *Don Quixote*, my master, oblig'd thereunto by my many services, will bestow

\* Santiago, y Ciera Espana. As we use in England *St. George and the victory.*



any island on me, of those many, his worship saith, we shall light upon, I shall be much bound to him : and if he give me none, I was born, and one man must not live to rely on another, but on God; and, perhaps, I shall be as well with a piece of bread at my ease, as to be a governour ; and what do I know, whether, in these kinds of governments, the devil hath set any tripping-block before me, where I may stumble and fall, and dash out my teeth ? *Sancho* was I born, *Sancho* must I die ; but for all that, if so and so, without any care or danger, heaven shou'd provide some island for me, or any such like thing, I am not so very anxious as to refuse it, according to the proverb, look not a given horse in the mouth.

Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Carraasco*, you have spoken like an oracle : notwithstanding, trust in God and Mr. *Don Quixote*, that he will give you not only an island, but a kingdom too. I think one as well as t'other, quoth *Sancho* ; and let me tell you, Mr. *Samson*, said *Sancho*, I think my master's kingdom wou'd not be bestow'd on me in vain, for I have felt my own pulse, and find my self healthy enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands ; and thus I have told my master many times.

Look y' *Sancho*, quoth *Samson*, honours change manners, and, perhaps, when you are once a governour, you may scarce know your own mother. That's to be understood, said *Sancho*, of them that are basely born, and not of those that have on their souls \* four fingers fat of the old *Christian*, as I have : no, but come to my condition, which will be ungrateful to no body. God grant it, quoth *Don Quixote*, and we shall see when the government comes ; for methinks I have it before my eyes. Which said, he ask'd the *Batchelor* whether he were a poet ? and that he wou'd do him the favour to make him some verses, the subject of his farewell to his mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso* ? and withal, that, at the beginning of every verse, he should put

\* To express his not being born a Jew or Moor.

a letter of her name; that so, joining all the first letters, there might be read *Dulcinea del Toboso*. The *Batchelor* made answer, that tho' he were none of the famous Poets of *Spain*, which, they said, were but three and an half, yet he would not refuse to compose the said metre, altho' he found a great deal of difficulty in the composition, because there were seventeen letters in the name; and, if he made four staves, of each four verses, that there would be a letter too much; and if he made them of five, which they call *Decimi*, there would be three too little; but for all that, he wou'd see if he cou'd drown a letter; so in four staves there might be read, *Dulcinea del Toboso*. By all means, quoth Don *Quixote*, let it be so: for if the name be not plain and conspicuous, there is no woman will believe the metre was compos'd for her.

Upon this they agreed, and that eight days after their departure should be. Don *Quixote* enjoin'd the *Batchelor* to keep it secret, especially from the *Vicar*, and † Mr. *Nicholas*, his Niece, and the *Old Woman*, lest they shou'd disturb his noble and valiant resolution. *Carrasco* assur'd him, and so took leave; charging Don *Quixote* he should let him hear of all his good or bad fortune, at his best leisure. So they took leave, and *Sancho* went to provide for their journey.

CHAP. V.

*Of the wise and pleasant discourse, that pass'd betwixt Sancho Panca and his wife Teresa Panca, and other accidents worthy of happy remembrance.*

THE translator of this history, when he came to write this fifth chapter, says, that he holds it for *Apocrypha*, because *Sancho* speaks in it after another manner, than cou'd be expected from his slender understanding, and speaks things more accutely than was

† The Barber.

possible for him, yet he wou'd translate it, for the accomplishment of his promise, and so goes on, as followeth.

*Sancho* came home so jocund, and so merry, that his wife perceiv'd it a flight-shot off, insomuch that she needs would ask him, Friend *Sancho*, what's the matter, that you are so joyful? to which he answer'd, Wife, I would to God I were not so glad as I make shew for. I understand you not, husband, quoth she; and I understand not what you mean, that if it pleas'd God, you would not be so contented; for tho' I be a fool, yet I know not who would willingly be sad.

Look ye, *Teresa*, said *Sancho*, I am jolly, because I am determin'd to serve my master, Don *Quixote*, once more; who will now, this third time, fall in pursuit of his adventures, and I also with him, for my poverty will have it so; besides, my hope that rejoices me, to think that I may find another hundred pistoles, for those that are spent: yet I am sad again, to leave thee and my children, and if it pleas'd God that I might live quietly at home, without putting my self into those desarts and cross-ways, which he might easily grant, if he pleas'd, and were willing; it is manifest, that my content might be more firm and wholsome, since the present joy I have is mingl'd with a sorrow to leave thee: so that I said well, I should be glad, if it pleas'd God, I were not so contented.

Fye, *Sancho*, reply'd *Teresa*, ever since thou hast been a member of a knight-errant, thou speak'st so roundabout the bush, that no body can understand thee. It is enough, quoth *Sancho*, that God understands me, who understands all things, and so much for that: but mark, sister, I would have you, for these three days, look well to my dapple, that he may be fit for arms, double his allowance, seek out his pack-saddle, and the rest of his tackling; for we go not to a marriage, but to compass the world, and to give and take, with giants, sprites and hobgoblins, to hear hissing, roaring, bellowing and bawling: and all this were  
sweet

sweet meat, if we had not to do with † *Yangneses* and enchanted *Moors*.

I believe, indeed, quoth *Teresa*, that your squires-errant gain not their bread for nothing: I shall therefore pray to our Lord, that he deliver you speedily from this misfortune. I'll tell you wife, said *Sancho*, if I thought not e'er long to be governour of an island, I should die suddenly. None of that, husband, quoth *Teresa*. Let the hen live, tho' it be with her pip! live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world, without government were you born, without government have you liv'd hitherto, and without government must you go, or be carry'd to your grave, when it shall please God! how many be there in the world, that live without governments, yet they live well enough, and well esteem'd of? hunger is the best sauce in the world, and when the poor want not this, they eat contentedly. But hark ye, *Sancho*, if you should chance to see a government, pray forget not me and your children: little *Sancho* is now just fifteen years old, and 'tis fit he go to school, if his uncle, the abbot, mean to make him a churchman: and look ye too, *Mary Sancho*, our daughter will not die, if we marry her, for I suspect she desires marriage, as much as you your government; and, indeed, a daughter is better ill marry'd, than well paramour'd.

I'good faith, quoth *Sancho*, if I have ought with my government, wife; *Mary Sancho* shall be so highly marry'd, that she shall be call'd lady at least. Not so, *Sancho*, quoth *Teresa*, the best way is to marry her with her equal, for if, instead of her pattins, you give her \* high shoes, if, instead of a course petticoat, a farthingale and silk kirtle, and from little *Moi*, my lady *Whacham*; the girl will not know her self, and she will every foot fall into a thousand errors, discovering the thread of her gross and course web.

† *The Carriers that beat the master and man.* Vid. part 1. of *Don Quixote*.

\* *Chapines.*



Peace, fool, said *Sancho*, all must be two or three years practice, and then her greatness will become her, and her state fall out pat: howsoever, what matter is it? let her be your ladyship, and come what will on it. Measure your self by your means, said *Teresa*, and seek not after greater, keep your self to the proverb; let neighbours children hold together: 'twere pretty I'faith to marry our *Mary* with a great lord or knight, that, when the toy takes him in the head, should new-mould her, calling her milk-maid, boor's daughter, rock-peeler; not while I live, husband: for this, forsooth, have I brought up my daughter? get you money, *Sancho*, and for marrying her, let me alone: why, there's *Lope Tocho*, *John Tocho's* son, a sound chopping lad, we know him well, and I know he casts a sheep's eye upon the wench, and 'tis good marrying her with this her equal, and we shall have him always with us, and we shall be all one: parent, sons, and grand-sons, and son in law, and God's peace and blessing will always be amongst us; and let not me have her marry'd into your courts and grand palaces, they'll neither understand her, nor she them.

Come hither, beast, quoth *Sancho*, woman of *Barra-bas*, why wilt thou, without any reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter, where she may bring me grand-sons that may be stil'd lordship? behold, *Teresa*, I have always heard mine elders say, that he that will not, when he may, when he desireth, shall have nay: and it is not fit that whilst good luck is knocking at our door, we shut it: let us therefore sail with this prosperous wind. [For this and for that which followeth, that *Sancho* spoke, the author of the history says, he held this chapter for *Apocrypha*.] Do not you think, bruit-one, said *Sancho*, that it will be fit to fall upon some beneficial government, that may bring us out of want: and to marry our daughter *Sancho* to whom I please, and you shall see how she shall be call'd *Dona Teresa Panca*, and sit in the church with your carpet and your cushions, and your hung-clothes, in spite of the gentlewomen of the town? no, no, remain still as you are, in one estate, without increasing or diminishing.

like

like a picture in hangings; go to, let's have no more, little *Sancho* must be a countess, say thou what thou wilt.

What a coil you keep, quoth *Teresa*; for all that, I fear this earldom will be my daughter's undoing; yet do what ye will, make her dutchess or princess; it shall not be with my consent: I have always lov'd equality, and I cannot abide to see folks take upon 'em without grounds; I was christen'd *Teresa*, without welt or gard, nor additions of *Don* or *Dona*; my father's name was *Cascao*, and, because I am your wife, they call me *Teresa Panca*; for indeed they should have call'd me *Teresa Cascao*: but great ones may do what they list, and I am well enough content with this name, without putting any *Don* upon it, to make it more troublesome, that I shall not be able to bear it, and I will not have folk laugh at me, as they see me walk in my countess's apparel, or my governess's: you shall have them cry streight, look how stately the hog-rubber goes, she that was but yesterday at her spindle, and went to church with the skirt of her coat over her head instead of an huke, to day she is in her farthingale and her buttons, and sodomure, as if we knew her not: God keep me in my seven wits, or my five, or those that I have, and I'll not put my self to such hazards; get you, brother, to be a government or an island, and take state as you please, for, by my mother's *boly-dam*, neither I nor my daughter will stir a foot from our village: better a broken joint than a lost name, and keep home, the honest maid, to be doing is her trade; go you with *Don Quixote* to your adventures, and leave us to our ill fortunes; God will send better, if we be good; and I know not who made him a *Don*, or a title, which neither his father nor his grandfather ever had.

Now I say, quoth *Sancho*, thou hast a familiar in that body of thine: Lord blefs thee for a woman; and what a company of things hast thou strung up without head or feet? what have your *Cascao*, your buttons, or your proverbs, or your state, to do with what I have said? Come hither cox-comb, fool, for so I may call

call you, since you understand not my meaning, and neglect your happiness. If I should say, my daughter should cast her self down some tower, or she should rove up and down the world, as did the princess *Dona Urraca*, \*you had reason not to consent. But if in less than two trap-blows, or the opening and shutting of an eye, I clap ye a Don and Ladiship upon your shoulders, and bring it out of your stubble, and put it you under barn-cover, and set you in your state, with more cushions than the *Almohada Moors* had in all their lineage: why, will you consent to that, that I would have you? Would you know why, husband? answer'd *Tere'a*; for the proverb that says; *He that covers thee, discovers thee*: Every one passeth his eyes slightly over the poor, and upon thee rich man they fasten them, and if the said rich man have at any time been poor, there is your grumbling and cursing, and your back-biters never leave, who swarm as thick as hives of bees thorough the streets.

Mark, *Teresa*, said *Sancho*, and give ear to my speech; such as peradventure you have not heard in all your life time, neither do I speak any thing of mine own; for all I purpose to speak, is sentences of our preacher, that preach'd all last *Lent* in this town, who, as I remember, said, that all things that we see before our eyes present, assist our memory much better, and with more vehemency than things past.

[All these reasons here deliver'd by *Sancho*, are the second; for which the Translator of the history holds this chapter for *Apocrypha*, as exceeding the capacity of *Sancho*, who proceeded, saying:]

Whereupon it happens, that when we see some personage well clad in rich apparel, and with many followers, it seems, he moves and invites us by force to give him respect: although our memory, at that very instant, represents unto us some kind of baseness, which we have seen in that personage, the which doth vilify him, be it either for poverty or lineage, both pass'd

\* *An Infanta of Spain.*

ver, are not: and that which we see present, only is. And if this man, whom fortune blotted out of his baseness, and to whom consequently his father left all height of prosperity, be well-behav'd, liberal and courteous towards all men, and contends not with such, as are most anciently noble; assure thy self, *Teresa*, all men will forget what he was, and reverence him for what he is, except the envious, whom the greatest 'scape not. I understand you not, husband, reply'd *Teresa*, do what you will, and do not trouble me with your long speeches and your rhetorick: and if you be resolv'd to do what you say. Resolv'd, you must say, wife, quoth *Sancho*, and not resolv'd. I pray dispute not with me, husband, said *Teresa*, I speak as it pleases God, and strive not for more eloquence: And I tell you, if you persist in having your government, take your son *Sancho* with you, and teach him from henceforth to govern; for it is fit that the sons do inherit, and learn the offices of their fathers.

When I have my government, quoth *Sancho*, I will send post for him, and I will send thee monies, for I shall want none, and there never want some that will lend governours money when they have none: but cloath him so, that he may not appear what he is, and may seem what he must be. Send you money, quoth *Teresa*, and I'll clad him like a date leaf. So that now, said *Sancho*, we are agreed, that our daughter shall be a countess.

The day that I shall see her a countess, said *Teresa*, will be my death's day: but I tell you again, do what you will; for we women are born with this clog, to be obedient to our husbands, though they be no better than leeks: and here she began to weep so heartily, as if her little daughter *Sancha* had been dead and bury'd. *Sancho* comforted her, saying, that though she must be a countess, yet he would defer it as long as he could, Here their dialogue ended, and *Sancho* return'd to see Don *Quixote*, to give order for their departure.



## CHAP. VI.

*What pass'd betwixt Don Quixote, his Niece, and the Old Woman: And it is one of the most material Chapters in all the History.*

**W**Hilst *Sancho* and his wife were in this impertinent aforefaid discourse, *Don Quixote's Niece* and *Old Woman* were not idle; and, by a thousand signs, guess'd, that her uncle and their master would a flashing the third time, and return to the exercising of his, for them, ill knight-arrantry; they sought, by all means possible, to divert him from so bad a purpose: but all was to no purpose, to preach in a desert, or to beat cold iron.

Notwithstanding, amongst many other discourses that pass'd betwixt them, the *Old Woman* told him; Truly master, if you keep not your foot still, and rest quiet at home, and suffer your self to be led thorow mountains and valleys, like a soul in purgatory, seeking after those they call adventures, which I call misfortunes; I shall complain on you, and cry out to God and the King, that they remedy it. To which, *Don Quixote* answer'd, *Woman*, what God will answer to your complaints, I know not, nor what his Majesty will: only I know, if I were a King, I would save a labour in answering such an infinity of foolish petitions, as are given him daily: for one of the greatest toils, amongst many others that Kings have, is this, to be bound to harken to all, to answer all; therefore I would be loth, that ought, concerning me, should trouble him. Then, quoth the *Old Woman*, tell us, Sir, in his Majesty's court, be there not knights? Yes, answer'd he, and many, and good reason, for the adornment and greatness of princes, and for ostentation of the royal Majesty. Why; would not your worship, reply'd she, be one of them that might quietly serve the King, your master, at court?

Look ye, friend, answer'd *Don Quixote*, all knights cannot be courtiers, nor all courtiers neither can, nor ought to be, knights-errant: in the world there must be of all sorts, and though we be all knights, yet the one

one and the other differ much: for your courtiers, without stirring out of their chambers, or over the court thresholds, can travel all the world over, looking upon a map, without spending a mite, without suffering heat, cold, hunger, or thirst. But we, the true knights-errant, with sun, with cold, with air, with all the inclemencies of heaven, night and day, a horse-back and on foot, do trace the whole world throughout: and we do not know our enemies by supposition, as they are painted, but in their real being, and at all times, and upon every occasion, we set upon 'em, without standing upon trifles, or on the laws of *Duello*; whether a sword or a lance were longer or shorter; whether either of the parties wore a charm, or some hidden deceit; if they shall fight after the sun's going down or no, with other ceremonies of this nature, which are us'd in single combates betwixt man and man, that thou knowest not of, but I do. Know farther, that the good knight-errant, although he see ten giants, that with their heads not only touch, but over-top the clouds, and that each of them hath legs as big as two great towers, and arms like the masts of mighty ships, and each eye as big as a mill-wheel, and more fiery than a glass oven, must not be affrighted in anywise; rather, with a stay'd pace and undaunted courage, he must set on them, close with them, and, if possible, overcome, and make 'em turn tail in an instant; yea, though they came arm'd with the shells of a certain fish, which, they say, are harder than diamonds, and though, instead of swords, they had cutting skeins of *Damasco* steel, or iron clubs with pikes of the same, as I have seen them more than once or twice. All this have I said, woman of mine, that you may see the difference betwixt some knights and others; and it is reason that princes should more esteem this second, or, to say fitter, this first species of knights-errant; for, as we read in their histories, such an one there hath been amongst them, that hath been a safeguard not only of one kingdom, but many.

Ah

Ah Sir, then, said his *Niece*, beware; for all is lies and fiction that you have spoken, touching your knights-errant; whose stories, if they were not burnt, they deserve each of them, at least to have a penance inflicted upon them; or some note, by which they might be known to be infamous, and ruiners of good customs.

I assure thee certainly, quoth Don *Quixote*, if thou wert not lineally my *Niece*, as daughter to mine own sister, I would so punish thee for the blasphemy thou hast spoken, as should resound thorough all the world. Is it possible that a piss-kitchen, that scarce knows how to make bone-lace, dares speak and censure the histories of knights-errant? what would Sir *Amadis* have said, if he should have heard this? but I warrant he wou'd have forgiven thee; for he was the humblest and most courteous knight of his time; and moreover a great protector of damsels: but such an one might have heard thee, that thou might'st have repented thee; for all are not courteous, or pitiful, some are harsh and brutish. Neither are all that bear the name of knights; so, truly; for some are of gold, others of alchymy, yet all seem to be knights; but all cannot brook the touchstone of truth: you have some base knaves that burst again to seem knights, and some, that are knights, that kill themselves in post-haste, till they become peasants: the one either raise themselves by their ambition, or vertue; the others fall, either by their negligence, or vice; and a man had need be wise to distinguish between these two sorts of knights, so near in their names, so distant in their actions.

Help me God, quoth the *Niece*, that you should know so much, *Uncle*, as, were it in case of necessity, you might step into a pulpit, and † preach in the streets; and for all that, you go on so blindly, and fall into so eminent a madness, that you would have us think you valiant, now you are old, that you are strong, being so

† *An usual thing in Spain, that a Fryar or Jesuit, when a fiery zeal takes him, makes his pulpit in any part of the street, or market-place.*

sickly,

sickly, that you are able to make crooked things strait being crooked with years, and that you are a knight, when you are none: for though gentlemen may be knights, yet the poor cannot.

You say well, *Niece*; in that, quoth Don *Quixote*, and I could tell thee things concerning lineages, that should admire thee; but because I will not mingle divinity with humanity, I say nothing: Mark ye ho! to four sorts of lineages, hearken to me! may all in the world be reduc'd; and they are these: some that, from base beginnings, have arriv'd at the greatest honours. Others that had great beginnings, and so conserve them till the end. Others, that though they had great beginnings, yet they end pointed like a *Pyramid*, having lessen'd and annihilated their beginning, till it ends in nothing. Others there are, and these the most, that neither had good beginning, nor reasonable middle; and so they pass away without mention, as the lineage of the *Othomans* be an example to thee of the first, who had an obscure beginning, but rose to the greatness they now preserve; that, from a base and poor shepherd, that gave them their first beginning, have come to this height, in which now we see them. Many princes may be an instance of the second lineage, that began in greatness, and was so preserv'd, without augmentation or diminution; only kept their inheritance, containing themselves within the limits of their own kingdoms peacefully. Thousands of examples there be of such, as began in greatness, and lessen'd towards their end. For all your *Pharaohs*; your *Ptolomys* of *Ægypt*; your *Cæsars* of *Rome*, with all the hurry, if I may so term them, of your infinite princes, monarchs, lords, *Medes*, *Assyrians*, *Persians*, *Gracians*, and *Barbarians*; all these lineages, all these lordships ended, pointed, and came to nought, as well they, as those that gave them beginning; for it is not possible to find any of their successors; and if it were, he must be in mean and base estate. With the common sort I have nothing to do, since they only live, and serve to increase the number of men, without



out deserving more fame, or elogy of their greatness.

Thus much, fools, you may infer from all that hath been said, that the confusion of lineages is very great; and that those are the most great and glorious, that shew it in the vertue, wealth, and liberality of their owners. Vertue, wealth, and liberality, I say, for that great man that is vicious, will be the more so, by his greatness, and the rich man, not liberal, is but a covetous beggar; for he that possesses riches, is not happy in them, but in the spending them, not only in spending, but in well spending them. The poor knight hath no way to shew he is a knight, but that he is vertuous, affable, well-fashion'd, courteous, and well-behaved, and officious: not proud, not arrogant, not back-biting, and, above all, charitable: for in a penny that he gives chearfully to the poor, he shews himself as liberal, as he that for ostentation gives an alms before a multitude; and there is no man that sees him adorn'd with these virtues, but, altho' he know him not, he will judge of him, and think he is well descended: for if he were not, 'twere miraculous, and the reward of vertue hath been always praise, and the vertuous must needs be prais'd.

There be two courses for men to come to be wealthy and noble by, the one is arts, t'other arms. I have more arms than learning, and was born, according to my inclination that way, under the influence of the Planet *Mars*, so that I must of force follow his steps, which I mean to do in spite of all the world: and it is in vain for you to strive to persuade me, that I should nill what the heavens will me, fortune ordains, and reason requires, and, above all, my affection desires. Well, in knowing, as I know, the innumerable troubles that are annex'd to knighterrantry; so I know the infinite goods that are obtain'd with it. And I know that the path of vertue is very narrow, and the way of vice large and spacious. And I know that their ends and resting-places are different, for that of vice, large and spa-

spacious, ends in death, and that of vertue, narrow and cumbersome, ends in life; and not in a life that hath ending, but that is endless. I know what \* our great Castilian poet said,

*To the high state of immortality.*

*Through crabbed paths we must our Journey take,  
Whence, he that falls, can never climb so high.*

Woe is me! said the Niece, my master too is a poet, he knows every thing: I'll hold a wager, if he would be a mason, he would build a house as easily as a cage. I promise thee, Niece, quoth Don Quixote, if these knightly cogitations did not wrap my senses, there is nothing I could not do, nor no curiosity shou'd 'scape me, especially cages, and tooth-pickers. By this time one knock'd at the door, and, asking who was there? Sancho answer'd, 'Tis I. The Old Woman, as soon as she heard him, ran to hide her self, because she would not see him, for she could not abide him. The Niece let him in, and his master, Don Quixote, went to receive him with open arms; and they both lock'd themselves in, where they had another dialogue as good as the former.

CHAP. VII.

*What pass'd betwixt Don Quixote and the Squire; with other most famous accidents.*

THE Old Woman, as soon as she saw her master and Sancho lock'd together, began to smell their drift; and imagining that his third fall would result from that consultation, and taking her mantle, full of sorrow and trouble, she went to seek the Batchelor, Samson Carrasco; supposing, that, as he was well spoken, and a late acquaintance of Don Quixote's, he might persuade him to leave his doating purpose; she found him walking in the court of his house, and, seeing him, she fell down in a cold sweat, all troubl'd, at his feet. When Carrasco saw her so sorrowful and affrighted, he ask'd her, What's the matter? what ac-

\* Boscan.

cident

cident is this? methinks thy heart is at thy mouth. Nothing, said she, Mr. *Samson*, but my master is run out, doubtless, he is run out. And where runs he? said he; hath he broken a hole in any part of his body? He runs not out, answer'd she, but out of the door of his madness: I mean, sweet Sir *Batchelor*, he means to be a gadding again, and this is his third time, he hath gone a hunting after those you call adventures: I know not why they give 'em this name. The first time they brought him us athwart upon an ass, beaten to pieces. The second time he came clapt up in an ox-waine, and lock'd in a cage, and he made us believe he was enchanted, and the poor soul was so chang'd, that his mother, that brought him forth, would not have known him, so lean, so wan, his eyes so sunk in his head, that I spent above six hundred eggs to recover him, as God is my witness, and all the world, and my hens, that will not let me lie. That I well believe, quoth the *Batchelor*, for they are so good, and so fat, and so well nurtur'd, that they will not say one thing for another, if they should burst for it. Well, is there ought else? hath there any other ill luck happen'd, more than this you fear, that your master will abroad? No, Sir, said she. Take no care, quoth he, but get you home on God's name, and get me some warm thing to breakfast; and, by the way as you go, pray me the orison of St. *Apolonia*, if you know it, and I'll go thither presently, and you shall see wonders.

Wretch that I am, quoth she, the orison of St. *Apolonia*, quoth you, that were, if my master had the tooth-ach, but his pain is in his head. I know what I say, quoth he, and do you dispute with me, since you know I have proceeded *Batche'or* at *Salamanca*? do you think there is no more than to take the degree? said he: with hat, away she goes: and he went presently, to seek the *Vicar*, and communicate with him, what shall be said hereafter.

At the time that Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* were lock'd together, there pass'd between them, which the

the history tells with much punctuality, and a true relation.

*Sancho* said to his master, I have now reluc'd my wife to let me go with you whither soever you please: Reduce, you would say, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*: I have bid you, more than once, if I have not forgotten, said *Sancho*, that you do not correct my words, if so be you understand my meaning, and when you do not understand them, cry, *Sancho*, or devil, I understand thee not: and if I do not express my self, then you may correct me, for I am so focible.

I understand thee not *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, for I know not the meaning of your focible. So focible is, said *Sancho*, I am so, so. Less and less do I understand, said Don *Quixote*. Why, if you do not understand, said *Sancho*, I cannot do withal, I know no more, and God be with me. Thou mean'st docible, I believe, and that thou art so pliant, and so taking, that thou wilt apprehend what I shall tell thee, and learn what I shall instruct thee in.

I'll lay a wager, said *Sancho*, you search'd and understood me at first, but that you wou'd put me out, and hear me blunder out a hundred or two of follies. It may be so, quoth Don *Quixote*, but what says *Teresa*? *Teresa* bids me make iure work with you, and that we may have less saying, and more doing, for great sayers are small doers. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. And I say, a woman's advice is but slender, yet he that refuseth it, is a madman. I say so too, quoth Don *Quixote*: but say, friend *Sancho*, proceed, for to day thou speak'st preciously.

The business is, quoth *Sancho*, that, as you better know than I, we are all mortal; here to day, and gone to morrow; as soon goes the young lamb to the roast as the old sheep; and no man can promise himself more days, than God had given him; for death is deaf, and, when she knocks at life's door, she is in haste, neither threats, nor entreaties, nor scepters, nor mitres can stay her, as the common voice goes, and as they tell us in pulpits.



All this is true, said Don *Quixote*, but I know not where thou mean'st to stop. My stop is, quoth *Sancho*, that your worship allow me some certain wages, by \* the month, for the time that I shall serve you, and that the said wages be paid me out of your substance, for I'll trust no longer to good turns, which come either slowly, or meanly, or never, God give me joy of mine own. In a word, I must know what I may gain, little or much: for the hen lays as well upon one egg as many; and many littles make a mickle; and whilst something is getting, nothing is lost. Indeed, if it should so happen, which I neither believe, nor hope for, that your worship shou'd give me the island you promis'd me, I am not so ungrateful, nor wou'd carry things with such extremity, as not to have the rent of that island priz'd, and so to discount for the wages I receiv'd, cantity for cantity. Is not quantity as much worth as cantity, friend *Sancho*? answer'd Don *Quixote*: I understand you now, said *Sancho*, and dare lay any thing that I should have said quantity, and not cantity: but that's no matter, seeing you have understood me. I understand ye very well, answer'd Don *Quixote*, and have penetrated the utmost of your thoughts, and know very well, what mark you aim at, with the innumerable arrows of your proverbs.

Look ye, *Sancho*, I cou'd willingly afford you wages, if I had found in any histories of knights-errant, any example that might give me light, through the least chink, of any wages given monthly or yearly: but I have read all, or the most part of their histories, and do not remember that ever I have read, that any knight-errant hath allow'd any set wages to his squire. Only I know, that all liv'd upon countenance, and when they least dreamt of it, if their masters had had good luck, they were rewarded, either with an island or some such thing equivalent, and at least they remain'd with honour and title.

\* The custom of Spain is, to pay their servants wages by the month.

If you, *Sancho*, upon these hopes and additaments, have, mind to return to my service, i' God's name; but to think that I will pluck the old use of knight-errantry out of his bounds, and off the hinges, is a meer impossibility. So that, *Sancho*, you may go home, and tell your *Teresa* mine intention; and if that she and you will rely upon my favour, *bene quidem*; and if not, let's part friends; for if my pigeon-house have comins, it will want no doves. And take this by the way, a good expectation is better than a bad possession; and a good demand better than an ill pay. I speak thus, *Sancho*, that you may see, I know as well as you, to sprinkle proverbs like rain-showers. Lastly, let me tell you, if you will not trust to my reward, and run the same fortune with me, God keep you, and make you a saint; for I shall not want more obedient squires, and more careful, and not so irksome, nor so talkative as you.

When *Sancho* heard his master's firm resolution, he wax'd cloudy, and the wings of his heart began to stoop; for he thought verily his master would not go without him, for all the treasure in the world. Thus being doubtful and pensative, *Samson Carrasco* enter'd, and the Niece, desirous to hear how the persuaded her master that he should not return to his adventures.

In came *Samson*, a notable crack-rope, and, embracing him as at first, began in this loud key: Oh flowers of Chivalry! bright light of arms! honour and mirrour of our *Spanish* nation! may it please almighty God, of his infinite goodness, that he, or they, that hinder or disturb this thy third fally, that they never find it in the labyrinth of their desires, nor let the ill they wish, for ever be accomplish'd. And, turning to the *Old Woman*, he said; you need no longer pray the orison of St. *Apollonia*, for I know the determination of the spheres is, that Don *Quixote* put in execution his lofty and new designs; and I should much burden my conscience, if I should not persuade and intimate unto this knight, that he do no longer withdraw and hold back the force of his valorous arm, and the courage of his most valiant mind; for with his delaying, he defrauds the rectifying  
of

of wrongs; the protection of orphans; the honour of damsels; the bulwark of marry'd women; and other matters of this quality, which concern, appertain, depend, and are annex'd unto the order of knight-errantry. Go on then, my beautiful, my brave Don *Quixote*; rather to day than to morrow, let your greatness be upon the way, and if any thing be wanting to your journey, here am I to supply with my wealth, with my person; and, if need be, to be thy magnificence's squire, which I shall hold a most happy fortune. Then, said Don *Quixote*, turning to *Sancho*, did not I tell thee, *Sancho*, that I shou'd want no squires? See who offers himself to me! the most rare *Batchelor*, *Samson Carrasco*, the perpetual darling and delighter of the *Salamancan* schools, sound and active of body, silent, suffering of heats and colds, hunger and thirst, with all the abilities that belong to the squire of a knight-errant: but heaven forbid, that for my pleasure, I hox and break off the column of learning, the vessel of sciences; and that I lop off the eminent branch of the liberal arts: remain thou another *Samson* in thy country, honour it, and those gray hairs of thine ag'd parents; for I will content my self with any squire, since *Sancho* daigns not to attend me.

I do daign, said *Sancho*, all tender, and the tears standing in his eyes, and thus proceeds: It shall not be said, master, for me, *No longer pipe, no longer dance*; nor am I made of hardest oak; for all the world knows, and especially my town, who the *Panca's* were, from whom I descend; besides, I know and have search'd out, by many good works, and many good words, the desire that your worship hath to do me a kindness, and if I have been to blame to meddle in reckonings concerning my wages, it was to please my wife, who when she once falls into a vain of perswading, there's no hammer that doth so fasten the hoops of a bucket as she doth, till she obtain what she would have; but howsoever, the husband must be husband, and the wife, wife; and, since I am a man every where, I cannot deny that, I will also be so at home, in spite of any: so that

that there's no more to be done, but that you make your will, and set to your codicil, in such sort, that it may not be revok'd, and let's streight to our journey, that Mr. *Samson*'s soul may nor suffer; for he saith, his conscience is unquiet, till he have perswaded you to your third sally through the world, and I afresh offer my service faithfully and loyally, as well and better than any squire that ever serv'd knight-errant in former times, or in present.

The *Batchelor* wonder'd to hear *Sancho*'s manner and method of speaking: for, tho' in the first history he had read of his master, he never thought *Sancho* had been so witty, as they there paint him out, yet hearing him now mention will and codicil, revoking instead of revoking, he believ'd all that he had read of him, and confirm'd him to be one of the most solemn'st cox-combs of our age; and said to himself, that two such madmen, as master and man, were not in the world again.

Now Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* embrac'd, and remain'd friends, and, with the grand *Carraasco*'s approbation and good will, who was then their oracle, it was decreed, that within three days they should depart, in which they might have time to provide all things necessary for their voyage, and to get an helmet, which, Don *Quixote* said, he must by all means carry. *Samson* offer'd him one, for he knew a friend of his that would not deny it him, although it were fouler with mould and rust, then bright with smooth steel.

The *Niece* and the *Old Woman* curs'd the *Batchelor* unmercifully; they tore their hair, scratcht their faces; and, as your funeral mourners use, they howl'd at their master's departure, as if he had been a dead man. The design that *Samson* had to persuade him to this third sally, was, to do what the history tells us hereafter, all by the advice of the *Vicar* and the *Barber*, to whom he had before communicated it. Well, in those three days, Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* fitted themselves with what they thought they needed, and *Sancho*, having set down the time to his wife, [and Don *Quixote* to his *Niece* and the *Old Woman*, toward night, without taking



ing leave of any body, but the *Batchelor*, who would needs bring them half a league from the town, they took their way towards *Toboso*. Don *Quixote* upon his good *Roximante*, and *Sancho* on his old dapple, his wallets were stuff'd with provant, and his purse with money, that Don *Quixote* gave him for their expences. *Samson* embrac'd him, and desir'd him that he might hear of his good or ill fortune; to rejoice for the one, or be sorry for the other, as the law of friendship did require: Don *Quixote* made him a promise. *Samson* return'd home, and the two went towards the famous city of *Toboso*.

## CHAP. VIII.

*What befel Don Quixote, going to see his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.*

**B**Llèssed be the powerful *Ala*! \*saith *Hamet Benengeli*, at the beginning of this eighth chapter: blessed be *Ala*! which he thrice repeated, and said, that he render'd these benedictions, to see that now Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* were upon their march, and that the readers of their delightful history may reckon, that from this time the exploits and conceits of Don *Quixote* and his *Squire* do begin: he persuades them they should forget the former chivalry of the noble knight, and fix their eyes upon his acts to come, which begin now in his way towards *Toboso*, as the former did in the fields of *Montiel*; and it is a small request, for so much as he is to perform, so he proceeds, saying:

Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* were now all alone, and *Samson* was scarce gone from them, when *Roximante* began to neigh, and *Dapple* to sigh, which, both by knight and squire, were held for lucky signs, and an happy presaging; though, if the truth were told, dapple's sighs and brayings were more than the horse's neighing: whereupon, *Sancho* collected, that his fortune

\* *Ala, amongst the Moors, is as much as Mahomet amongst the Turks.*

should

shou'd exceed and over-top his master's; building, I know not upon what judicial astrology, that sure he knew, although the history says nothing of it, only he would often say, when he fell down or stumbl'd, he wou'd have been glad, not to have gone abroad: for of stumbling or falling, came nothing but tearing his shoes, or breaking a rib; and though he were a fool, yet he was not out in this.

Don *Quixote* said unto him; Friend *Sancho*, the night comes on us apace, and it will grow too dark for us to reach *Toboso* e're it be day, whither I am determin'd to go, before I undertake any adventure; and there I mean to receive a benediction, and take leave of the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*; after which, I know and am assur'd, I shall end and close up every dangerous adventure; for nothing makes knights errant more hardy, than to see themselves favour'd by their mistresses. I believe it, quoth *Sancho*, but I doubt you will not speak with her, at least, not see her, where you may receive her blessing; if she give you it not from the mud walls, where I saw her the first time, when I carry'd the letter and news of your mad pranks, which you were playing in the heart of *Sierra Morena*.

Were those mud walls in thy fancy, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, where, or thorough which thou saw'st that never-enough prais'd gentleness and beauty? they were not so, but galleries, walks, or goodly stone pavements, or how call ye 'em? of rich and royal palaces. All this might be, answer'd *Sancho*, but to me they seem'd no better, as I remember. Yet let's go thither, quoth Don *Quixote*, for so I see her; let them be mud walls, or not, or windows; all is one, whether I see her thorough chinks, or thorough garden-lettices; for each ray, that comes from the sun of her brightness to mine eyes, will lighten mine understanding, and strengthen mine heart, and make me sole and rare in my wisdom and valour.

Truly Sir, said *Sancho*, when I saw that sun, it was not so bright, that it cast any rays from it; and, belike, 'twas, that, as she was winnowing the wheat, I told

you of, the dust that came from it, was like a cloud upon her face, and dimm'd it. Still dost thou think, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, believe and grow obstinate, that my mistress *Dulcinea* was winnowing, it being a labour so unfit for persons of quality, that use other manner of exercises and recreation, which shew a flight-shoot off their nobleness. Thou dost ill, remember those verses of our poet, where he paints out unto us, the exercises which those four nymphs us'd in their crystal habitations, when they advanc'd their heads above the lov'd \* *Tagus*, and sat in the green fields, working those rich embroideries, which the ingenious poet there describes unto us; all which were of gold, of pearl, and woven with emboss'd pearls: such was the work of my mistress, when thou saw'st her; but that the envy, which some base enchanter bears to mine affairs, turns all, that should give me delight, into different shapes; and this makes me fear, that the history of my exploits, which is in print, if so be, some wizard, my enemy, were the author, that he hath put one thing for another, mingling with one truth a hundred lies; diverting himself to tell tales, not fitting the continuing of a true history. Oh envy, thou root of infinite evils! thou worm of virtues!

All vices, *Sancho*, do bring a kind of pleasure with them; but envy hath nothing but distaste, rancour and raving. I am of that mind too, said *Sancho*, and I think that, in the history that *Carraasco* told us of, that he had seen of us, that my credit is turn'd topsy-turvy, and, as they say, goes a begging. Well, as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter, neither am I so happy as to be envy'd: true it is, that I am somewhat malicious, and have certain knavish glimpses: but all is cover'd and hid under the large cloak of my simplicity; always natural to me, but never artificial: and if there were nothing else in me, but my belief, for I believe in God, and in all that the *Roman* church believes, and am sworn a mortal enemy to the *Jews*, the

\* *A river in Spain.*

historians ought to pittie me, and to use me well in their writings : but let 'em say what they will, naked was I born, naked I am, I neither win nor lose ; and tho' they put me in books, and carry me up and down from hand to hand, I care not a fig, let 'em say what they will.

'Twas just the same, quoth Don *Quixote*, that happen'd to a famous poet of our times ; who having made a malicious satyr against all the curtizans, he left out one amongst them, as doubting whether she were one or no, who seeing she was not in the scroll amongst the rest, took it unkindly from the poet, asking him, what he had seen in her, that he shou'd not put her amongst the rest, and desir'd him to enlarge his satyr, and put her in the spare room : if not, she wou'd scratch out his eyes : the poet consented, and set her down with a vengeance, and she was satisfy'd, to see herself famous, altho' indeed, infamous. Besides, the tale of the shepherd agrees with this, that set *Diana's* temple on fire, which was one of the seven wonders of the world, because he wou'd be talk'd of for it ; and altho' there were an edict, that no man shou'd either mention him by speaking or writing, that he might not attain to his desire ; yet his name was known to be *Erostratus* : the same allusion may be had out of an accident, that befel the great emperor, *Charles* the fifth, with a knight of *Rome*.

The emperor was desirous to see the famous temple of the *Rotunda*, which, in ancient times, was call'd the temple of all the gods ; and now, by a better stile, of all saints ; and it is the only entire edifice that hath remain'd of all the gentiles in *Rome*, and that which doth most conserve the glory and magnificence of its founders : 'tis made like an half orange, exceeding large, and very lightsome, having but one window that gives it light ; or, to say truer, but one round loover on the top of it : the emperor, looking on the edifice, there was a *Roman* knight with him, that shew'd him the devices and contriving of that great work and memorable architecture ; and, stepping from the loover, said



to the emperor; a thousand times, mighty monarch, have I desir'd to see your majesty, and cast my self down from this loover, to leave an everlasting fame behind me. I thank you, said the emperor, that you have not perform'd it, and henceforward, I will give you no such occasion to shew your loyalty; and therefore I command you, that you neither speak to me, nor come to my presence; and for all these words, he rewarded him.

I'll tell you, *Sancho*, this desire of honour is an itching thing: what do'st thou think cast *Horatius* from the bridge, all arm'd, into deep *Tyber*? what egg'd *Cur-tius* to lanch himself into the lake? what made *Mu-tius* burn his hand? what forc'd *Cesar*, against all the sooth-sayers to pass the *Rubicon*? and, to give you more modern examples, what was it bor'd those ships, and left those valorous *Spaniards* on ground, guided by the most courteous *Cortez* in the new world?

All these, and other great and several exploits, are, have been, and shall be the works of fame, which mortals desire as a reward, and part of the immortality which their famous arts deserve: though we, that be christian catholick knights-errant, must look more to the happiness of another world, which is eternal in the ethereal and caelestial regions, than to the vanity of fame, which is gotten in this present frail age; and, which, let it last as long as it will, it must have ending with this world, which hath its limited time: so that, Oh *Sancho*, our actions must not pass the bounds, that christian religion, which we profess, hath put us in.

In giants we must kill pride: envy in generousness and noble breasts: anger in a continent, repos'd and quiet mind: riot and drounsiness, in temperance and vigilance: lasciviousness, in the loyalty we observe to those that we have made the mistresses of our thoughts: and sloth, by travelling up and down the world, seeking occasions, that may make us, besides christians, famous knights. These, *Sancho*, are the means, by which the extreams of glory are obtain'd, which fame brings with it.

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All that you have hitherto spoken, quoth *Sancho*, I understand passing well: but I would fain have you solve me of one doubt, which even now comes into my head. Resolve, thou would'st say, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, speak a God's name, for I'll answer thee as well as I can. Tell me Sir, said *Sancho*, these *Julies*, or *Augusts*, and all these famous knights you talk of, that are dead, where are they now? the *Gentiles*, said he, undoubtedly are in hell: the *Christians*, if they were good *Christians*, either in \* purgatory, or in hell. 'Tis very well, but the sepulchres, where the bodies of these great lordings lie interr'd, have they † silver lamps burning before them, or are their chappel walls deck'd with crutches, winding sheets, perriwigs, legs, and wax eyes? and if not with these, with what? the sepulchres of the *Gentiles*, said Don *Quixote*, were for the most part sumptuous temples; the ashes of *Julius Caesar's* body were put upon a huge pyramid of stone, which, at this day, is call'd St. *Peter's* needle. The emperor *Adrian's* sepulchre was a great castle as big as a pritty village, it was call'd *Moles Adrian*, and, at this day, the castle of St. *Angelo* in *Rome*: queen *Artemisia* bury'd her husband *Manseolus* in a sepulchre, which was held to be one of the seven wonders of the world: but none of all these, nor many others the *Gentiles* had, were deck'd with winding sheets, nor any kind of offerings, or signs that testify'd, they were saints that were bury'd in them.

That's it I come to, said *Sancho*: and tell me now, which is more, to raise a dead man, or to kill a giant? The answer is at hand, said Don *Quixote*: to raise a dead man. There I caught you, quoth *Sancho*; then, the fame of him that raiseth the dead, gives sight to the blind; makes the lame walk; restoreth sick men, who hath lamps burning before his sepulchre; whose chappel is full of devout people, which upon their knees adore his relicks. This man hath greater renown, and

\* According to the Romish opinion, erroneous

† Relicks that use to be hang'd up in the Papists churches.

in another world, than ever any of your *Gentile* emperors, or knights-errant ever left behind them.

I grant you that, quoth Don *Quixote*. Well, answer'd *Sancho*; this fame, these graces, these prerogatives, how call ye 'em? have the bodies and relicks of saints, that, by the approbation and license of our holy mother the church, have their lamps, their lights, their winding sheets, their crutches, their pictures, their heads of hair, their eyes, and legs, by which they increase men's devotions, and endear their christian fame: kings carry the bodies of saints, or their relicks upon their shoulders; they kiss the pieces of their bones, and do deck, and enrich their chappels with them, and their most precious altars.

What will you have me infer from all this, *Sancho*? quoth Don *Quixote*. I mean, said *Sancho*, that we endeavour to be saints, and we shall the sooner obtain the fame we look after: and let me tell you, Sir, that yesterday or to'other day, for, so I may say, it being not long since, there were two poor bare-foot *Fryars* canoniz'd, or beatify'd; and now many think themselves happy, to kiss, or touch, those iron chains, with which they girt and tormented their bodies; and they are more reverenc'd, than is, as I said, *Roldan's* sword in the armory of our lord the king; God save him: so that, master mine, better it is, to be a poor *Fryar* of what order soever, than a valiant knight-errant: a dozen or two of lashes obtain more at God's hands, than two thousand blows with the launce, whether they be given to giants, to spirits, or hobgoblins.

All this is true, answer'd Don *Quixote*: but all cannot be *Fryars*, and God Almighty hath many ways, by which he carries his elect to heaven: Chivalry is a religion, and you have many knights saints in heaven. That may be, said *Sancho*, but I have heard, you have more *Fryars* there than knights-errant. That is, quoth Don *Quixote*, because the religious, in number, are more than the knights. But, there are many knights-errant, said *Sancho*. Many indeed, quoth Don *Quixote*, but few that deserve the name.

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In these, and such like discourses, they pass'd the whole night, and the next day, without lighting upon any thing, worth relation; for which, Don *Quixote* was not a little sorry: at last, the next day, toward night, they discover'd the goodly city of *Toboso*; with which fight Don *Quixote's* spirits were reviv'd, but *Sancho's* dull'd, because he knew not *Dulcinea's* house, nor ever saw her in his life, no more than his master; so that, the one to see her, and the other, because he had not seen her, were at their wit's end; and *Sancho* knew not how to do, if his master should send him to *Toboso*: but Don *Quixote* resolv'd to enter the city in the night, and till the time came, they staid between certain oaks, that were near *Toboso*; and, the prefix'd moment being come, they enter'd the city, where they lighted upon things, things indeed!

CHAP. IX.

*Where is set down as followeth.*

**M**Idnight was near spun out, when Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* left the mountain, and enter'd the city: the town was all hush'd, and the dwellers were a sleep, with their legs stretch'd at length, as they say: the night was brightome, tho' *Sancho* wish'd it had been darker, that he might not see his madness: the dogs in the town did nothing but bark and thunder in Don *Quixote's* ears, and affrighted *Sancho's* heart: now and then an ass bray'd, hogs grunted, cats mew'd, whose different howlings were augmented with the silent night; all which, the enamour'd knight held to be ominous: but yet he spoke to *Sancho*; Son *Sancho*, said he, guide to *Dulcinea's* palace; it may be, we shall find her waking. Body of the sun! quoth *Sancho*, to what palace shall I guide? for where I saw her highness, it was a little house. Belike, quoth Don *Quixote*, she was retir'd into some corner of her palace, to solace her self in private with her damsels, as great ladies and princesses use to do. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, since, whether I will or no, you will have my mistress *Dulcinea's* house



to be a palace; do ye think nevertheless, this to be a fit time of night to find the door open in? do you think it fit, that we bounce, that they may hear and let us in, to disquiet the whole town? are we going to a bawdy-house think ye? like your whore-masters, that come, and call, and enter, at what hour they list, how late soever it be? First of all, to make one thing sure, let's find the palace, reply'd Don *Quixote*, and then, *Sancho*, I'll tell thee what's fit to be done: and look, *Sancho*, either my sight fails me, or that great bulk and shadow that we see, is *Dulcinea's* palace.

Well, guide on Sir, said *Sancho*; it may be, it is so, though I'll first see it with my eyes, and feel it with my hands, and believe it, as much as it is now day. Don *Quixote* led on, and having walk'd about some two hundred paces, he lighted on the bulk that made the shadow, and saw a great steeple, which he perceiv'd was not the palace, but of the chief church in the town. Then, said he, *Sancho*, we are come to the church. I see it very well, quoth *Sancho*, and I pray God, we come not to our graves: for it is no good sign to haunt church-yards so late, 'specially since I told you, as I remember, that this lady's house is in a little alley, without passage thorough. A pox on thee block-head, said Don *Quixote*, where hast thou ever found, that king's houses and palaces have been built in such alleys? Sir, quoth *Sancho*, every country hath their several fashions: it may be, here, in *Toboso*, they build their great buildings thus; and therefore, pray Sir, give me leave to look up and down the streets, or lanes that lie in my way; and it may be, that in some corner I may light upon this palace: the devil take it, that thus mocks and misleads us. Speak mannerly, Sir, quoth Don *Quixote*, of my mistress's things, and let's be merry and wise, and cast not the rope after the bucket.

I will forbear, said *Sancho*, but how shall I endure, that you will needs have me be thoroughly acquainted with a house, I never saw but once, and to find it at midnight, being you cannot find it, that have seen it a million of times? Sirrah, I shall grow desperate, quoth Don

*Quixote*,

*Quixote*, come hither heretick. Have not I told thee a thousand times, that I never saw the peerless *Dulcinea*, nor never cross'd the thresholds of her palace, and that I only am enamour'd on her by hear-say, and the great fame of her beauty and discretion? Why now I hear you, said *Sancho*, and since you say, you have never seen her; nor I neither. That cannot be, said Don *Quixote*, for you told me at least, that you had seen her winnowing of wheat, when you brought me the answer of the letter I sent by you. Ne'er stand upon that, said *Sancho*, for, let me tell you, that I only saw her by hear-say too, and so was the answer I brought: for I know her as well, as I can box the Moon. *Sancho*, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, there's a time to laugh, and a time to mourn. Not because I say, I have neither seen, nor spoken to the mistress of my soul, should'st thou say, thou hast neither seen, nor spoken to her, it being otherwise, as thou know'st. Being in this discourse, they saw one passing by 'em with two mules, and by the noise the plough made, which they drew upon the ground, they might see it was some husbandman, that rose by break of day, to go to his tillage, and so it was: as he came, he went singing that *Romante*, of the battle of *Roncesvalles* with the *Frenchmen*.

In hearing of which, quoth Don *Quixote*, *Sancho*, hang me, if we have any good fortune this night. Do not you hear what this clown sings? Yes, marry do I, said *Sancho*, but what doth the chase of *Roncesvalles*, concern us: 'tis no more than if he had sung the *Romante* of \* *Calanios*, and all one, for our good or ill luck in this business.

By this the ploughman came by them: and Don *Quixote* question'd him: Can you tell me, friend, so God reward you, which is the palace of the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*? Sir, answer'd the young man, I am a stranger, and have liv'd but a while in this town,

\* As if we should have said in English, Chivey Chase, or such-like.

and serve a rich husbandman to till his ground; here over against the *Vicar* and the *Sexton* both live, any of them will tell you of this lady princess, as having a list of all the inhabitants of *Toboo*; altho', I think, there is no such princess here, but many gentlefolks, each of which may be a princess in her own house. Why, friend, quoth Don *Quixote*, it may be, that she I ask for, is amongst these. It may be so, said the fellow, and God freed you, for now it begins to be day-peep: and, switching his mules, he staid for no more questions.

*Sancho*, seeing his master in a deep suspense, and very malecontent, told him: Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be so fit, that we sun ourselves in the street: it is better to go out of the city, and that you shade your self in some grove hereabouts, and I will come back anon, and not leave a by-place in all this town, where I may search for the house, castle, or palace of my lady, and it were ill luck, if I found her not: and if I do, I will speak with her, and let her know where, and how you do, expecting, that she give you order and direction, how you may see her, without prejudice to her honour and good name.

*Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, thou hast spoken a thousand sentences, inclos'd in the circle of thy short discourse: the advice that thou hast now given me, I hunger after, and most lovingly accept of it: come, son, let us take shade, and thou shalt return, as thou sayst, to seek, to see, and to speak to my mistress, from whose discretion and courtesy, I hope for a thousand miraculous favours. *Sancho* stood upon thorns, till he had drawn his master from the town, lest he shou'd verify the lie of the answer, that he had carry'd him from *Dulcinea*, to *Sierra Morena*. So he hast'ned him to be gone, which was presently done, some two miles from the town, where they found a Forrest, or wood, where Don *Quixote* took shade: and *Sancho* return'd to the city to speak with *Dulcinea*, in which embassy matters besel him, that require a new attention, and new belief.

## CHAP. X.

*How Sancho cunningly enchanted the lady Dulcinea, and other successes, as ridiculous as true.*

THE author of this history, coming to relate that which he doth, in this chapter says, That he wou'd willingly have pass'd it over in silence, as fearing not to be believ'd; because here Don *Quixote's* madness did exceed, and was at least two flight-shoots beyond his greatest that ever was: but for all this fear and suspicion, he set it down as t'other acted it, without adding or diminishing the least jot of truth in history, nor caring for any thing that might be objected against him for a liar, and he had reason; for truth is stretcht, but never breaks, and tramples on the lie, as oil doth upon water; and so, prosecuting his history, he says, that as Don *Quixote* had shaded himself in the Forrest or oak-wood, near the grand *Toboso*, he will'd *Sancho* to return to the city, and not to come to his presence, without he had first spoken to his mistress from him, requesting her, that, she wou'd please to be seen by her captiv'd knight, and to daign to bestow her blessing on him, that by it, he might hope for many most prosp'rous successes in all his onsets and dangerous enterprizes. *Sancho* took on him to fulfil his command, and to bring him now as good an answer as the former.

Go, lad, said Don *Quixote*, and be not daunted when thou com'st before the beams of the sun of beauty, which thou go'st to discover; Oh happy thou, above all the squires of the world! be mindful, and forget not how she entertains thee; if she blush just at the instant, when thou deliver'st my embassy; if she be stirr'd or troubl'd, when she hears my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her; if she be set in the rich state of her authority; and if she stand up, mark her whether she clap sometimes one foot upon another; if she repeat the answer she gives thee, twice or thrice over; or change it from mild to crust; from cruel



to amorous ; whether she seem to order her hair, tho' it be not disorder'd : lastly, observe all her actions and gestures : for if thou relate them, just as they were, I shall guess what is hidden in her heart, touching my love, in matter of fact : For know, *Sancho*, if thou know'st it not, that the actions and outward motions that appear, when love is in treaty, are the certain messengers that bring news of what passeth within. Go, friend, and better fortune guide thee than mine, and send thee better success than I can expect 'twixt hope and fear, in this uncouth solitude in which thou leav'st me.

I go, said *Sancho*, and will return quickly ; enlarge that little heart of yours, no bigger than an hazel-nut, and consider the saying, *Faint heart never*, &c. *Sweet meat must have sower sauce* : And another, *Where we least think, there goes the hare away*. This I say, because that if to night we found not the castle or palace of my lady, now by day, I doubt not but to find it, when I least dream of it, and so to find her. Believe me, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, thou always bring'st thy proverbs so to the hair of the business we treat of, as God give me no worse fortune than I desire.

This said, *Sancho* turn'd his back, and switch'd his dapple ; and Don *Quixote* staid a horse-back, easing himself on his stirrups, and, leaning on his lance, full of sorrowful and confused thoughts, where we will leave him, and wend with *Sancho*, who parted with his master no less troubl'd and pensative than he ; in-somuch, that he was scarce out of the wood, when turning his face, and seeing that Don *Quixote* was out of sight, he lighted from his ass, and, resting at the foot of a tree, he began to discourse thus to himself, and say : Now, brother *Sancho*, I pray let's know, whether is your worship going ? to seek some ass that you have lost ? No, forsooth. Well, what is it you seek for ? I seek, a matter of nothing, a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all heaven withal. And where do you think to find this you speak of, *Sancho* ? where ? why in the grand city of *Toboso*. Well, and from

from whom do ye seek her? from the most famous knight Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, he that righteth wrongs, \* give the thirsty meat, and the hungry drink. All this is well: and do you know her house, *Sancho*? my master says, it is a royal palace, or a lofty tower. And have you ever seen her, trough? Neither he nor I, never. And do you think it were well, that the men of *Toboso* should know, that you were here to entice their princesses; and to trouble their wenches, and should come and grind your ribs with bangs, and leave you never a sound bone? Indeed, be-like, they should consider that you are cammanded, friend, but as a messenger, that you are in no fault, not you. Trust not to that, *Sancho*, for your *Manchegan* people are as cholerick, as honest, and do not love to be jested with. In very deed, if they smell you, you are sure to pay for it. Ware hawk, ware hawk: No, no, let me, for another's pleasure, seek better bread than's made of wheat; and I may as well find this *Dulcinea*, as one *Mary* in † *Robena*, or a scholar in black in *Salamanca*: the devil! the devil! and none else hath clapt me into this business. This soliloquy pass'd, *Sancho* with himself, and the upshot was this:.

All things, said he, have a remedy, but death, under whose yoke we must all pass in spite of our teeth, when life ends. This master of mine, by a thousand signs that I have seen, is a bedlam, fit to be bound, and I come not a whit short of him, and am the greater coxcomb of two, to serve him, if the proverb be true, that says, *Like master, like man*; and another; *Thou art known by him that doth thee feed, not by him that doth thee breed*. He being thus mad then, and subject, out of madness, to mistaking of one thing for another, to judge black for white, and white for black, as appear'd, when he said the wind-mills were giants, and the fryars mules, dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep, armies of enemies, and much more to this tune;

\* *Mistakes of simplicity.*

† *As if we should say, one Joan is London.*

it will not be hard to make him believe, that some husbandman's daughter, the first we meet with, is the lady *Dulcinea* : and if he believe it not, I'll swear ; and if he swear, I'll out-swear him ; and if he be obstinate, I'll be so more : and so, that I will stand to my tackling, come what will on it. Perhaps, with mine obstinacy, I shall so prevail with him, that he will send me no more upon these kind of messages, seeing what bad dispatch I bring him : or, perhaps, he will think, that some wicked enchanter, one of those that he says persecute him, hath chang'd her shape, to vex him.

With this conceit, *Sancho's* spirit was at rest, and he thought his business was brought to a good pass : and so staying there till it grew to be toward the evening, that Don *Quixote* might think he spent so much time in going and coming from *Toboso*, all fell out happily for him : for when he got up to mount upon dapple, he might see three country wenches coming towards him from *Toboso*, upon three ass-colts, whether male or female, the author declares not, tho' it be likely they were she-asses, they being the ordinary beasts that those country people ride on ; but because it is not very pertinent to the story, we need not stand much upon deciding that. In fine, when *Sancho* saw the three country wenches, he turn'd back apace to find out his master, Don *Quixote*, and found him sighing, and uttering a thousand am'rous lamentations.

As soon as Don *Quixote* saw him, he said ; How now, *Sancho* ! what's the matter ? may I mark this day with a white or a black stone ? 'Twere fitter, quoth *Sancho*, you would mark it with red oker, as the inscriptions are upon professors chairs, that they may plainly read that see them. Belike then, quoth Don *Quixote*, thou bring'st good news. So good, said *Sancho*, that you need no more but spur *Rozinante*, and straight discover the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, with two damsels waiting on her, coming to see your worship. Blessed God ! friend *Sancho*, what say'st thou ? quoth Don *Quixote* ; see thou deceive me not with thy false mirth, to glad my true sorrow. What

What shou'd I get by deceiving you, quoth *Sancho*, the rather your self being so near to discover the truth? spur, Sir, ride on, and you shall see our mistress the princess coming, clad indeed, and adorn'd like her self: she and her damsels are a very spark of gold: they are all ropes of pearl, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of gold, ten stories high at least: their hair hung loose over their shoulders, that were like so many sun-beams playing with the wind; and besides, all this, they are mounted upon three flea-bitten hackneys, the finest sight that can be. Hackneys, thou would'st say, *Sancho*. Hackney or hackney, quoth *Sancho*, there is little difference: but let them come upon what they will, they are the bravest ladies, that can be imagin'd; especially, my lady the princess *Dulcinea*, that dazzles the senses.

Let's go, son *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, and for a reward, for this unlook'd for good news, I bequeath thee the best spoil I get in our first adventure next; and, if this content thee not, I give thee my this years colts, by my three mares thou know'st I have to foal in our town common. The colts I like, quoth *Sancho*: but for the goodness of the spoil of the first adventure, I have no mind to that. By this, they came out of the wood, and saw the three country wenches near them. Don *Quixote*, stretch'd his eyes all over *Toboso* way, and seeing none but the three wenches, he was somewhat troubl'd, and demanded of *Sancho*, if he had left them coming out of the city? How out of the city? quoth *Sancho*, are your eyes in your noddle! that you see them not coming here, shining as bright as the sun at noon? I see none, said he, but three wenches upon three asses.

Now, God keep me from the devil, quoth *Sancho*: and is it possible that three hackneys, or how call ye 'em, as white as a flake of snow, shou'd appear to you to be asses? as sure as may be, you shall pull off my beard, if that be so. Well, I tell you, friend *Sancho*, 'tis as sure, that they are he, or she-asses, as I am Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, and thou *Sancho Panca*; at least, to me, they seem so.

Peace,



Peace, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, and say not so, but snuff your eyes, and reverence the mistress of your thoughts, for now she draws near: and so saying, he advanc'd to meet the three country wenches, and alighting from dapple, took one of their asses by the halter, and, fastning both his knees to the ground, said, queen and princess, and dutchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleas'd, to receive into your grace and good-liking, your captiv'd knight that stands yonder, turn'd into marble, all-amaz'd and without his pulse, to see himself before your magnificent presence. I am *Sancho Panca*, his squire, and he is the way-beaten knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise call'd, *The knight of the sorrowful countenance*.

And now *Don Quixote* was on his knees by *Sancho*, and beheld with unglad, but troubl'd eyes, her that *Sancho* call'd queen and lady; but seeing he discover'd nothing in her but a country wench, and not very well-favour'd, for she was blub-fac'd, and flat-nos'd, he was in some suspence, and durst not once open his lips. The wenches too were astonish'd, to see those two so different men upon their knees, and that they wou'd not let their companion go forward. But, she that was staid, angry to hear herself misus'd, broke silence first, saying; Get you out of the way, with a mischief, and let's be gone, for we're in haste.

To which, quoth *Sancho*, Oh princess, and universal lady of *Toboso*! why doth not your magnanimous heart relent, seeing the pillar and prop of knight-errantry prostrated before your sublimated presence? which, when one of the other two heard, after she had cry'd out to her ass, that was turning aside, she said: Look how these yonkers come to mock at poor country folk, as if we knew not how to return their flouts upon them: get you gone your way, and leave us, you had best. Rise, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, at this instant, for I perceive now, that mine ill fortune, not satisfy'd, hath shut up all the passages, by which any content might come to this my wretched soul with-

within my flesh. Oh thou, the extream of all worth to be desir'd! the bound of all humane gentleness! the only remedy of this mine afflicted heart, that adores thee! now that the wicked enchanter persecutes me, and hath put clouds and cataracts in mine eyes! and for them only, and none else, hath transform'd and chang'd thy peerless beauty and face, into the face of a poor country wench! if so be now he have not turn'd mine too into some hobgoblin, to make it loathsome in thy sight, look on me gently and am'rously; perceiving, by this submission and kneeling, which I use to thy counterfeit beauty, the humility with which my soul adores thee.

Marry-muff, quoth the *Country Wench*, I care much for your courtings: get you gone, and let us go; and we shall be beholding to you. *Sancho*, let her pass by him, most glad that he had sped so well with his device. The *Country Wench*, that play'd *Dulcinea's* part, was no sooner free, when spurring her hackney with a prickle she had at the end of her cudgel, she began to run apace; and the ass, feeling the smart of it more than ordinary, began to winch so fast, that down came my lady *Dulcinea*: which, when Don *Quixote* saw, he came to help her up, and *Sancho* went to order and gird her pack-saddle, that hung at the ass's belly; which, being fitted, and Don *Quixote* about to lift his enchanted mistress in his arms to her ass, she, being now got upon her legs, sav'd him that labour; for, stepping a little back, she fetch'd a rise, and, clapping both her hands upon the ass's crupper, she lighted as swift as an hawk upon the pack-saddle, and sat astride, like a man.

Then said *Sancho*: By *St. Roque*, our mistress is as light a Robin-ruddock, and may teach the cunningest *Cordovan* or *Mexicanian* to ride on their ginets: at one spring she hath leap'd over the crupper, and, without spurrs, makes the hackney run like a musk-cat, and her damsels come not short of her; for they fly like the wind. And he said true: for when *Dulcinea* was once on horse-back, they all made after her, and set a run-

running for two miles, without looking behind them.

Don *Quixote* still look'd after them, but when they were out of sight, turning to *Sancho*, he said ; *Sancho*, how think'st thou ? how much enchanters do hate me ? and see how far their malice extends, and their aim at me, since they have depriv'd me of the happiness I shou'd have receiv'd, to have seen my mistress in her true being. Indeed I was born to be an example of unfortunate men, to be the mark and butt, at which ill-fortune's arrows shou'd be sent. And thou must note, *Sancho*, that these enchanters were not content to have chang'd and transform'd my *Dulcinea* : but they have done it into a shape, so base and ugly, as of a *Country Wench* thou saw'st, and withal, they have taken from her, that which is so proper to her and great ladies, to wit, her sweet scent of flowers and amber : for let me tell thee, *Sancho*, that, when I went to help *Dulcinea* to her hackney, which, as thou say'st, seem'd, to me, to be a she-ass, she gave me such a breath of raw garlick, as pierc'd and intoxicated my brain.

O base rout ! cry'd out *Sancho* instantly. Oh dismal and ill-minded enchanters ! I wou'd I might see you all strung up together like galls, or like pilchers in sholes : cunning you are, much you can, and much you do : it had been enough for you, Rascals, to have turn'd the pearls of my lady's eyes, into corky galls, and her most pure golden hair, into bristles of a red ox's tail, and, finally, all her feature from good to bad, without meddling with her breath, for only by that we might have guess'd, what was conceal'd under that courle rhind ; tho', to say true, I never saw her courseness, but her beauty, which was infinitely increas'd by a mole she had upon her lip, like a *Moscho*, with seven or eight hairs, like threads of gold, and above a handful long. To this mole, quoth Don *Quixote*, according to the correspondency that those of the face have, with those of the body, she hath another in the table of her thigh, that corresponds to the side, where that

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that of her face is : but hairs of that length thou speak'st of, are very much for moles. Well, I can tell you, quoth *Sancho*, that there they appear'd, as if they had been born with her, I believe it, friend, reply'd Don *Quixote* : for nature cou'd form nothing in *Dulcinea* that was not perfect and compleat ; and so, tho' she had a hundred moles, as well as that one thou saw'st in her, they were not moles, but moons and bright stars.

But tell me, *Sancho*, that which thou did'st set on, which seem'd to me, to be a pack-saddle ; was it a plain saddle, or a saddle with a back ? It was, said *Sancho*, a ginet saddle, with a field covering, worth half a kingdom, for the richness of it. And cou'd not I see all this ? Well, now I say again, and will say it a thousand times, I am the unhappiest man alive ! The crack-rope *Sancho*, had enough to do to hold laughter, hearing his master's madness, that was so delicately gull'd.

Finally, after many other reasons that pass'd betwixt them both, they got upon their beasts, and held on the way to *Saragosa*, where they thought to be fitly, to see the solemnities that are perform'd once every year in that famous city. But before they came thither, things betel them, that because they are many, famous and strange, they deserve to be written and read, as shall be seen here following.

### CHAP. XI.

*Of the strange adventure that befell Don Quixote, with the cart or waggon of the parliament of death.*

**D**ON *Quixote* went on, wonderful pensative, to think what a shrewd trick the enchanters had play'd him, in changing his mistress *Dulcinea* into the rustick shape of a *Country Wench*, and cou'd not imagine what means he might use to bring her to her pristine being ; and these thoughts so distracted him, that carelessly he gave *Rozinante* the reins, who, perceiving the liberty he had, staid every flitch-while to feed



feed upon the green grass, of which those fields were full; but *Sancho* put him out of his maze, saying: Sir, sorrow was not ordain'd for beasts, but men: yet, if men do exceed in it, they become beasts; pray Sir, recollect, and come to your self, and pluck up *Roxinante's* reins, revive and cheer your self, shew the courage that befits a knight-errant. What a devil's the matter? what faintness is this? are we dreaming on a dry summer? now satan take all the *Dulcinea's* in the world, since the welfare of one only knight-errant is more worth, than all the enchantments and transformations in the world,

Peace, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, with a voice now not very faint: peace, I say, and speak no blasphemies against that enchanted lady, for I only am in fault for her misfortune and unhappiness: her ill plight springs from the envy that enchanter's bear me. So say I too, quoth *Sancho*, for what heart sees her now, that saw her before, and doth not deplore? Thou may'st well say so, *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, since thou saw'st her, in her just entire beauty, and the enchantment dimm'd not thy sight, nor conceal'd her fairness: against me only, only against mine eyes, the force of its venom is directed.

But for all that, *Sancho*, I have fall'n upon one thing, which is, that thou did'st ill describe her beauty to me: for, if I forget not, thou said'st she had eyes of pearls, and such eyes are rather the eyes of a sea-bream, than a fair dame's: but, as I think, *Dulcinea's* eyes are like two green emeralds, rar'd with two celestial arches, that serve them for eye-brows. And therefore, for your pearls, take them from her eyes, and put them to her teeth: for, doubtless, *Sancho*, thou mistook'st eyes for teeth. All this may be, said *Sancho*, for her beauty troubl'd me, as much as her foulness since has done you: but leave we all to God, who is the knower of all things, that befall us in this vale of tears, in this wicked world, where there is scarce any thing without mixture of mischief, impostorship, or villany.

One thing, master of mine, troubles me more than all the rest ; to think what means there will be, when you overcome any giant, or other knight, and command him to present himself before the beauty of the lady *Dulcinea*, where this poor giant, or miserable vanquish'd knight shall find her. Methinks I see 'em go staring up and down *Toboso*, to find my lady *Dulcinea*, and tho' they shou'd meet her in the midst of the street, yet they would no more know her than my father.

It may be, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, her enchantment will not extend to take from vanquish'd and presented giants and knights, the knowledge of *Dulcinea* : and therefore, in one or two of the first I conquer and send, we will make trial, whether they see her or no, commanding them, that they return to relate unto me, what hath befall'n them.

I say, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I like what you have said very well, and by this device we shall know what we desire ; and if so be, she be only hidden to you, your misfortune is beyond hers ; but, so my lady *Dulcinea* have health and content, we will bear and pass it over here as well as we may, seeking our adventures, and let time alone, who is the best physician for these and other infirmities.

Don *Quixote* would have answer'd *Sancho Panca* ; but he was interrupted by a waggon that came cross the way, loaden with the most different and strange personages and shapes, that might be imagin'd. He that guided the mules, and serv'd for waggoner, was an ugly devil. The waggon's self was open'd without tilt or boughs. The first shape, that presented it self to Don *Quixote's* eyes, was of death her self, with a humane face, and next her an angel, with large painted wings. On one side stood an emperor, with a crown upon his head, to see to of gold. At death's feet was the god, call'd *Cupid*, not blind-folded, but with his bow, his quiver, and arrows. There was also a knight, compleatly arm'd, only he had no murrion, or head-piece, but a hat full of divers colour'd plumes : with these there were other personages of different fashions and faces.

All

All which seen, on a suddain, in some sort troubled Don *Quixote*, and affrighted *Sancho's* heart, but straight Don *Quixote* was jocund, believing, that some rare and dangerous adventure was offer'd unto him; and with this thought, and a mind dispos'd to give the onset to any peril, he got himself before the waggon, and with a loud and threatning voice, cry'd out; carter, coach-man, or devil, or whatsoever thou art, be not slow to tell me who thou art? whither thou goest? and what people these arethou carriest in thy cart-coach? rather like *Charon's* boar? than waggons now in use.

To which, the devil staying the cart, gently reply'd, Sir, we are players of *Thomas Angulo's* company; we have play'd a play call'd, *The Parliament of death*, against this *Corpus Christi* tide, in a town behind the ridge of yonder mountain; and this afternoon we are to play it again at the town you see before us, which because it is so near, to save a labour of new attiring us, we go in the same cloaths in which we are to act; That young man plays death that other an angel, that woman our author's wife, the queen; a fourth there, a soldier; a fifth the emperor; and I the devil, which is one of the chiefest actors in the play; for I have the best part. If you desire to know any thing else of us, ask me, and I shall answer you most punctually; for as I am a devil, nothing is unknown to me.

By the faith of a knight-errant, said Don *Quixote*, as soon as ever I saw this waggon, I imagin'd some strange adventure towards; and now, I say, it is fit to be fully satisfy'd of these apparitions, by touching them with our hands. God be with you, honest people: act your play, and see whether you will command any thing wherein I may be serviceable to you; for I will be so most chearfully and willingly: for, since I was a boy, I have lov'd mask-shews, and in my youth I have been ravish'd with stage-plays.

Whilst they were thus discoursing, it fell out, that one of the company came toward them, clad for the fool in the play, with morrice-bells; and at the end of his stick, he had three cow's bladders full blown; who, thus

thus mask'd, running toward Don *Quixote*, began to fence with his cudgel, and to thwack the bladders upon the ground, and to frisk with his bells in the air: which dreadful fight so troubled *Rozinante*, that Don *Quixote*, not able to hold him in; for he had gotten the bridle betwixt his teeth, he fell a running up and down the field, much swifter than his anatomiz'd bones made shew for.

*Sancho*, that consider'd in what danger of being thrown down his master might be, leapt from dapple, and with all speed ran to help him; but by that time he came to him, he was upon the ground, and *Rozinante* by him; for they both tumbled together. This was the common pass *Rozinante's* tricks and boldness came to: but no sooner had *Sancho* left his horse-back-ship to come to Don *Quixote*, when the damning devil, with the bladders leap'd on Dapple, and clapping him with them, the fear and noise, more than the blows, made him fly thorough the field, towards the place where they were to play. *Sancho* beheld dapple's career and his master's fall, and knew not to which of the ill chances he might first repair: but yet, like a good squire and faithful servant, his master's love prevail'd more with him, than the cockering of his ass: tho' every hoisting of the bladders, and falling on dapple's buttocks, were to him trances and tidings of death, and rather had he those blows had lighted on his eye-balls, than on the least hair of his ass's tail.

In this perplexity he came to Don *Quixote*, who was in a great deal worse plight, than he was willing to see him: and, helping him on *Rozinante*, said; Sir, the devil hath carry'd away dapple. What devil? quoth Don *Quixote*. He with the bladders, reply'd *Sancho*. Well, I will recover him, said Don *Quixote*, though he should lock him up with him in the darkest and deepest dungeons of hell: follow me, *Sancho*, for the waggon goes but slowly, and the mules shall satisfy dapple's loss. There is no need, said *Sancho*: temper your choler, for now I see the devil hath left dapple, and he returns to his home, and he said true; for the devil having fall'n  
with



with dapple, to imitate Don *Quixote* and *Rozinante*, he went on foot to the town, and the as came back to his master.

For all that, said Don *Quixote*, it were fit to take revenge of the devil's unmannerliness upon some of those in the waggon, even of the emperor himself. Oh never think of any such matter, said *Sancho*, and take my counsel; that is, never to meddle with players; for they are a people mightily belov'd: I have known one of 'em in prison for two murders, and yet 'scap'd scot-free. Know this, Sir, that as they are merry, jovial lads, all men love, esteem and help them, especially if they be the king's players; and all of them in their fashion and garb are gentlemen like.

For all that, said Don *Quixote*, the devil-player shall not 'scape from me and brag of it, though all mankind help him; and, so saying, he got to the waggon, that was now somewhat near the town, and, crying aloud, said: Hold, stay, merry *Greeks*, for I'll make ye know what belongs to the as and furniture, belonging to the squires of knights-errant. Don *Quixote's* noise was such, that those of the waggon heard it, and guessing at his intention by his speeches, in an instant mistress death leap'd out of the waggon, and after her the emperor; the devil waggoner, and the angel, and the queen too, with little *Cupid*, all of them were straight loaded with stones, and put themselves in order, expecting Don *Quixote*, with their pebbles points.

Don *Quixote*, that saw them in so gallant a squadron, ready to discharge strongly their stones, held in *Rozinante's* reins, and began to consider how he should set upon them, with least hazard to his person. Whilst he thus staid, *Sancho* came to him, and, seeing him ready to give the on-set, said; 'Tis a meer madness, Sir, to attempt this enterprize, I pray consider, that for your \*river-sops, there are no defensive weapons in the world, but to be shut up, and inlaid under a brazen bell: and consider likewise, 'tis rather rashness than valour, for one man alone to set upon an army, wherein death is, and where emperors fight in person, and where good

\* Meaning the Stones.

## Chap. II. DON QUIXOTE. 73

and bad angels help: and if the consideration of this be not sufficient, may this move you to know; that amongst all these, though they seem to be kings, princes and emperors, there is no knight-errant.

Thou hast hit upon the right, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, the very point that may alter my determination: I neither can, nor must draw my sword, as I have often told thee, against any that be not knights-errant. It concerns thee, *Sancho*, if thou mean'st to be revenged for the wrong done thine ass, and I'll encourage thee, and from hence give thee wholesome instructions. There needs no being reveng'd of any body, said *Sancho*, for there is no christianity in it; besides, mine ass shall be contented to put his cause to me, and to my will, which is, to live quietly as long as heaven shall afford me life.

Since this is thy determination, said Don *Quixote*, honest, wise, discreet, christian-like; pure *Sancho*, let us leave these dreams, and seek other better and more real adventures: for I see, this country is like to afford us many miraculous ones. So he turn'd *Rosinante's* reins, and *Sancho* took his dapple; death with all the flying squadron return'd to the waggon, and went on their voyage: and this was the happy end of the waggon of death's adventure. Thanks to the good advice that *Sancho Panca* gave his master: to whom there happen'd the day after another adventure, no less pleasant, with an enamour'd knight-errant as well as he.

### C H A P. XII.

*Of the rare adventure that befel Don Quixote, with the knight of the Looking-glasses.*

**D**ON *Quixote* and his squire pass'd the ensuing night, after their death's encounter, under certain high and shady trees; Don *Quixote* having first, by *Sancho's* entreaty, eaten somewhat of the provision that came upon dapple; and, as they were at supper, *Sancho* said to his master, Sir, what an ass had I been, had I chosen for a reward, the spoils of the first ad-

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ven-

venture which you might end, rather than the breed of the three mares? Indeed, indeed, *A bird in the hand, is better than two in the bush.*

For all that, quoth Don *Quixote*, if thou, *Sancho*, had'st let me give the onset, as I desir'd, thou had'st had to thy share, at least, the empress's golden crown, and *Cupid's* painted wings, for I had taken 'em away against the hair, and given 'em thee. Your player's scepters, and emperor's crowns, said *Sancho*, are never of pure gold, but leaf and tin.

'Tis true, answer'd Don *Quixote*, for it is very necessary, that your play-ornaments be not fine, but counterfeit and seeming, as the play it self is, which I would have thee, *Sancho*, to esteem of, and consequently the actors too; and the authors, because they are the instruments of much good to a commonwealth, being like looking-glasses, where the actions of humane life are lively represented; and there is no comparison, that doth more truly present to us, what we are, or what we should be, than the comedy and comedians: If not, tell me, hast not thou seen a play acted, where kings, emperors, bishops, knights, dames, and other personages are introduc'd? one plays a ruffian, another the cheater; this a merchant, t'other a soldier, one a crafty fool, another a foolish lover: and the comedy ended, and the apparel taken away, all the rehearsers are the same they were.

Yes marry have I, quoth *Sancho*. Why, the same thing, said Don *Quixote*, happens in the comedy and theatre of this world, where some play the emperors, others the bishops; and lastly, all the parts that may be in a comedy: but in the end, that is, the end of our life, death takes away all the robes that made them differ, and at their burial they are equal. A brave comparison, quoth *Sancho*, but not so strange to me, that have heard it often, as that of the chess-play; that while the game lasts, every peer hath its particular motion, and the game ended, all are mingled and shuffled together, and cast into a leathern bag, which is a kind of burial.

Every

Every day, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, thou grow'st wiser and wiser. It must needs be, said *Sancho*, that some of your wisdom must cleave to me; for grounds that are dry and barren, by mucking and tilling them, give good fruit: I mean, your conversation hath been the muck, that hath been cast upon the sterile ground of my barren wit; and the time that I have serv'd you, the tillage, with which I hope to render happy fruit, and such as may not gain-say or slide out of the paths of good manners, which you have made in my wither'd understanding.

Don *Quixote* laugh'd at *Sancho's* affected reasons, and it seem'd true to him, what he had said touching his reformation: for now and then his talk admir'd him, altho' for the most part, when *Sancho* spoke by way of contradiction, or like a courtier, he ended his discourse with a downfal, from the mount of his simplicity, to the profundity of his ignorance: but that, wherein he shew'd himself most elegant and memorable, was in urging of proverbs, tho' they were never so much against the hair of the present business, as hath been seen, and noted in all this history.

A great part of the night they pass'd in these and such like discourses, but *Sancho* had a great desire to let fall the port-cullices, as he call'd them, of his eyes, and sleep; and so undressing his dapple, he turn'd him freely to graze: with *Rozinante's* saddle he medled not, for it was his master's express command, that whilst they were in field, or slept not within doors, he should not unsaddle him; it being an ancient custom observ'd by knights-errant, to take the bridle and hang it at the saddle pommel: but beware taking away the saddle, which *Sancho* observ'd, and gave him the same liberty, as to his dapple, whose friendship, and *Rozinante's* was so sole, and united, that the report goes by tradition from father to son; that the author of this true history made particular chapters of it, only to keep the decency and decorum due to so heroick a story: he omitted it, altho' sometimes he forgets his purpose herein, and writes, that, as the two beasts were together, they would scratch



one another, and, being weary'd and satisfy'd, *Roxinante* would cross his throat over dapple's neck, at least half a yard over the other side : and both of them looking wistly on the ground, they would stand thus three days together, at least, as long as they were let alone, or that hunger compell'd them to look after their provender.

'Tis said, I say, that the author in his story, compar'd them in their friendship, to *Nilus* and *Eurialus*, to *Pilads* and *Orestes* ; which, if it were so, it may be seen, to the general admiration, how firm and steadfast the friendship was of these two pacifick beasts, to the shame of men, that so ill know the rules of friendship one to another. For this, it was said, no falling out, like to that of friends. And let no man think the author was unreasonable, in having compar'd the friendship of these beasts, to the friendship of men ; for men have receiv'd many items from beasts, and learn'd many things of importance, as the storks dung, the dog's vomit and faithfulness ; the crane's watchfulness, the ant's providence, the elephant's honesty, and the horse's loyalty.

At length *Sancho* fell fast asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don *Quixote* repos'd himself under an oak. But, not long after, a noise behind waken'd him, and, rising suddenly, he look'd and hearken'd from whence the noise came ; and he saw two men on horse-back, and the one, tumbling from his saddle, said to the other, alight, friend, and unbridle our horses, for methinks, this place hath pasture enough for them, and befits the silence and solitude of my amorous thoughts : thus he spoke, and stretch'd himself upon the ground in an instant, but, casting himself down, his amour, wherewith he was arm'd, made a noise : a manifest token, that made Don *Quixote* think he was some knight-errant ; and, coming to *Sancho*, who was fast asleep, he pluck'd him by the arm, and told him softly, Brother *Sancho*, we have an adventure : God grant it be good, quoth *Sancho* : and where is this master's adventures worship ? Where, *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*,  
look

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look on one side, look, and there thou shalt see a knight-errant stretch'd, who, as it appears to me, is not over-much joy'd, for I saw him cast himself from his horse, and, stretch on the ground, with some shews of grief, and as he fell, he cross'd his arms. Why, in what do you perceive that this is an adventure? quoth *Sancho*. I will not say, answer'd Don *Quixote*, that this is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to it; for thus adventures begin.

But hark; it seems he is tuning a lute, or viol, and, by his spitting and clearing his breast, he prepares himself to sing. In good faith, you say right, quoth *Sancho*, and 'tis some enamour'd knight. There is no knight-errant, said Don *Quixote*, that is not so: let us give ear, and, by the circumstance, we shall search the labyrinth of his thoughts, if so be he sing; *for out of the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh*. *Sancho*, would have reply'd to his master: but the knight of the *Wood's* voice, which was but so, so, hinder'd him, and, whilst the two were astonish'd, he sung, as followeth.

### SONET.

*Permit me, mistress, that I follow may,  
The bound cut out just to your heart's desire:  
The which, in mine, I shall esteem for aye,  
So that I never from it will retire.  
If you be pleas'd, my grief, I silent, stay,  
And die make reck'ning that I straight expire,  
If I may tell it you; the unusual way  
I will, and make love's self be my supplier.  
Fashion'd I am to proofs of contraries,  
As soft as wax, as hard as diamond too;  
And to love's laws, my soul her self applys,  
Or hard, or soft, my breast I offer you  
Graven, imprint in't what your pleasure is,  
I, secret, swear it never to forgoe.*

With a deep-fetch'd heigh, ho! even from the bottom of his heart, the knight of the *Wood* ended his

song: and after some pause, with a griev'd and sorrowful voice, utter'd these words: Oh the fairest and most ungrateful woman in the world! And shall it be possible, most excellent *Casildea de Vandalia*, that thou suffer this thy captive knight to pine and perish, with continual peregrinations, with hard and painful labours? sufficeth not, that I have made all the knights of *Navarre*, of *Leon*, all the *Tartesiens*, all the *Castilians*, confess thee to be the fairest lady of the world? I, and all the knights of *Mancha* too? Not so, quoth Don *Quixote* streight, for I am of the *Mancha*, but never yielded to that; for I neither could nor ought confess a thing so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress: And thou seest, *Sancho*, how much this knight is wide: but let us hear him, it may be, he will unfold himself more. Marry will he, quoth *Sancho*, for he talks as if he would lament a month together. But it fell out otherwise; for the knight of the *Wood*, having overheard that they talk'd somewhat near him, ceasing his complaints, he stood up, and with a clear, but familiar voice, thus spake, Who's there? who is it? is it haply some of the number of the contented, or of the afflicted? Of the afflicted, answer'd Don *Quixote*. Come to me then, said he of the *Wood*, and make account, you come to sadness it self, and to affliction's self. Don *Quixote*, when he saw himself answer'd so tenderly, and so modestly, drew near, and *Sancho* likewise. The wailful knight laid hold on Don *Quixote's* arm, saying, Sit down, Sir knight: for to know that you are so, and one that professeth knight-errantry, it is enough that I have found you in this place, where solitariness, and the \* *Serene* bear you company; the natural beds, and proper beings for knights-errant.

To which Don *Quixote* reply'd, A knight I am, and of the profession you speak of; and tho' disgraces, misfortunes, and sorrows have their proper seat in my mind: notwithstanding, the compassion, I have to other men's grief, hath not left it; by your complaints, I guess you are enamour'd, I mean, that you love that ungrateful fair one, mention'd in your laments. Whilst

\* *Serene, the night-dew that falls.*

they

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they were thus discoursing, they sat together lovingly upon the cold ground, as if, by day-break, their heads also would not break.

The knight of the *Wood* demanded, Are you happily enamour'd, Sir knight? Unhappily I am, quoth Don *Quixote*, altho' the unhappiness that ariseth from well-plac'd thoughts, ought rather to be esteem'd a happiness than otherwise. True it is, reply'd he of the *Wood*, if disdain did not vex our reason and understanding, which, being unmerciful, come nearer to revenge. I was never, said Don *Quixote*, disdain'd of my mistress. No indeed, quoth *Sancho*, who was near them: for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as butter. Is this your squire? said he of the *Wood*. He is, said Don *Quixote*. I ne'er saw squire, reply'd he of the *Wood*, that durst prate so boldly before his master; at least, yonder is mine, as big as his father, and I can prove he never unfolded his lips, whensoever I spake.

Well, 'faith, quoth *Sancho*, I have spoken, and may speak before, as, and perhaps: but let it alone, the more it is stirr'd, the more it will stink. The squire of the *Wood* took *Sancho* by the hand, saying, Let us go and talk what we list squire-like, and let us leave these our masters; let them fall from their lances, and tell of their loves: for, I warrant you, the morning will overtake them, before they have done. A God's name, quoth *Sancho*, and I'll tell you who I am, that you may see whether I may be admitted into the number of your talking squires. So the two squires went apart, between whom there pass'd as witty a dialogue, as their masters was serious.

CHAP. XIII.

*Where the adventure of the knight of the Wood is prosecuted, with the discreet, rare, and sweet cology, that pass'd betwixt the two squires.*

THE knights and their squires weredivided; these telling their lives, they their loves: and thus saith the story, that the squire of the *Wood* said to *Sancho*,



It is a cumbersome life that we lead, Sir; we, I say, that are squires to knights-errant: for, truly, *We eat our bread with the sweat of our brows*, which is one of the curses that God laid upon our first parents. You may say also, added *Sancho*, *That we eat it in the frost of our bodies*: for who endure more heats and colds, than your miserable squires to knights-errant? and yet not so bad, if we might eat at all; *For good fare lessens care*: but sometimes it happens, that we are two days without eating, except it be the air that blows on us. All this may be born, quoth he of the *Wood*, with the hope we have of reward: for if the knight-errant, whom a squire serves, be not too unfortunate, he shall, with a little good hap, see himself rewarded with the government of some island, or with a reasonable earldom. I, said, *Sancho*, have often told my master, that I would content myself with the government of any island; and he is so noble and liberal, that he hath often promis'd it me. I, said he of the *Wood*, for my services, would be satisfy'd with some canonry, which my master too hath promis'd me.

Your master indeed, said *Sancho*, belike is an ecclesiastical knight, and may do his good squires these kindnesses: but my master is meerly lay, though I remember, that some persons, of good discretion, though out of bad intention, counsell'd him, that he should be an archbishop: which he would not be, but an emperor: and I was in a bodily fear, lest he might have a mind to the church, because I held my self incapable of benefits by it: for, let me tell you, though to you I seem a man, yet in church matters, I am a very beast. Indeed, Sir, said he of the *Wood*, you are in the wrong: for your island governments are not all so special, but that some are crabbed, some poor, some distasteful; and lastly, the stateliest and best of all brings with it a heavy burden of cares and inconveniences, which he, to whom it falls to his lot, undergoes. Far better it were, that we, who profess this curs'd slavery, retire home, and there entertain our selves with more delightful exercises; to wit, hunting and fishing: for, what squire

is there in the world so poor, that wants his nag, his brace of grey-hounds, or his angle-rod, to pass his time with at his village?

I want none of this, said *Sancho*: true it is, I have no nag, but I have an ass worth two of my master's horse. An ill christmas God send me, and let it be the next ensuing, if I would change for him, tho' I had four bushels of barley to boot: you laugh at the price of my dapple, for dapple is the colour of mine ass: well, grey-hounds I shall not want neither, there being enough to spare in our town; besides, the sport is best at another man's charge.

Indeed, indeed, Sir *Squire*, said he of the *Wood*, I have propos'd and determin'd with my self, to leave these bezzelings of these knights, and return to my village, and bring up my children, for I have three, like three orient pearls. Two have I, said *Sancho*, that may be presented to the pope in person, especially one, a wench, which I bring up to be a countess, God save her, altho' it grieve her mother. And, how old, ask'd he of the *Wood*, is this lady-countess that you bring up so?

Fifteen, somewhat under or over, said *Sancho*, but she is as long as a lance, and as fresh as an *April* morning, and as sturdy as a porter. These are parts, said he of the *Wood*, not only for her to be a countess, but a nymph of the greeny grove: Ah whoreson, whore! and what a sting the quean hath? To which, quoth *Sancho*, somewhat musty, She is no whore, neither was her mother before her, and none of them. God willing, shall be, as long as I live: and, I pray, Sir, speak more mannerly; for these speeches are not consonant from you, that have been brought up amongst knights-errant, the flowers of courtesy. Oh, said he of the *Wood*, Sir *Squire*, how you mistake, and how little you know what belongs to prasing: What! have ye never observ'd, that when any knight in the market-place gives the bull a sure thrust with his lance, or when any body doth a thing well, the common people use to say; Ah whoreson, whoremaster, how brave-

ly he did it ? so that, that which seems to be a dispraise, in that sense is a notable commendation, and renounce you those sons, and daughters, that do not the works, that may make their parents deserve such like praises. I do renounce, said *Sancho*, and if you meant no otherwise; I pray you clap a whole whore-house at once upon my wife and children; for all they do or say, are extreams worthy of such praises, and so I may see them: God deliver me out of this mortal sin, that is, out of this dangerous profession of being a squire, into which I have this second time incurr'd, being intic'd and deceiv'd with the purse of the hundred duckats, which I found one day in the heart of *Sierra Morena*, and the devil cast that bag of pistoles before mine eyes: methinks every foot I touch it, hug it, and carry it to mine house, set leases, and rents, and live like a prince, and still, when I think of this, all the toil that I pass with this blockhead, my master, seems easy and tolerable to me, who, I know, is more madman than knight.

Hereupon, said he of the *Wood*, it is said; that *All covet, all lose*: and now you talk of madmen, I think, my master is the greatest in the world, he is one of them that cries, *Hang sorrow*; and, that another knight may recover his wits, he'll make himself mad, and will seek after that, which, perhaps, once found, will tumble him upon his snout. And, is he am'rous haply? Yes, said he of the *Wood*, he loves one *Casildea de Vandalia*, the most raw and most roasted lady in the world; but she halts not on that foot of her rawness, for other manner of impostures do grant in those intrails of hers, which ere long will be known.

There is no way so plain, quoth *Sancho*, that hath not some rub, or pit, or, as the proverb goes, in some houses they see the beans, and in mine whole kettles full. So madness hath more companions, and more needy ones than wisdom. But if that which is commonly spoken be true, that to have companions in misery, is a lightner of it, you may comfort me, that serve as sottish a master as I do. Sottish, but valiant, answer'd he of the *Wood*, but more knave than fool, or than valiant.

liant. It is not so with my master, said *Sancho* : for he is ne'er a whit knave ; rather he is as dull as a Beetle, hurts no body, does good to all, he hath no malice, a child will make him believe 'tis night, at noon-day : and for his simplicity, I love him as my heart-strings, and cannot find in my heart, to leave him for all his fopperies. For all that, brother and friend, said he of the *Wood*, if the blind guide the blind, both will be in danger to fall into the pit.

'Tis better to retire fair and softly, and return to our lov'd homes : for they, that hunt after adventures, do not always light upon good. *Sancho* spit often, and, as it seem'd, a kind of glewy and dry matter : which, noted by the charitable *woody Squire*, he said, Methinks, with our talking, our tongues cleave to our roofs : but I have suppler hangs at the pummel of my horse, as good as touch : and, rising up, he return'd presently with a borracha of wine, and a bak'd meat, at least half a yard long, and it is no lie, for it was a parboil'd coney, so large, that *Sancho*, when he felt it, thought it had been of a goat, and not a kid : which, being seen by *Sancho*, he said, And had ye this with you too, Sir? Why, what did ye think, said the other, do you take me to be some hungry squire ? I have better provision at my horse's crupper, than a general carries with him upon a march. *Sancho* fell to, without Invitation, and champ'd his bits in the dark, as if he had scraunch'd knotted cords, and said, I marry, Sir, you are a true legal squire, round and sound, royal and liberal, as appears by your feast, which, if it came not hither by way of enchantment, yet, it seems so at least, and not, like me, unfortunate wretch, that only carry in my wallets, a little cheese, so hard, that you may break a giant's head with it, and only some dozens of *St. John's* weed-leaves, and some few walnuts, and small nuts, plenty in the strictness of my master, and the opinion he hath, and the method he observes, that knights-errant must only be maintain'd and sustain'd only with a little dry fruit, and fallads. By my faith, brother, reply'd he of the *Wood*, my stomach is not made to  
your



your thistles, nor your stalks, nor your mountain-roots: let our masters deal with their opinions, and their knightly statutes, and eat what they will, I have my cold meats, and this bottle hanging at the pummel of my saddle, will he, or nill he: which I reverence and love so much, that a minute scarce passeth me, in which I give it not a thousand kisses and embraces. Which said, he gave it to *Sancho*, who, rearing it on one end at his mouth, look'd a quarter of an hour together upon the stars: and when he had ended his draught, he held his neck on one side, and fetching a great sigh, crys, Oh whoreson rascal, how catholick it is. La' ye there, said he of the *Wood*, in hearing *Sancho's* whoreson, how you have prais'd the wine, in calling it whoreson? I say, quoth *Sancho*, that I confesse, that I know it is no dishonour to call any body whoreson, when there is a meaning to praise him. But tell me, Sir, by the remembrance of her you love best, is this wine of \* *Cinidad Real*? A brave taste, said he of the *Wood*: it is no less, and it is of some years standing too. Let me alone, said *Sancho*, you cou'd not but think I must know it to the height. Do not you think it strange, Sir *Squire*, that I shou'd have so great, and so natural an instinct, in distinguishing betwixt wines, that, coming to smell any wine, I hit upon the place, the grape, the savour, the lasting, the strength, with all circumstances belonging to wine? but no marvel, if in my lineage, by my father's side, I had two of the most excellent tasters that were known, in a long time in *Mancha*: for proof of which, you shall know what befel them.

They gave to these two, some wine to taste out of a hog'shead, asking their opinions, of the state, quality, goodness or badness of the wine: the one of them prov'd it with the tip of his tongue, the other only smelt to it. The first said, that that wine savour'd of iron. The second said, rather goats leather. The owner protested, the hog'shead was clean, and that the wine

\* *A place in Spain that hath excellent wines.*

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had no kind of mixture, by which it shou'd receive any favour of iron or leather. Notwithstanding, the two famous tasters stood to what they had said. Time ran on, the wine was sold, and when the vessel was cleans'd, there was found in it a little key, with a leather thong hanging in it. Now you may see, whether he, that comes from such a race, may give his opinion in these matters.

Therefore, I say to you, quoth he of the *Wood*, let us leave looking after these adventures, and, since we have content, let us not seek after dainties, but return to our cottages, for there God will find us, if it be his will. Till my master come to *Saragosa*, I mean, quoth *Sancho*, to serve him, and then we'll all take a new course. In fine, the two good squires talk'd and drank so much, that it was fit sleep shou'd lay their tongues, and slake their thirst, but to extinguish, it was impossible; so both of them fasten'd to the nigh empty bottle, and their meat scarce out of their mouths, fell asleep: where, for the present, we will leave them, and tell what pass'd between the two knights.

### CHAP. XIV.

*How the adventure of the knight of the Wood is prosecuted.*

**A**Mongst many discourses that pass'd between Don *Quixote*, and the knight of the *Wood*, the history says, that he of the *Wood* said to Don *Quixote*, In brief, Sir *Knight*, I would have you know, that my destiny, or, to say better, my election enamour'd me upon the peerless *Casildea de Vandalia*; peerless I call her, as being so in the greatness of her stature, and in the extreme of her being and beauty. This *Casildea*, I tell you of, repaid my good and vertuous desires, in employing me, as did the step-mother of *Hercules*, in many and different perils, promising me at the accomplishment of each one, in performing another, I shou'd enjoy my wishes: but my labours have been so link'd one upon another, that they are numberless, neither know I which may be the last, to give an accomplishment to my lawful desires. Once

Once she commanded me to give defiance to that famous giantess of *Sevil*, call'd the *Giralda*, who is so valiant and so strong, as being made of brass, and without changing place, is the most moveable and turning woman in the world. I came, I saw, and conquer'd her, and made her stand still, and keep distance; for a whole week together, no winds blew, but the north: otherwhiles she commanded me to lift up the ancient \* stones of the fierce bulls of *Guisando*: an enterprize fitter for porters, than knights: another time she commanded me to go down and dive in the vault of *Ca-bra*, a fearful and unheard of attempt, and to bring her relation of all that was inclos'd in that dark profundity. I staid the motion of the *Giralda*, I weigh'd the bulls of *Guisando*, I cast my self down the steep cave, and brought to light the secrets of that bottom, but my hopes were dead, how dead? her disdain still living, how living? Lastly, she hath now commanded me, that I run over all the provinces of *Spain*, and make all the knights errant, that wander in them, confess, that she alone goes beyond all other women in beauty, and that I am the valiant'st, and most enamour'd knight of the world: in which demand I have travell'd the greatest part of *Spain*, and have overcome many knights, that durst contradict. But that which I prize and esteem most is, that I have conquer'd, in single combat, that so famous knight Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, and made him confess that my *Casildea* is fairer than his *Dulcinea*, and in this conquest only I make account, that I have conquer'd all the knights in the world, because the aforesaid Don *Quixote* hath conquer'd them all, and I having overcome him, his fame, his glory, and his honour, hath been transferr'd and pass'd over to my person, and the conqueror is so much the more esteem'd, by how much the conquer'd was reputed; so that the innumerable exploits of Don *Quixote*, now mention'd, are mine, and pass upon my account.

\* As if we shou'd say, to remove the stones at Stonage in Wiltshire:

Don

Don *Quixote* admir'd to hear the knight of the *Wood*, and was a thousand times about to have given him the lie, and had his *Thou ly'st* upon the point of his tongue : but he deferr'd it as well as he cou'd, to make him confess with his own mouth that he ly'd, and so he told him calmly. That you may have overcome, Sir *Knight*, all the knights-errant of *Spain*, and the whole world, I grant ye : but that you have overcome Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, I doubt it, it might be some other like him, tho' few there be so like. Why not ? reply'd he of the *Wood* ; I can assure you, Sir, I fought with him, overcame, and made him yield. He is a tall fellow, wither'd fac'd, lank and dry in his limbs, somewhat hoary, sharp-nos'd, and crooked ; his mustachoes long, black, and fall'n ; he marches under the name of *The knight of the sorrowful countenance* : he presses the loin, and rules the bridle of a famous horse, call'd *Rozinante*, and hath, for the mistress of his thoughts, one *Dulcinea del Toboso*, sometimes call'd *Aldonza Lorenzo*, just as mine, that because her name was *Casildea*, and of *Andaluzia*, I call her *Casildea de Vandalia* : and if all these tokens be not enough to countenance the truth, here is my sword, that shall make incredulity it self believe it. Have patience, Sir *Knight*, quoth Don *Quixote*, and hear what I shall say. Know, that this Don *Quixote* you speak of, is the greatest friend I have in this world, and so much that I may tell you, I love him as well as my self, and by the signs that you have given of him, so punctual and certain, I cannot but think it is he whom you have overcome. On the other side, I see with mine eyes, and feel with my hands, that it is not possible it shou'd be he, if it be not, that as he hath many enchanters that be his enemies, especially one, that doth ordinarily persecute him, there be some one that hath taken his shape on him, and suffer'd himself to be overcome, to defraud him of the glory which his noble chivalry hath gotten and laid up for him, throughout the whole earth. And, for confirmation of this, I would have you know, that these enchanters, mine enemies, not two days since, transform'd



form'd the shape and person of the fair *Dulcinea del Toboso*, into a foul and base country wench, and, in this sort, belike, they have transform'd Don *Quixote*; and, if all this be not sufficient to direct you in the truth, here is Don *Quixote* himself, that will maintain it with his arms, on foot, or on horse-back, or in what manner you please: and he grasp'd his sword, expecting what resolution the knight of the *Wood* wou'd take, who, with a staid voice, answer'd and said: A good pay-master needs no surety: he that cou'd once, Don *Quixote*, overcome you, when you were transform'd, may very well hope to restore you to your proper being. But because it becomes not knights to do their feats in the dark, like high way robbers and ruffians, let us stay for the day, that the sun may behold our actions; and the condition of our combat shall be, that he that is overcome, shall stand to the mercy of the conqueror, to do with him according to his will, so far as what he ordaineth shall be fitting for a knight.

I am over-joy'd with this condition and agreement, quoth Don *Quixote*. And, this said, they went where their squires were, whom they found snoring, and just as they were, when sleep first stole upon them. They waken'd them, and commanded they shou'd make their horses ready; for, by sun-rising, they meant to have a bloody and unequal single combat. At which news *Sancho* was astonish'd and amaz'd, as fearing his master's safety, by reason of the knight of the *Wood*'s valour, which he had heard from his squire: but, without any reply, the two squires went to seek their cattle: for by this the three horses and dapple had smelt out one another, and were together.

By the way, he of the *Wood* said to *Sancho*, you must understand, brother, that your combitants of *Andalusia* use, when they are sticklers in any quarrel, not to stand idly with their hands in their pockets, whilst their friends are fighting. I tell you this, because you may know, that whilst our masters are at it, we must skirmish too, and break our lances to shivers. This custom, Sir Squire, answer'd *Sancho*, may be currant there

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there, and pass amongst your ruffians and combatants you talk of: but with your squires that belong to knights-errant, not so much as a thought of it. At least, I have not heard my master so much as speak a word of any such custom, and he knows, without book, all the ordinances of knight-errantry. But let me grant ye, that 'tis an expresse ordinance, that the squires fight, whilst their masters do so: yet I will not fulfil that, but pay the penalty that shall be impos'd upon such peaceable squires: for I do not think, it will be above two pound of wax,\* and I had rather pay them, for I know they will cost me less, than the lint that I shall spend in making tents to cure my head, which already I make account is cut and divided in two: besides, 'tis impossible I should fight, having never a sword, and I never wore any.

For that, quoth he of the *Wood*, I'll tell you a good remedy, I have here two linnen bags of one bigness, you shall have one, and I the other, and with these equal weapons, we'll fight at bag-blows. Let us do so and you will, said *Sancho*, for this kind of fight will rather serve to dust, than to wound us. Not so, said the other, for within the bags, that the wind may not carry them to and fro, we will put half a dozen of delicate smooth pebbles, of equal weight, and so we may bag-baste one another, without doing any great hurt. Look ye, body of my father! quoth *Sancho*, what martins or fables fur, or what fine carded wooll, he puts in the bags, not to beat out our brains, or make *privet* of our bones: but know, Sir, if they were silk balls, I would not fight: let our masters fight, and hear oft in another world, let us drink and live, for time will be careful to take away our lives, without our striving to end them before their time and season, and that they drop before they are ripe. For all that, said he of the *Wood*, we must fight half an hour. No, no, said *Sancho*, I will not be so discourteous and ungrate-

\* Alluding to some penalties enjoyn'd by confessors, to pay to burn in candles in the church.

ful, as to wrangle with whom I have eaten and drank, et the occasion be never so small, how much more, I being without choler or anger, who the devil can barely without these fight?

For this, said he of the *Wood*, I'll give you a sufficient cause, which is, that before we begin the combat, I will come me finely to you, and give you three or four boxes, and strike you to my feet, with which I shall awake your choler, altho' it sleep like a dormouse. Against this cut, I have another, quoth *Sancho*, that comes not short of it, I will take me a good cudgel, and, before you waken my choler, I'll make you sleep so soundly with bastinadoing you, that it shall not wake but in another world, in which it shall be known, that I am not he that will let any man handle my face; and every man look to the shaft he shoots: and the best way were to let every man's choler sleep with him, for no man knows what's in another, and many come for wool, and they return short, and God blest'd the peace-makers, and curs'd the quarreller; for, if a cat shut into a room, much baited and streighten'd, turn to be a lion, God knows what I, that am a man, may turn to: therefore, from henceforward, Sir *Squire*, let me intimate to you, that all the evil and mischief that shall arise from our quarrel, be upon your head. 'Tis well, quoth he of the *Wood*, let it be day, and we shall thrive by this.

And now a thousand sorts of painted birds began to chirp in the trees, and in their different delightful tunes, it seem'd they bad good morrow, and saluted the fresh *Aurora*, that now discover'd the beauty of her face, through the gates and by-windows of the east, shaking from her locks an infinite number of liquid pearls, bathing the herbs in her sweet liquor, that it seem'd they also sprouted, and rain'd white and small pearls: the willows did distil their savouring *Manna*, the fountains laugh'd, the brooks murmur'd, the woods were cheer'd, and the fields were enrich'd with her coming.

But the brightness of the day scarce gave time to distinguish things, when the first thing that offer'd it self

to

to *Sancho's* sight, was the squire of the *Wood's* nose, which was so huge, that it did, as it were, shadow his whole body. It is said, indeed, that it was of an extraordinary bigness, crooked in the midst, and all full of warts, of a darkish green colour, like a *Berengene*, and hung some two fingers over his mouth : this hugeness, colour, warts, and crookedness, did so disfigure his face, that *Sancho*, in seeing him, began to lay about him backward and forward, like a young raw ancient, and resolv'd with himself to endure two hundred boxes, before his choler shou'd waken to fight with that hobgoblin.

Don *Quixote* beheld his opposite, and perceiv'd that his helmet was on and drawn, so that he could not see his face, but he saw that he was well set in his body, though not tall ; upon his armour, he wore an upper garment, or cassock, to see to, of pure cloth of gold, with many moons of shining looking-glasses spread about it, which made him appear very brave and gorgeous, a great plume of green feathers wav'd about his helmet, with others, white and yellow, his lance, which he had rear'd up against a tree, was very long and thick, and with a steel pike above a handful long. Don *Quixote* observ'd and noted all, and, by what he had seen and mark'd, judg'd that the said knight must needs be of great strength : but yet he was not afraid, like *Sancho*, and with a bold courage, thus spoke to the *Knight of the Looking-glasses* : If your eagerness to fight, Sir *Knight*, have not spent your courtesy for it, I desire you to lift up your vizor a little, that I may behold whether the liveness of your face be answerable to that of your disposition, whether vanquish'd, or vanquisher, you be in this enterprize. Sir *Knight*, answer'd he of the *Looking-glasses*, you shall have time and leisure enough to see me, and, if I do not satisfy your desire, it is because I think I shall do a great deal of wrong to the fair *Casildea de Vandalia*, to delay so much time as to lift up my vizor, till I have first made you confess what I know you go about. Well, yet while we get a horseback, said Don *Quixote*, you may resolve me  
whether



whether I be that Don *Quixote* whom you said you had vanquish'd.

To this I answer you, said he of the *Looking-glasses*, you are as like the knight I conquer'd, as one egg is to another: But, as you say, enchanters persecute you, and therefore I dare not affirm whether you be he or no. It sufficeth, quoth Don *Quixote*, for me, that you believe your being deceiv'd: but that I may entirely satisfy you, let's to horse; for in less time than you should have spent in lifting up your visier, if God, my mistress, and mine arm defend me, will I see your face. and you shall see that I am not the vanquish'd Don *Quixote* you speak of.

And here, cutting off discourse, to horse they go, and Don *Quixote* turn'd *Rozinante* about, to take so much of the field, as was fit for him, to return to encounter his enemy, and the knight of the *Looking-glasses* did the like. But Don *Quixote* was not gone twenty paces from him, when he heard that he of the *Looking-glasses* call'd him. So the two parting the way, he of the *Glasses* said, be mindful, Sir knight, that the condition of our combat is, that the vanquish'd, as I have told you before, must stand to the discretion of the vanquisher. I know it, said Don *Quixote*, so that what is impos'd and commanded the vanquish'd, be within the bounds and limits of chivalry. So it is meant, said he of the *Glasses*.

Here Don *Quixote* saw the strange nose of the squire, and he did not less wonder at the sight of it, than *Sancho*; insomuch that he deem'd him a monster, or some new kind of man not usual in the world. *Sancho*, that saw his master go to fetch his career, would not tarry alone with *Nose-a-tem*, fearing that at one snap with 'tother's nose upon his, their fray would be ended, that either with the blow, or it, he should come to the ground. So he ran after his master, laying hold upon one of *Rozinante's* stirrup leathers, and, when he thought it time for his master to turn back, he said; I beseech your worship, master mine, that before you fall to your encounter, you help me to climb up yon cork-tree,  
from

from whence I may better, and with more delight, than from the ground, see the gallant encounter you shall make with this knight.

Rather, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, thou would'st get aloft, as into a scaffold, to see the bulls without danger. Let me deal truly, said *Sancho*, the ugly nose of that squire hath astonish'd me, and I dare not come near him. Such an one it is, said Don *Quixote*, that any other but I, might very well be afraid of it, and therefore come, and I'll help thee up.

Whilst Don *Quixote* was helping *Sancho* up into the cork-tree, he of the *Looking-glasses* took up room for his career, and, thinking that Don *Quixote* would have done the like, without looking for trumpet's sound, or any other warning-sign, he turn'd his horse's reins, no better to see to, nor swifter than *Roxinante*, and with his full speed, which was a reasonable trot, he went to encounter his enemy: but seeing him busy'd in the mounting of *Sancho*, he held in his reins, and stopp'd in the midst of his career, for which his horse was most thankful, as being unable to move. Don *Quixote*, who thought his enemy by this came flying, set spurs lustily to *Roxinante's* hinder flank, and made him post in such manner, that, the story says, now only he seem'd to run, for all the rest was plain trotting heretofore. And with this unspeakable fury, he came where he of the *Looking-glasses* was jagging his spurs into his horse, to the very hoops, without being able to remove him a fingers length from the place, where he had set up his rest for the career.

In this good time and conjuncture, Don *Quixote* found his contrary puzzl'd with his horse, and troubl'd with his lance; for either he could not, or else wanted time to set it in his rest. Don *Quixote*, that never look'd into these inconveniences, safely and without danger, encountred him of the *Looking-glasses* so furiously, that, in spite of his teeth, he made him come to the ground, from his horse-crupper, with such a fall, that, stirring neither hand nor foot, he made shew as if he had been dead. *Sancho* scarce saw him down, when

when he slid from the cork-tree, and came in all haste to his master, who, dismounted from *Rozinante*, got upon him of the *Looking-glasses*, and unlacing his helmet, to see if he were dead, or if he were alive, to give him air, he saw : Who can tell without great admiration, wonder and amaze to him, that shall hear it? He saw, says the history the self same face, the same visage, the same aspect, the same phisiognomy, the same shape, the same perspective of the batchelor, *Samson Carrasco*, and as he saw it, he cry'd aloud, Come, *Sancho*, and behold what thou may'st see, and not believe ; run whore-son, and observe the power of magick, what witches and enchanters can do.

*Sancho* drew near, and saw the batchelor, *Samson Carrasco's* face, and so began to make a thousand crosses, and to bless himself as oft. In all this while the overthrown knight made no shew of living. And *Sancho* said to Don *Quixote*, I am of opinion, Sir, that by all means you thrust your sword down this fellows throat, that is so like the batchelor, *Samson Carrasco*, and so perhaps in him, you shall kill some of your enemies the enchanters. 'Tis not ill advis'd, quoth Don *Quixote*. So drawing out his sword, to put *Sancho's* counsel in execution, the knight's squire came in, his nose being off, that had so disfigur'd him, and said aloud : Take heed, Sir Don *Quixote*, what you do ; for he that is now at your mercy, is the batchelor, *Samson Carrasco*, your friend, and I his squire.

Now *Sancho*, seeing him without his former deformity, said to him, And your nose ? To which he answer'd, Here it is in my pocket : and putting his hand to his right side, he pull'd out a pasted nose, and a varnish'd vizor, of the manufacture describ'd. And *Sancho*, more and more beholding him, with a loud and admiring voice, said, St. *Mary* defend me ! And is not this *Thomas Cecial* my neighbour and my gossip ? And how say you by that ? quoth the un-nos'd squire ; *Thomas Cecial* I am, gossip and friend *Sancho*, and streight I will tell you, the conveyances, flights and tricks that brought me hither : in the mean time request and intreat

intreat your master, that he touch not, misuse, wound or kill the knight of the *Looking-glasses*, now at his mercy; for doubtless it is the bold and ill-advis'd batchelor, *Samson Carrasco*, our country-man.

By this time the knight of the *Looking-glasses* came to himself, which Don *Quixote* seeing, he clapt the bare point of his sword upon his face, and said, Thou diest, knight, if thou confests not, that the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* excels your *Casildea de Vandalia* in beauty: and moreover, you shall promise, if from this battel and fall you remain with life, to go to the city of *Toboo*, and present your self from me before her, that she may dispose of you as she pleaseth: and if she pardon you, you shall return to me; for the track of my exploits will be your guide, and bring you where I am, to tell me what hath pass'd with her. These conditions, according to those we agreed on before the battle, exceed not the limits of knight-errantry.

I confests, said the fall'n knight, that the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*'s torn and foul shoe, is more worth than the il-comb'd hair, though clean, of *Casildea*: and here I promise to go and come from her presence to yours, and give you entire and particular relation of all you require. You shall also confests and believe, added Don *Quixote*, that the knight whom you overcame, neither was, nor could be Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, but some other like him; as I confests and believe that you, altho' you seem to be the batchelor, *Samson Carrasco*, are not he, but one like him; and that my enemies have cast you into his shape, that I may withhold and temper the force of my choler, and use moderately the glory of my conquest. I confests, judge, and allow of all as you confests, judge, and allow, answer'd the back-broken knight. Let me rise, I pray you, if the blow of my fall will let me; for it hath left me in ill case. Don *Quixote* help'd him to rise, and *Thomas Cecial* his squire, on whom *Sancho*, still cast his eyes, asking him questions, whose answers gave him manifest signs, that he was *Thomas Cecial* indeed, as he said; but the apprehension that was made  
in



in *Sancho*, by what his master had said, that the enchanters had chang'd the form of the knight of the *Glasses* into *Samson Carrasco's*, made him not believe what he saw with his eyes. To conclude, the master and man remain'd still in their error : and he of the *Glasses* and his squire very moody and ill errants, left Don *Quixote*, purposing to seek some town where he might scarecloth himself, and settle his ribs. Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* held on their way to *Saragosa*, where the story leaves them, to tell who was the knight of the *Glasses* and his nosy squire.

## CHAP. XV.

*Who the knight of the Looking-glasses and his squire were.*

**D**ON *Quixote* was extreemly contented, glad, and vain-glorious, that he had subdu'd so valiant a knight, as he imagin'd he of the *Looking-glasses* was ; from whose knightly word he hop'd to know if the enchantment of his mistress were certain, since of necessity the said vanquish'd knight was to return, on pain of not being so, to relate what had happen'd unto him : but Don *Quixote* thought one thing, and he of the *Glasses* another ; tho' for the present he minded nothing, but to seek where he might scarecloth himself. The history then tell us, that when the batchelor, *Samson Carrasco*, advis'd Don *Quixote*, that he should prosecute his forsaken chivalry, he enter'd first of all into council with the *Vicar* and the *Barber*, to know what means they should use, that Don *Quixote* might be perswaded to stay at home peaceably and quietly, without troubling himself with his unlucky adventures : from which counsel, by the common consent of all, and particular opinion of *Carrasco*, it was agreed, that Don *Quixote* should abroad again, since it was impossible to stay him, and that *Samson* should meet him upon the way like a knight-errant, and should fight with him, since an occasion would not be wanting, and so to overcome him, which would not be difficult ; and that

that there should be a covenant and agreement, that the vanquish'd should stand to the courtesy of the vanquisher; so that Don *Quixote* being vanquish'd, the batchelor knight should command him to get him home to his town and house, and not to stir from thence in two years after, or till he should command him to the contrary: the which, in all likelihood, Don *Quixote*, once vanquish'd, would infallibly accomplish, as unwilling to contradict, or be defective in the laws of knighthood; and it might so be, that in this time of sequestering, he might forget all his vanities, or they might find out some convenient remedy for his madness. *Carraasco* accepted of it, and *Thomas Cecial* offer'd himself to be his squire, *Sancho Panca's* neighbour and gossip, a merry knave and a witty one. *Samson* arm'd himself, as you have heard, and *Thomas Cecial* fitted the false nose to his own, and clapt on his vizor, that he might not be known by his gossip, when they should meet. So they held on the same voyage with Don *Quixote*, and they came even just as he was in the adventure of death's waggon. And at last, they lighted on them in the wood, where what befel them, the discreet reader hath seen; and if it had not been for the strange opinion that Don *Quixote* had, that the batchelor was not the self-same man, he had been spoil'd for ever for taking another degree, since he mist his mark.

*Thomas Cecial*, that saw what ill use he had made of his hopes, and the bad effect that his journey took, said to the batchelor, Truly, Mr. *Samson*, we have our deserts: things are easily conceiv'd, and enterprizes easily undertaken, but very hardly perform'd. Don *Quixote* mad, we wif, but he is gone away sound and merry, you are here bruis'd and sorrowful. Let us know then who is the greatest madman, he that is so and cannot do withal, or he that is so for his pleasure? To which, quoth *Samson*, the difference between these madmen is, that he that of necessity is so, will always remain so, and he that accidentally is so, may leave it when he will. Since it is so, said *Thomas Cecial*, I that for my pleasure

sure was mad, when I would needs be your squire; for the same reason I will leave the office, and return home to my own house. 'Tis fit you should, said *Samson*, yet to think that I will do so, till I have soundly bang'd Don *Quixote*, is vain, and now I go not about to restore him to his wits, but to revenge my self on him: for the intolerable pain I feel in my ribs, will not permit me a more charitable discourse. Thus they two went on parlying till they came to a town, where by chance they lighted upon a bone-setter, who cur'd the unfortunate *Samson*. *Thomas Cecial* went home and left him, and he staid musing upon his revenge: and the history hereafter will return to him, which at present must make merry with Don *Quixote*.

## CHAP. XVI.

*What befel Don Quixote, with a discreet Gentleman of Mancha.*

**D**ON *Quixote*, went on his journey with the joy, content, and gladness, as hath been mention'd, imagining that for the late victory, he was the most valiant knight that that age had in the world; he made account that all adventures that should from thence forward befall him, were brought to a happy and prosperous end: he car'd not now for any enchantments, or enchanters: he forgot the innumerable bangs that in the prosecution of his chivalry had been given him, and the stones cast, that struck out half his teeth, and the unthankfulness of the gally-slaves, and the boldness and showers of stakes of the *Yankees*.

In conclusion, he said to himself, that if he could find any art, manner, or means how to disenchant his mistress *Dulcinea*, he would not envy the greatest happiness or prosperity, that ever any knight-errant of former times had obtain'd.

He was altogether busy'd in these imaginations, when *Sancho* told him: How say you, Sir, that I have still before mine eyes that ill-favour'd, more than ordinary nose of my gossip *Thomas Cecial*? And do you happily,

ly, *Sancho*, think that the knight of the *Looking-glasses* was the batchelor *Samson Carrasco*, and his squire *Thomas Cecial* your gossip? I know not what to say to it, quoth *Sancho*, only I know, that the tokens he gave me, of my house, wife, and children, no other could give 'em me but he, and his face, his nose being off, was the same that *Thomas Cecial's*, as I have seen him many times in our town, and next house to mine, and his voice was the same. Let us be reasonable, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*: Come hither; How can any man imagine, that the batchelor *Samson Carrasco*, should come like a knight-errant, arm'd with arms offensive and defensive, to fight with me? Have I ever given him occasion, that he should dog me? Am I his rival, or is he a professor of arms, to envy the glory that I have gotten by them? Why, what should I say, answer'd *Sancho*, when I saw that knight, be he who he will, look so like the batchelor *Carrasco*, and his squire to *Thomas Cecial* my gossip? and if it were an enchantment, as you say, were there no other two in the world, they might look like. All is juggling and cunning, quoth Don *Quixote*, of the wicked magicians that persecute me; who, foreseeing that I should remain victor in this combat, had provided, that the vanquish'd knight should put on the shape of my friend *Carrasco*, that the friendship I bear him might mediate betwixt the edge of my sword, and the rigour of my arm, and temper my hearts just indignation; and so, that he might escape with his life, that with tricks and devices sought to take away mine. For proof of which, oh *Sancho*, thou know'st by experience, that will not let thee lie or be deceiv'd, how easy it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the beautiful deform'd, and the deform'd beautiful: And it is not two days, since with thine own eyes, thou saw'st the beauty and liveliness of the peerless *Dulcinea* in its perfection, and natural conformity; and I saw her in the foulness and meanness of a coarse milk-maid, with bleary eyes, and stinking breath; so that the perverse enchanter, that durst cause so wicked a metamorphosis, 'tis



not much that he hath done the like in the shapes of *Samson Carrasco* and *Thomas Cecial*, to rob me of the glory of my conquest. Notwithstanding, I am of good comfort; for in what shape soever it were, I have vanquish'd mine enemy. God knows all, said *Sancho*, and whereas he knew the transformation of *Dulcinea* had been a trick of his, his master's chimera's gave him no satisfaction: but he durst not reply a word, for fear of discovering his cozenage.

Whilst they were thus reasoning, one overtook him that came their way, upon a fair flea-bitten mare, upon his back a riding-coat of fine green cloth, welted with tawny velvet, with a hunter's cap of the same; his mare's furniture was for the field, and after the genet fashion, of the said tawny and green; he wore a moorish cymiter, hanging at a broad belt of green and gold, his buskins were wrought with the same that his belt was; his spurs were not gilt, but laid on with a green varnish, so smooth and burnish'd, that they were more suitable to the rest of his clothes, than if they had been of beaten gold. Coming near, he saluted them courteously, and spurring his mare, rode on: but Don *Quixote* said to him, Gallant, if you go our way, and your haste be not great, I should take it for a favour that we might ride together. Truly, Sir, said he with the mare, I should not ride from you, but that I fear your horse will be unruly-with the company of my mare. You may well, Sir, said *Sancho*, you may well rein in your mare: for our horse is the honestest and manerliest horse in the world; he is never unruly upon these occasions; and once when he flew out, my master and I pay'd for it with a witness. I say again, you may stay if you please; for altho' your mare were given him between two dishes, he would not look at her.

The passenger held in his reins, wondering at Don *Quixote's* countenance and posture, who was now without his helmet; for *Sancho* carry'd it in a cloak-bag at the pummel of dapple's pack-saddle: and if he in the green did much look at Don *Quixote*, Don *Quixote* did much more eye him, taking him to be a  
man

## Chap. 16. DON QUIXOTE. 101

man of worth; his age shew'd him to be about fifty, having few gray hairs; his face was somewhat sharp; his countenance of an equal temper: Lastly, in his fashion and posture, he seem'd to be a man of good quality. His opinion of Don *Quixote* was, that he had never seen such a kind of man before; the lankness of his horse, the tallness of his own body, the spareness and paleness of his face made him admire; his arms, his gesture and composition, a shape and picture, as it were, had not been seen, many ages before, in that country.

Don *Quixote*, noted well with what attention the traveller beheld him, and in his suspense read his desire; and being so courteous and so great a friend, to give all men content, before he demanded him any thing, to prevent him, he said: This outside of mine that you have seen, Sir, because it is so rare and different from others now in use, may, no doubt, have bred some wonder in you: which you will cease, when I shall tell you, as now I do, that I am a knight; one of those as you would say, that seek their fortunes. I went out of my country, engag'd mine estate, left my pleasure, committed my self to the arms of fortune, to carry me whither she pleas'd. My desire was to raise again the dead knight-errantry, and long ago stumbling here, and falling there, casting my self headlong in one place, and rising up in another, I have accomplish'd a great part of my desire, succouring widows, defending damsels, favouring married women, orphans and distressed children, the proper and natural office of knights-errant; so that by my many valiant and christian exploits, I have merited to be in the press, in all, or most nations of the world: thirty thousand volumes of my history have been printed, and thirty thousand millions more are like to be, if heaven permit. Lastly, to shut up all in a word, I am Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise call'd, *The knight of the sorrowful countenance*: And though one should not praise himself, yet I must needs do it; that is, there being none present that may do it for me: so that, kind gentleman, neither this horse, this lance, nor this shield, nor this

squire, nor all these arms together, nor the paleness of my face, nor my slender macilency, ought henceforward to admire you, you knowing now who I am, and the profession I maintain.

This said, Don *Quixote* was silent, and he with the green coat was a great while ere he could answer, as if he could not hit upon it; but after some pause, he said: You were in the right, Sir *Knight*, in knowing, by my suspension, my desire: but yet you have not quite remov'd my admiration, which was caus'd with seeing you; for, altho' that, as you say, Sir, that to know who you are, might make me leave wondring, it is otherwise, rather since now I know it, I am in more suspense and wonderment. And is it possible, that at this day there be knights-errant in the world? and that there be true histories of knight-hood printed? I cannot persuade myself, that there are any now that favour widows, defend damsels, honour married women, or succour orphans; and I should never have believ'd it, if I had not in you beheld it with mine eyes: Blessed be heavens! for with this history you speak of, which is printed of your true and lofty chivalry, those innumerable falsities of fain'd knights-errant will be forgotten, which the world was full of; so hurtful to good education, and prejudicial to true stories.

There is much to be spoken, quoth Don *Quixote*, whether the histories of knights-errant were fain'd or true. Why, is there any that doubts, said he in the *Green*, that they be not false? I do, said Don *Quixote*, and let it suffice: for if our journey last, I hope in God to let you see, that you have done ill, to be led with the stream of them that hold they are not true. At this last speech of Don *Quixote*, the traveller suspected he was some ideot, and expected when some others of his might confirm it: but before they could be diverted with any other discourse, Don *Quixote* desir'd to know who he was, since he had imparted to him his condition and life: He in the *Green* made answer, I, Sir *Knight of the sorrowful countenance*, am a gentleman, born in a town, where, God willing, we shall dine

dine to day : I am well to live, my name is Don *Diego de Miranda* ; I spend my life with my wife, and children, and friends : my sports are hunting and fishing : but I have neither hawk nor grey-hounds, only a tame cock-partridge, or a murdering ferret ; some six dozen of books, some *Spanish*, some *Latin*, some *History*, others *Devotion* : Your books of knight-hood have not yet enter'd the threshold of my door ; I do more turn over your prophane books than religious, if they be for honest recreation, such as may delight for their language, and admire, and suspend for their invention ; altho' in *Spain* there be few of these. Sometimes I dine with my neighbours and friends, and otherwhiles invite them : my meals are neat and handsome, and nothing scarce : I neither love to back-bite myself, nor to hear others do it : I search not into other men's lives, or am a lince to other men's actions : I hear every day a *Mass*, part my goods with the poor, without making a muster of my good deeds, that I may not give way to hypocrisy, and vain-glory, to enter into my heart, enemies that easily seize upon the warieſt breast : I strive to make peace between such as are at odds. I am devoted to our blessed lady, and always trust in God's infinite mercy.

*Sancho*, was most attentive to this relation of the life and entertainments of this gentleman, which seeming to him to be good and holy, and that he that led it, worked miracles, he flung himself from dapple, and in great haste laid hold of his right stirrup, and with the tears in his eyes, often kiss'd his feet : which being seen by the gentleman, he ask'd him, What do ye, brother ? Wherefore be these kisses ?

Let me kiss, quoth *Sancho* : for, methinks, your worship is the first saint, that in all the days of my life, I ever saw a horse-back. I am no saint, said he, but a great sinner, you indeed, brother, are, and a good soul, as your simplicity shews you to be. *Sancho* went again to recover his pack-saddle, having, as it were, brought into the market-place his master's laughter out of a



profound melancholy, and caus'd a new admiration in Don Diego.

Don Quixote, ask'd him how many sons he had : who told him, that one of the things in which the Philosopher's *Summum Bonum* did consist, who wanted the true knowledge of God, was in the goods of nature, in those of fortune, in having many friends, and many and virtuous children. I, Sir Don Quixote, answer'd the gentleman, have a son, whom, if I had not, perhaps you would judge me more happy than I am ; not that he is so bad, but because not so good as I would have him : He is about eighteen years of age, six of which he hath spent in *Salamanca*, learning the tongues, *Greek* and *Latin* ; and, when I had a purpose that he should fall to other sciences, I found him so besotted with poesy, and that science, if so it may be call'd, that it is not possible to make him look upon the law, which I would have him study, nor divinity the queen of all sciences. I would he were the crown of all his lineage, since we live in an age, wherein our king doth highly reward good learning : for learning, without goodness, is like a pearl cast in a swine's snout : all the day long he spends in his criticisms ; whether *Homer* said well or ill in such a verse of his *Iliads* ; whether *Martial* were bawdy or no in such an epigram, whether such or such a verse in *Virgil* ought to be understood this way or that way. Indeed, all his delight is in these aforesaid poets, and in *Horace*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*, and *Tibullus* ; but of your modern writers he makes small account : yet for all the grudge he bears to modern poesy, he is mad upon your sketches, and your glossing upon four verses, which were sent him from *Salamanca* ; and that I think is his true study.

To all which, Don Quixote answer'd ; children, Sir, are pieces of the very entrails of their parents ; so let them be good or bad, they must love them, as we must love our spirits that give us life : It concerns their parents to direct them from their infancy in the paths of vertue, of good manners, and good and christian exercises, that when they come to years, they may be

the

the staff of their age, and the glory of their posterity : and I hold it not so proper to force them to study this or that science, tho' to persuade them were not amiss; and tho' it be not to study to get his bread, the student being so happy, that God hath given him parents able to leave him well, mine opinion should be, that they let him follow that kind of study he is most inclin'd to; and tho' that of poetry be less profitable than delightful, yet it is none of those that will dishonour the professor.

Poetry, Signior, in my opinion, is like a tender virgin, young and most beautiful, whom many other virgins, to wit, all the other sciences, are to enrich, polish, and adorn; she is to be serv'd by them all, and all are to be authoriz'd by her: but, this virgin will not be handled and hurried up and down the streets, nor publish'd in every market-nook, nor court-corners. She is made of a kind of alchymy, that he that knows how to handle her, will quickly turn her into the purest gold of inestimable value; he that enjoyeth her, must hold her at a distance, not letting her launch out in unclean satyrs, nor in dull sonnets; she must not by any means be vendible, except in heroick poems, in lamentable tragedies, or pleasant and artificial comedies: she must not be meddled with by jesters, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures that are lock'd up in her; and think not, Sir, that I call here only the common people vulgar; for, whosoever is ignorant, be he potentate or prince, he may, and must enter into the number of the vulgar. so that he, who shall handle and esteem of poetry with these requisites I have declar'd, he shall be famous, and his name shall be extoll'd in all the politick nations of the world.

And whereas, Sir, you say your son neglects modern poesy; I persuade my self he doth not well in it, and the reason is this: Great *Homer* never wrote in *Latin*, because he was a *Grecian*; nor *Virgil* in *Greek*, because he was a *Latine*: Indeed, all your ancient poets, wrote in the tongue which they learnt from their cradle,

and sought not after strange languages to declare their lofty conceits. Which being so, it were reason this custom should extend it self thorough all nations, and that your *German* poet should not be undervalu'd, because he writes in his language, nor the *Castilian*, or *Biscayner*, because they write in theirs. But your son, as I suppose, doth not mislike modern poesy, but poets that are meerly modern, without knowledge of other tongues, or sciences, that may adorn, rouze up, and strengthen their natural impulse; and yet in this there may be an error. For it is a true opinion, that a poet is born so; the meaning is, a poet is naturally born a poet from his mother's womb; and with that inclination that heaven hath given him, without further study or art, he composeth things, that verify his saying, that said, *Est Deus in nobis*, &c.

Let me also say, that the natural poet that helps himself with art, shall be much better, and have the advantage of that poet, that only out of his art strives to be so: the reason is, because art goes not beyond nature, but only perfects it; so that nature and art mix'd together, and art with nature, make an excellent poet. Let this then be the scope of my discourse, Sir, let your son proceed whither his star calls him: for if he be so good a student as he ought to be, and hath happily mounted the first step of the sciences, which is the languages, with them, by himself, he will ascend to the top of humane learning, which appears as well in a gentleman, and doth as much adorn, honour, and ennoble him, as a mitre doth a bishop, or a loose cassock a civilian. Chide your son, if he write satyrs that may prejudice honest men, punish him, and tear them: but if he make sermons, like those of *Horace*, to the reprehension of vice in general, as he so elegantly did, then cherish him; for it is lawful for a poet to write against envy, and to inveigh against envious persons in his verse, and so against other vices, if so be he aim at no particular person: but you have poets, that instead of uttering a jerk of wit, they will venture a being banish'd to the islands of *Pontus*. If a poet live honestly,

nestly, he will be so in his verses, the pen is the mind's tongue; as the conceits are which be ingender'd in it, such will the writings be; and when kings and princes see the miraculous science of poesy, in wise, virtuous, and grave subjects, they honour, esteem, and enrich them, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree, \* which the thunder-bolt offends not, in token that none shall offend them, that have their temples honour'd and adorn'd with such crowns. The Gentleman admir'd Don *Quixote's* discourse, and so much, that now he forsook his opinion he had of him, that he was a coxcomb. But in the midst of this discourse, *Sancho*, that was weary of it, went out of the way to beg a little milk of some shepherds not far off, curing of their sheep: so the gentleman still maintain'd talk with Don *Quixote*, being wonderfully taken and satisfy'd with his wise discourse. But, Don *Quixote* lifting up suddenly his eyes, saw that in the way toward them, there came a cart full of the king's colours, and taking it to be some rare adventure, he call'd to *Sancho* for his helmet. *Sancho* hearing himself call'd on, left the shepherds, and spur'd dapple apace, and came to his master, to whom a rash and stupendious adventure happen'd.

## C H A P. XVII.

*Where is shew'd the last and extreamest hazard, to which the unheard of courage of Don Quixote, did, or could arrive, with the prosperous accomplishment of the adventure of the Lions.*

THE history says, that when Don *Quixote* call'd to *Sancho*, to bring him his helmet, he was buying curds which the shepherds sold him; and being hastily laid at by his master, he knew not what to do with them, or how to bestow them without loosing them, for he had paid for them; so he bethought himself, and clap'd them into his master's helmet, and this good order taken, he went to see what he would have: who, when he came, said, give me, friend, that same

\* *The Laurel.*

helmet.



helmet, for either I know not what belongs to adventures, or that I see yonder is one that will force me to take arms. He of the green coat, that heard this, turn'd his eyes every way, and saw nothing but a cart that came toward them, with two or three small flags, which made him think that the said cart carry'd the king's money, and so he told Don *Quixote*: but he believ'd him not, always thinking that every thing he saw, was adventure upon adventure: so he answer'd the gentleman, He that is warn'd, is half arm'd: there is nothing lost in being provided; for, I know by experience, that I have enemies visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor where, nor at what time, or in what shape they will set upon me: and turning to *Sancho*, he demanded his helmet, who wanting leisure to take the curds out, was forc'd to give it him as it was. Don *Quixote* took it, and not perceiving what was in it, clapt it suddenly upon his head; and as the curds were squeez'd and thrust together, the whey began to run down Don *Quixote's* face and beard; at which he was in such a fright, that he cry'd out to *Sancho*, What ails me? *Sancho*, for, methinks, my skull is soften'd, or my brains melt, or that I sweat from top to toe; and if it be sweat, I assure thee it is not for fear: I believe certainly that I am like to have a terrible adventure of this; give me something, if thou hast it, to wipe on, for this abundance of sweat blinds me. *Sancho* was silent, and gave him a cloth, and with it thanks to God, that his master fell not into the business. Don *Quixote* wip'd himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was, that, as he thought, did benumb his head; and seeing those white splashes in his helmet, he put 'em to his nose, and smelling to them, said, By my mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso's* life, they are curds that thou hast brought me here, thou base traitor, and unmannerly squire. To which, *Sancho*, very cunningly, and with a great deal of pause, answer'd, If they be curds, give them me, pray, and I'll eat 'em: but let the devil eat 'em, for he put 'em there. Should I be so bold as to foul your worship's helmet? and there you have found, as I told you, who did it. In faith, Sir, as  
sure

sure as God lives, I have my enchanters too, that persecute me as a creature and part of you, and I warrant have put that filth there, to stir you up to choler, and to make you bang my sides, as you us'd to do. Well, I hope this time they have lost their labour; for, I trust in my master's discretion, that he will consider, that I have neither curds, nor milk, nor any such thing; for, if I had, I had rather put it in my stomach, then in the helmet: All this may be, said Don Quixote.

The gentleman observ'd all, and wonder'd, especially when Don Quixote, after he had wip'd his head, face, beard, and helmet, clapt it on again, settling himself well in his stirrups, searching for his sword, and grasping his lance, he cry'd out: Now come on't what will, for here I am, with a courage to meet satan himself in person.

By this, the cart with the flags drew near, in which there came no man but the carter with his mules, and another upon the foremost of them. Don Quixote, put himself forward, and ask'd, Whither go ye, my masters? what cart is this? what do you carry in it? and what colours be these? To which the carter answer'd, The cart is mine, the carriage is, two fierce lions cag'd up, which the general of Oran sends to the king at court for a present: These colours be his majesty's, in sign, that what goes here is his. And are the lions big? said Don Quixote, So big, said he that went toward the cart door, that there never came bigger out of *Africa* into *Spain*; and I am their keeper, and have carry'd others, but never any so big: they are male and female; the male is in this first grate, the female in the hindermost; and now they are hungry, for they have not eat to day, and therefore, I pray, Sir, give us way, for we had need come quickly where we may meat them. To which, quoth Don Quixote, smiling a little, Your lion whelps to me; to me your lion whelps; and at this time of day. Well, I vow to God, your general that sends 'em this way, shall know, whether I be one that am afraid of lions. Alight, honest fellow, and if you be the keeper, open their cages,

cages, and let me your beasts forth; for I'll make 'em know in the mid'st of this champain, who Don *Quixote* is, in spight of those enchanters that sent 'em. Fie, fie, said the gentleman at this instant to himself, our knight shews very well what he is, the curds have soften'd his skull, and ripen'd his brains. By this, *Sancho* came to him, and said, for God's love handle the matter so, Sir, that my master meddle not with these lions; for, if he do, they'll worry us all. Why, is your master so mad? quoth the gentleman, that you fear, or believe he will fight with wild beasts? He is not mad, said *Sancho*, but hardy. I'll make him otherwise, said the gentleman; and coming to Don *Quixote*, that was hastening the keeper to open the cages, said, Sir knight, knights-errant ought to undertake adventures, that may give a likelihood of ending them well, and not such as are altogether desperate: for valour grounded upon rashness, hath more madness than fortitude. How much more, these lions come not to assail you; they are carry'd to be presented to his majesty, and therefore 'twere not good to stay or hinder their journey. Pray get you gone, gentle Sir, quoth Don *Quixote*, and deal with your tame partridge, and your murdering ferret, and leave every man to his function: This is mine, and I am sufficient to know whether these lions come against me or no: so turning to the keeper, he cry'd, \* By this --- goodman slave, if you do not forthwith open the cage, I'll nail you with my lance to your cart. The carter, that perceiv'd the resolution of that arm'd vision, told him, Signior mine, will you be pleas'd in charity to let me unyoke my mules, and to put my self and them in safety, before I unsheath my lions? for if they should kill them, I am undone all days of my life, for I have no other living but this cart and my mules. Oh thou wretch of little faith! quoth Don *Quixote*, light, and unyoke, and do what thou wilt, for thou shalt see thou

\* Voto a tal. When he would seem to swear, but swears by nothing.

might'st

# Chap. 17. DON QUIXOTE. III

might'st have sav'd a labour. The carter alighted, and unyok'd hastily, and the keeper cry'd out aloud, Bear witness, my masters all, that I am forc'd against my will to open the cages, and to let loose the lions; and that I protest to this gentleman, that all the harm and mischief that these beasts shall do, light upon him; besides, that he pay me my wages, and due. Shift you first for your selves, before I open, for I am sure they will do me no hurt. The gentleman persuaded him the second time, that he would not attempt such a piece of madness; for such a folly was to tempt God.

To which, Don *Quixote* answer'd, that he knew what he did. The gentleman reply'd, That he should consider well of it, for he knew he was deceiv'd. Well, Sir, said Don *Quixote*, if you will not be a spectator of this, which you think tragedy, pray spur your flea-bitten, and put your self in safety. Which, when *Sancho* heard, with tears in his eyes, he beseech'd him to desist from that enterprize, in comparison of which, that of the wind-mills was cake-bread, and that fearful one also of the fulling-mill, or all the exploits that ever he had done in his life. Look ye, Sir, said *Sancho*, here's no enchantment, nor any such thing; for, I have look'd thorough the grates and chinks of the cages, and have seen a claw of a true lion, by which claw I guess the lion is as big as a mountain.

Thy fear at least, said Don *Quixote*, will make him as big as half the world. Get thee out of the way, *Sancho*, and leave me, and if I die in the place, thou know'st our agreement, repair to *Dulcinea*, and that's enough.

To these he added other reasons, by which he cut off all hope of his leaving the prosecution of that foolish enterprize.

He of the green coat would have hinder'd him, but he found himself unequally match'd in weapons, and thought it no wisdom to deal with a madman; for, now Don *Quixote* appear'd no otherwise to him, who hastening the keeper afresh, and reiterating his threats, made the gentleman set spurs to his mare, and *Sancho*



to his dapple, and the carter to his mules, each of them striving to get as far from the cart as they could, before the lions should be unhamper'd.

*Sancho* bewail'd his master's loss; for, he believ'd certainly that the lion would catch him in his paws; he curs'd his fortune, and the time that ever he came again to his master's service. But, for all his wailing and lamenting, he left not punching of dapple, to make him get far enough from the cart.

The keeper, when he saw those that fled far enough off, began anew to require and intimate to Don *Quixote*, what he had formerly done: who answer'd, that he heard him, and that he should leave his intimations; for all was needness, and that he should make haste.

Whilst the keeper was opening the first cage, Don *Quixote* began to consider, whether it were best to fight on foot, or on horse-back: and, at last he determin'd it should be on foot, fearing that *Roxinante* would be afraid to look upon the lions: and thereupon he leap'd from his horse, cast by his lance, buckl'd his shield to him, and unsheath'd his sword fair and softly; with a marvellous courage and valiant heart, he march'd towards the cart, recommending himself first to God, and then to his lady *Dulcinea*.

And here is to be noted, that when the author of the true history came to this passage, he exclaims and cries, O strong, and beyond all comparison, courageous Don *Quixote*! Thou *Looking-glass*, in which all the valiant knights of the world may behold themselves! Thou new and second Don *Manuel de Leon*, who was the honour and glory of the *Spanish* knights! With what words shall I recount this fearful exploit! or, what arguments shall I make it credible to ensuing times! or, what praises will not fit and square with thee! though they may seem *Hyperboles* above all *Hyperboles*! Thou on foot, alone, undaunted and magnanimous, with thy sword only, and that none of your cutting fox-blades, with a shield, not of bright and shining steel, expected and attended two of the fiercest lions that ever were bred in *African* woods. Let  
thine

thine own deeds extol thee, brave *Manchegan*! for I must leave 'em here abruptly, since I want words to endear them.

Here the author's exclamation ceas'd, and the thread of the story went knitting it self on, saying,

The keeper seeing Don *Quixote* in his posture, and that he must needs let loose the male lion, on pain of the bold knight's indignation, he set the first cage wide open, where the lion, as is said, was of an extraordinary bigness, fearful and ugly to see to. The first thing he did, was to tumble up and down the cage, stretch one paw, and rouse himself, forthwith he yawned, and gently sneez'd; then with his tongue, some two handfuls long, he lick'd the dust out of his eyes, and wash'd his face; which done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and look'd round about him, with his eyes like fire-coals: a sight and gesture, able to make temerity it self afraid. Only Don *Quixote*, beheld him earnestly, and wish'd he would leap out of the cart, that they might grapple, for he thought to slice him in pieces. Hitherto came the extream of his not heard-of madness: but the generous lion, more courteous than arrogant, neglecting such childishness and brava-do's, after he had look'd round about him, as is said, turn'd his back, and shew'd his tail to Don *Quixote*, and very quietly lay down again in the cage. Which Don *Quixote* seeing, he commanded the keeper to give him two or three blows, to make him come forth. No, not I, quoth the keeper, for if I urge him, I shall be the first he will tear in pieces. I pray you, Sir knight, be contented with your days work, which is as much as could in valour be done, and tempt not a second hazard. The lion's door was open, he might have come out if he would; but since he hath not hitherto, he will not come forth all this day. You have well shew'd the stoutness of your courage: no, brave combatant, in my opinion, is ty'd to more, than to defy his enemy, and to expect him in field; and if his contrary come not, the disgrace is his, and he that expected, remains with the prize.

True

True it is, answer'd Don *Quixote*, friend, shut the door, and give me a certificate in the best form that you can, of what you have seen me do here : to wit, that you open'd to the lion, that I expected him, and he came not out ; that I expected him again, yet all would not do, but he lay down. I could do no more. Enchantments avant ! God maintain right and truth, and true chivalry : shut, as I bad you, whilst I make signs to them that are fled, that they may know this exploit from thy relation. The keeper obey'd, and Don *Quixote*, putting his handkerchief on the point of his lance, with which he had wip'd the curd shower from off his face, he began to call those that fled, and never so much as look'd behind them, all in a troop, and the gentleman the foreman : but *Sancho*, seeing the white cloth, said, Hang me, if my master have not vanquish'd the wild beasts, since he calls us. All of them made a stand, and knew it was Don *Quixote* that made the sign. So lessening their fear, by little and little they drew near him, till they cou'd plainly hear that he call'd them. At length they return'd to the cart, and Don *Quixote* said to the carter, Yoke your mules again, brother, and get you on your way ; and, *Sancho*, give him two pistoles in gold, for him and the lion-keeper, in recompence for their stay. With a very good will, said *Sancho* ; but what's become of the lions ? are they alive or dead ? Then the keeper, fair and softly, began to tell them of the bickering, extolling, as well as he cou'd, Don *Quixote*'s valour, at whose sight, the lion trembling, wou'd not, or durst not fall from the cage, altho' the door were open a pretty while, and that because he had told the knight, that to provoke the lion, was to tempt God, by making him come out by force, as he wou'd that he shou'd be provok'd in spite of his teeth, and against his will, he suffer'd the door to be shut. What think you of this, *Sancho* ? quoth Don *Quixote*, Can enchantment now prevail against true valour ? Well may enchanters make me unfortunate, but 'tis impossible they shou'd bereave me of my valour.

*Sancho*

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Chap. 17. DON QUIXOTE. 115

*Sancho* bestow'd the pistoles, and the carter yok'd, the keeper took leave of Don *Quixote*, and thank'd him for his kindness, and promis'd him to relate his valorous exploit to the king himself, when he came to court. Well, if his majesty chance to ask who it was that did it, tell him, *The knight of the Lions* : for henceforward, I will that my name be truck'd, exchange'd, turn'd and chang'd now, from that I had of *The knight of the sorrowful Countenance* ; and in this I follow the antient use of knights-errant, that wou'd change their names when they pleas'd, or thought it convenient.

The cart went on its way, and Don *Quixote*, *Sancho*, and he in the green, held on theirs. In all this while, Don *Diego de Miranda* spoke not a word, being busied in noting Don *Quixote*'s speeches and actions, taking him to be a wise madman, or a madman that came somewhat near a wiseman. He knew nothing, as yet, of the first part of his history ; for if he had read that, he wou'd have left admiring his words and deeds, since he might have known the nature of his madness ; but for he, he knew it not, he held him to be wise and mad by fits ; for what he spoke, was consonant, elegant, and well deliver'd : but his actions were foolish, rash, and unadvis'd : and, thought he to himself, what greater madness cou'd there be, than to clap on a helmet full of curds, and to make us believe that enchanters had soften'd his scull ? or what greater rashness or foppery, than forcibly to venture upon lions ? Don *Quixote* drew him from these imaginations, saying, Who doubts, Signior Don *Diego de Miranda*, but that you will hold me, in your opinion, for an idle fellow, or a madman : and no marvel that I be held so, for my actions testify no less : for all that, I wou'd have you know, that I am not so mad, or so shallow as I seem. It is a brave sight to see a goodly knight in the midst \* of the market place, before his prince, to give a thrust with his lance to a fierce bull. And it is a brave sight

\* In Spain they use, with horsemen and footmen, to course their bulls to death in the market-place.



to see a knight arm'd in shining armour pass about the tilt-yard, at the cheerful jousts before the ladies; and all those knights are a brave sight, that in military exercises, or such as may seem so, do entertain, revive, and honour their prince's courts: but above all these, a knight-errant is a better sight, that by desarts and wildernesses, by cross-ways and woods, and mountains, searches after dangerous adventures, with a purpose to end them happily and fortunately, only to obtain glorious and lasting fame. A knight-errant, I say, is a better sight, succouring a widow in some desert, than a court knight courting some damsel in the city. All knights have their particular exercises. Let the courtier serve ladies, authorize his prince's court with liveries, sustain poor gentlemen at his table, appoint jousts, maintain tourneyes, shew himself noble, liberal, and magnificent, and, above all, religious; and in these he shall accomplish with his obligation. But for the knight-errant, let him search the corners of the world, enter the most intricate labyrinths, every foot undertake impossibilities, and in the desert and wilderness: let him resist the sun-beams in the midst of summer, and the sharp rigour of the winds and frosts in winter: let not lions fright him, nor spirits terrify him, nor hobgoblins make him quake: for to seek these, to set upon them, and to overcome all, are his prime exercises. And since it fell to my lot to be one of the number of these knights-errant, I cannot but undergo all that I think comes under the jurisdiction of my profession. So that the encountering those lions did directly belong to me, tho' I knew it to be an exorbitant rashness; for well I know, that valour is a vertue between two vicious extremes, as cowardise and rashness: but it is less dangerous for him that is valiant, to rise to a point of rashness, than to fall or touch upon the coward. For as it is more easy for a prodigal man to be liberal, than a covetous, so it is easier for a rash man to be truly valiant, than a coward to come to true valour. And, touching the onset in adventures, believe me, Signior Don Diego, it is better playing a good trump than a small, for it sounds better in the  
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hearer's ears. Such a knight is rash and hardy, then, such a knight is fearful and cowardly.

I say, Signior, answer'd Don Diego, that all that you have said and done, is levell'd out by the line of reason, and, I think, if the statutes and ordinances of knight-errantry were lost, they might be found again in your breast, as in their own store-house and register; and so let us haste, for the day grows on us, let us get to my village and house, where you shall ease your self of your former labour; which, tho' it have not been bodily, yet it is mental, which doth often redound to the body's weariness. I thank you for your kind offer, Signior, quoth Don Quixote; and, spurring on faster, about two of the clock they came to the village, and Don Diego's house, whom Don Quixote stild, *The Knight of the green cassock.*

CHAP. XVIII.

*What happen'd to Don Quixote in the Castle, or Knight of the green Cassock's House; with other extravagant matters.*

DON Quixote, perceiv'd that Don Diego de Miranda's house was spacious, after the country manner, and his arms, tho' of course stone, upon the door towards the street, his wine-cellar in the court, his other cellar or vault in the entry, with many great stone vessels round about, that were of Toboso, which renew'd the remembrance of his enchanted and transform'd mistress Dulcinea; so sighing, and not minding who was by, he said,

\* O happy pledges, found out to my loss,  
Sweet, and reviving, when the time was once.

Oh, you Tobosian Tuns, that bring to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness. The

\* O dulces prendas. *A beginning of a Sonnet in Diana de Monte Mayor, which Don Quixote here raps out upon a sudden.*

Scholar

scholar poet, son to Don *Diego*, that came out with his mother to welcome him, heard him pronounce this, and the mother and son were in some suspense at the strange shape of Don *Quixote*, who, alighting from *Rozinante*, very courteously desir'd to kiss her hands: and, Don *Diego* said, I pray, wife, give your wonted welcome to this gentleman, Signior Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, a knight errant, and the valiantest and wisest in the world.

The gentlewoman, call'd *Donna Cristina*, welcom'd him very affectionately, and with much courtesy, which Don *Quixote* retorted with many wise and mannerly compliments, and did, as it were, use the same over again to the scholar; who, hearing Don *Quixote* speak, took him to be wond'rous wise and witty. Here the author paints out unto us all the circumstances of Don *Diego's* house, deciphering to us all that a gentleman and a rich farmer's house may have: but it seem'd good to the translator, to pass over these and such-like trifles, because they suited not with the principal scope of this history, the which is more grounded upon truth, than upon bare digressions.

Don *Quixote*, was led into a hall, *Sancho* unarm'd him, so that now he had nothing on but his breeches, and a chamois doublet, all smudged with the filth of his armour; about his neck he wore a little scholastical band unstarch'd, and without lace; his buskins were date-colour'd, and his shoes close on each side; his good sword he girt to him, that hung as a belt of sea-wolves skins, for it was thought he had the running of the reins many years; he wore also a long cloak of good russet-cloth: but first of all, in five or six kettles of water, for touching the quantity there is some difference, he wash'd his head and his face, and for all that, the water was turn'd whey-colour'd, God a mercy on *Sancho's* gluttony, and the buying those dismal black curds, that made his master so white with the aforesaid bravery; and with a sprightly air and gallantry, Don *Quixote* march'd into another room, where the scholar stay'd for him, to entertain him till the cloth was laid; for the mistress

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mistress of the house, *Donna Cristina*, meant to shew to her honourable guest, that she knew how to make much of those that came to her house.

Whilst Don *Quixote* was disarming himself, Don *Lorenzo* had leisure, for that was Don *Diego's* son's name, to ask his father, What do you call this gentleman, Sir, that you have brought with you? for his name, his shape, and your calling him knight-errant, makes my mother and me wonder. Faith, son, quoth Don *Diego*, I know not what I shou'd say to thee of him, only I may tell thee, I have seen him play the maddest pranks of any madman in the world, and speak again, speeches so wise, as blot out and undo his deeds; do thou speak to him, and feel the pulse of his understanding, and since thou art discreet, judge of his discretion or folly, as thou seest best, tho' to deal plainly with thee, I rather hold him to be mad than wise.

Hereupon Don *Lorenzo*, as is said, went to entertain Don *Quixote*, and amongst other discourse that pass'd betwixt them, Don *Quixote* said to Don *Lorenzo*; Signior Don *Diego de Miranda*, your father, hath told me, of your rare abilities and subtle wit, and chiefly that you are an excellent poet. A poet, perhaps, reply'd Don *Lorenzo*, but excellent, by no means: true it is, that I am somewhat affectionated to poesy, and to read good poets: but not so, that I may deserve the name of excellent, that my father stiles me with. I do not dislike your modesty, quoth Don *Quixote*, for you have seldom times any poet that is not arrogant, and thinks himself to be the best poet in the world. There is no rule, quoth Don *Lorenzo*, without an exception, and some one there is, that is so, and yet thinks not so. Few, said Don *Quixote*; but tell me, Sir, what verses be those that you have now in hand, that your father says do trouble and puzzle you? and if it be some kind of gloss, I know what belongs to glossing, and should be glad to hear them: and if they be of your verses for \* the prize, content your self with the second

\* De justa literaria: A custom in universities in Spain, of rewards propos'd to them that make the best verses.



reward : for the first goes always by favour, or according to the quality of the person, and the second is justly distributed, so that the third comes, according to this account, to be the second, and first the third, according to degrees that are given in universities : but for all that, the word *first* is a great matter.

Hitherto, thought Don *Lorenzo* to himself, I cannot think thee mad : proceed we ; and he said, it seems, Sir, you have frequented the schools, what sciences have you heard ? That of knight-errantry, quoth Don *Quixote*, which is as good as your poetry, and somewhat better. I know not what science that is, quoth Don *Lorenzo*, neither hath it, as yet, come to my notice. 'Tis a science, quoth Don *Quixote*, that contains in it all, or most of the sciences of the world, by reason that he who professes it, must be skilful in the Laws, to know justice distributive and commutative, to give every man his own, and what belongs to him : he must be a divine, to know how to give a reason clearly and distinctly of his christian profession, where-soever it shall be demanded him : he must be a physician, and chiefly an herbalist, to know in a wilderness or desert, what herbs have vertue to cure wounds ; for your knight-errant must not be looking, every pissing while, who shall heal him : he must be an astronomer, to know in the night by the stars what a clock 'tis, and in what part and climate of the world he is : he must be skilful in the mathematicks, because every foot he shall have need of them : and to let pass, that he must be adorn'd with all divine and moral vertues ; descending to other trifles, I say, he must learn to swim, as, they say, fish *Nicholas*, or *Nicolao* did : he must know how to shoe a horse, to mend a saddle or bridle : and, coming again to what went before, he must serve God and his mistress inviolably, he must be chaste in his thoughts, honest in his words, liberal in his deeds, valiant in his actions, patient in afflictions, charitable towards the poor ; and, lastly, a defender of truth, altho' it cost him his life for it. Of all these great or lesser parts

parts of a good knight-errant is compos'd, that you may see, Signior Don *Lorenzo*, whether it be a snivelling science that the knight that learns it professeth, and whether it may not be equall'd to the proudest of them all taught in the schools.

If it be so, said Don *Lorenzo*, I say this science goes beyond them all. If it be so, quoth Don *Quixote*: Why, let me tell you, said Don *Lorenzo*, I doubt whether there be any knights-errant now adorn'd with so many vertues. Oft have I spoken, reply'd Don *Quixote*, that which I must now speak again, that the greatest part of men in the world are of opinion, that there be no knights-errant, and, I think, if heaven do not miraculously let 'em understand the truth, that there have been such, and that at this day there be, all labour will be in vain, as I have often found by experience. I will not now stand upon shewing you your error: all I will do, is to pray to God to deliver you out of it, and to make you understand, how profitable and necessary knights-errant have been to the world in former ages, and also would be at present, if they were in request: but now, for our sins, sloth, idleness, gluttony, and wantonness do reign. I faith, thought Don *Lorenzo*, for this once our ghefs hath 'scap'd me: but, for all that, he is a lively ass, and I were a dull fool, if I did not believe it.

Here they ended their discourse, for they were call'd to dinner: Don *Diego* ask'd his son, What trial he had made of their ghefs's understanding? To which he made answer, All the physicians and scriv'ners in the world will not wipe out his madness. He is a curious madman, and hath neat dilemma's. To dinner they went, and their meat was such as Don *Diego* upon the way describ'd it, such as he gave to his ghefs, well dress'd, savoury and plentiful: but that which best pleas'd Don *Quixote*, was the marvelous silence throughout the whole house, as if it had been a convent of *Carthusians*: so that, lifting up his eyes, and grace being said, and that they had wash'd hands, he earnestly entreated Don *Lorenzo* to speak his prize verses.

To which, quoth he, because I will not be like your poets, that when they are over-intreated, they use to make scruple of their works, and when they are not entreated, they vomit 'em out; I will speak my gloss, for which I expect no reward, as having written them only to exercise my muse. A wise friend of mine, said Don *Quixote*, was of opinion, that to gloss was no hard task for any man, the reason being, that the gloss could ne'er come near the text, and most commonly the gloss was quite from the theme given; besides that, the laws of glossing were too strict, not admitting interrogations, of *said he?* or, *shall I say?* or changing nouns into verbs, without other ligaments and strictnesses, to which the glosser is ty'd, as you know. Certainly, Signior Don *Quixote*, said Don *Lorenzo*, I desire to catch you in an absurdity, but cannot, for still you slip from me like an eel. I know not, said Don *Quixote*, what you mean by your slipping. You shall know my meaning, said Don *Lorenzo*: but for the present, I pray you hearken with attention to my gloss's verses, and to the gloss, as for example;

*If that my Was, might turn to Is,  
If look'd for't, then it comes compleat;  
Oh might I say, Now, now time 'tis,  
Our after-griefs may be too great.*

THE FIRST VERSE of the GLOSS.  
*As every thing doth pass away,  
So Fortune's good, that erst she gave  
Did pass, and would not with me stay,  
Tho' she gave once all I cou'd crave:  
Fortune, 'tis long since thou hast seen  
Me prostrate at thy feet, I wis,  
I shall be glad, as I have been,  
If that my Was, return to Is.*

THE SECOND VERSE.  
*Unto no honour am I bent,  
No prize, conquest, or victory.  
But to return to my content,  
Whose thought doth grieve my memory;*

*If thou to me do it restore,  
 Fortune ; the rigour of my heat  
 Allay'd is, let it come, before  
 I look for't, then it comes complet.*

## The THIRD VERSE.

*Impossibles do I desire  
 To make time past return, in vain,  
 No pow'r on earth can once aspire  
 Past, to recall him back again,  
 Time doth go, time runs and flies  
 Swiftly, his course doth never miss,  
 He's in an error then that cries,  
 Oh might I say, Now, now time 'tis.*

## The FOURTH VERSE.

*I live in great perplexity,  
 Sometimes in hope, sometimes in fear,  
 Far better were it for to die,  
 That of my griefs I might get clear ;  
 For me to die, 'twere better far,  
 Let me not that again repeat,  
 Fear says, 'Tis better live long : for  
 Our after griefs may be too great.*

When Don Lorenzo had ended, Don Quixote stood up, and cry'd aloud, as if he had screach'd, taking Don Lorenzo by the hand, and said ; Assur'dly, generous youth, I think you are the best poet in the world, and you deserve the laurel, not of Cyprus or Gaeta, as a poet said, God forgive him, but of Athens, if it were extant, Paris, Bolonia, and Salamanca : I would to God those judges that would deny you the prize, might be shot to death with arrows by Phœbus, and that the muses never come within their thresholds. Speak, Sir, if you please, some of your loftier verses, that I may altogether feel the pulse of your admirable wit.



How say you by this, that Don Lorenzo was pleas'd, when he heard himself thus prais'd by Don Quixote, altho' he held him to be a madman? Oh power of flattery, how far thou can'st extend, and how large are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction! this truth was verifi'd in Don Lorenzo, since he condescended to Don Quixote's request, speaking this following sonnet to him, of the fabulous story of *Pyramus* and *Thysbe*.

*The wall was broken by the virgin fair,  
That op'd the gallant breast of Pyramus,  
Love parts from Cyprus, that he may declare,  
Once seen, the narrow breach prodigious.  
There nought but silence speaks, no voice doth dare,  
Thorough so strait a streight, be venturous;  
Yet their minds speak, love works this wonder rare,  
Facilitating things most wond'rous.*

*Desire in her grew violent, and haste  
In the fond maid, instead of heart's delight  
Solicites death: See! now the story's past,  
Both of them, in a moment, Oh strange sight!*

*One sword, one sepulchre, one memory,  
Doth kill, doth cover, makes them never die.*

Now thank'd be God, quoth Don Quixote, having heard this sonnet, that amongst so many consummated poets as be, I have found one consummate, as you are, Sir, which I perceive, by your well-fram'd sonnet. Don Quixote remain'd four days, being well entertain'd, in Don Diego's house, at the end of which he desir'd to take his leave, and thank'd him for the kindness and good welcome he had receiv'd: but because it was not fit that knights-errant should be too long idle, he purpos'd to exercise his function, and to seek after adventures he knew of; for the place whether he meant to go to, would give him plenty enough to pass his time with, till it were fit for him to go to the justs at Saragosa, which was his more direct course: but  
that

that first of all he meant to go to *Montefino's* vault, of which there were so many admirable tales in every man's mouth: so to search and enquire the spring and origin of those seven lakes, commonly call'd of *Ruydera*. Don *Diego* and his son commended his noble determination, and bid him furnish himself with what he pleas'd of their house and wealth, for that he shou'd receive it with all love and good will; for the worth of his person, and his honourable profession oblig'd them to it.

To conclude, the day of his parting came, as pleasing to him, as bitter and sorrowful to *Sancho*, who lik'd wond'rous well of Don *Diego's* plentiful provision, and was loth to return to the hunger of the forests and wilderness, and to the hardiness of his ill-furnish'd wallets, notwithstanding he fill'd and stuff'd them with the best provision he could. And Don *Quixote*, as he took his leave of Don *Lorenzo*, said; I know not, Sir, whether I have told you heretofore, but tho' I have, I tell you again, that when you would save a great deal of labour and pains, to arrive at the inaccessible top of *Fame's* temple, you have no more to do, but to leave on one hand the strait and narrow path of poesie, and to take the most narrow of knight-errantry, sufficient to make you an emperor, e're you would say, *What's this?*

With this epilogue Don *Quixote* shut up the comedy of his madness, only this he added: God knows, I would willingly carry Signior Don *Lorenzo* with me, to teach him, what belongs to pardoning the humble, to curbing and restraining the proud, virtues annex'd to my profession: but since his slender age is not capable, and his laudable enterprizes will not permit him, I am only willing to advise you, that being a poet, you may be famous, if you govern your self by other men's judgments, more than by your own; for you have no parents that dislike their own children, fair or foul, and this error is more frequent in men's understandings.

The father and the son afresh admir'd at Don *Quixote's* oft interpos'd reasons, some wise, some foolish, and at his obstinate being bent altogether upon his unlucky ad-

ventures, which he aim'd at, as the mark and end of of his desire, they renew'd again their kind offers and compliments with him; but Don *Quixote*, taking his leave of the lady of the castle, mounted his *Rozinante*, and *Sancho* his dapple; so they parted.

### CHAP. XIX.

*Of the adventure of the enamour'd shepherd, with other, indeed, pleasant accidents.*

**D**ON *Quixote* was not gone far from Don *Di-ego's* town, when he overtook two men that seem'd to be *Parsons*, or *Scholars*, with two *Husbandmen*, that were mounted upon four asses. One of the *Scholars* had, as it were in a portmantua, a piece of white cloth for scarlet, wrapp'd up in a piece of green buckram, and two pair of cotton stockings: the other had nothing but two foils, and a pair of pumps. The *Husbandman* had other things, which shew'd they came from some market town, where they had bought them to carry home to their village: so, as well the *Scholars* as the *Husbandmen* fell into the same admiration, that all they had done, who first saw Don *Quixote*, and they long'd to know what manner of fellow he was, so different from all other men. Don *Quixote* saluted them, and after, he ask'd them, whither they went, and that they had said they went his way, he offer'd them his company, and desir'd them to go softlier, for that their young asses travel'd faster than his horse: and to oblige them the more, he told them who he was, and of his profession, that he was a knight-errant, that he went to seek adventures round about the world. He told them his proper name was Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, but his ordinary name, *The Knight of the Lions*.

All this, to the *Husbandmen*, was *Heathen Greek*, or *Pedlar's French*: but not to the *Scholars*, who streight perceiv'd the weakness of Don *Quixote's* brain: notwithstanding they beheld him with great admiration and respect, and one of them said, Sir *Knight*, if you  
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go no set journey, as they which seek adventures seldom do, I pray go with us, and you shall see one of the bravest and most sumptuous marriages that ever was kept in the *Mancha*, or in many leagues round about. Don *Quixote* ask'd them, if it were of any prince, for so he imagin'd. No, Sir, said he, but betwixt a farmer, and a farmer's daughter : he is the richest in all the country, and she the fairest alive. Their provision for this marriage is new and rare, and it is to be kept in a meadow near the bride's town. She is call'd, the more to set her out, *Quiteria* the fair, and he *Camacho* the rich : she is about eighteen years of age, and he two and twenty, both well met, but that some nice people, that busy themselves in all men's lineages, will say that the fair *Quiteria* is of better parentage than he : but that's nothing, but riches are able to solder all clefts. To say true, this *Camacho* is liberal, and he hath long'd to make an arbour, and cover all the meadow on the top, so that the sun will be troubl'd to enter to visit the green herbs underneath. He hath also certain warlike morices, as well of swords, as little jingling bells ; for we have those in the town that will jangle them. For your foot-clappers, I say nothing, you would wonder to see 'em bestir themselves ; but none of these, nor others I have told you of, are like to make this marriage so remarkable, as the despis'd *Basilus*. This *Basilus* is a neighbouring swain of *Quiteria*'s town, whose house was next door to her father's. From hence love took occasion to renew unto the world, the long forgotten loves of *Pyramus* and *Thysbe* ; for *Basilus* lov'd *Quiteria* from a child, and she answer'd his desires with a thousand loving favours. So that it grew a common talk in the town, of the love between the two little ones. *Quiteria* began to grow to some years, and her father began to deny *Basilus* his ordinary access to the house ; and, to avoid all suspicion, purpos'd to marry her to the rich *Camacho*, not thinking it fit to marry her to *Basilus*, who was not so rich, in fortune's goods, as in those of the mind ; for to say truth, without envy, he is the activ'st youth we



have, a famous bar-pitcher, an excellent wrestler, a great tennis-player, he runs like a deer, out-leaps a she-goat, and plays at ten pins miraculously, sings like a lark, plays upon a gittern, as if he made it speak, and, above all, fenceth as well as the best.

For that slight only, quoth Don *Quixote*, the youth deserves not only to match with the fair *Quiteria*, but with queen *Ginebra* herself, if she were now alive, in spite of *Lançarote*, and all that would gainsay it. There's for my wife now, quoth *Sancho*, that had been all this while silent, that would have every one marry with their equals, holding herself to the proverb, that says ; *Like to like, quoth the devil to the collier*. All that I desire, is, that honest *Basilus*, for methinks I love him, were marry'd to *Quiteria*, and God give 'em joy, I was saying, those that go about to hinder the marriage of two that love well. If all that love well, quoth Don *Quixote*, should marry, parents would lose the privilege of marrying their children, when, and with whom they ought ; and, if daughters might chuse their husbands, you should have some would chuse their father's servants, and others, any passenger in the street, whom they thought to be a lusty swaggerer, altho' he were a cowardly ruffian ; for love and affection do easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which is only fit to chuse, and the state of matrimony is a ticklish thing, and there is great heed to be taken, and a particular favour to be given from above to make it light happily.

Any man that would but undertake some voyage, if he be wise, before he is on his way, he will seek him some good companion. And why should not he do so, that must travel all his life-time, till he come to his resting-place, death ? and the rather, if his company must be at bed, and at board, and in all places, as the wife's company must be with the husband ? your wife is not a commodity like others, that is bought and sold, or exchange'd, but an inseparable accident, that lasts for term of life. It is a noose, that, be-  
ing

ing fasten'd about the neck, turns to a gordian knot, which cannot be undone but by death's sickle.

I could tell ye much more in this business, were it not for the desire I have to be satisfy'd by master *Parson*, if there be any more to come of *Basilus* his story. To which he answer'd, This is all, that from the instant that *Basilus* knew the fair *Quiteria* was to be marry'd to the rich *Camacho*, he was never seen to smile, or talk sensibly; and he is always sad and pensative, talks to himself; an evident token that he is distracted: eats little, sleeps much; all he eats, is fruits, and all his sleep is in the fields, upon the hard ground, like a beast; now and then he looks up to heaven, and sometimes casts his eyes downward, so senseless, as if he were only a statue cloath'd, and the very air strikes off his garments. In fine, he hath all the signs of a passionate heart, and we are all of opinion, that by that time *Quiteria* to morrow gives thee, ay, it will be the sentence of his death. God forbid! said *Sancho*, for God gives the wound, and God gives the salve: no body knows what may happen, 'tis a good many hours between this and to morrow, and in one hour, nay, one minute, a house falls, and I have seen the sun-shine, and foul weather in an instant; one goes to bed sound at night, and stirs not the next morning: and, pray tell me, is there any one here that can say, he hath staid the course of fortune's great wheel? no truly, and between a woman's Ay, and No, I would be loath to put a pin's point; for it would hardly enter. Let me have Mrs. *Quiteria* love *Basilus* with all her heart, and I'll give him a bag full of good luck, for your love, as I have heard tell, looks wantonly with eyes that make copper seem gold, and poverty riches, and filth, in the eyes, pearls. Whether a plague run'st thou, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, when thou go'st threading on thy proverbs and thy flim-flams? *Judas* himself take thee, cannot hold thee: tell me, beast, what know'st thou of fortune, or her wheel, or any thing else? Oh, if you understand me not, no marvel, tho' my sentences be held fopperies: well, I know what I say, and know I have not spo-

ken much from the purpose : but you, Sir, are always the tourney to my words and actions. Attorney, thou would'st say, God confound thee, thou prevaricator of language. Do not you deal with me, said *Sancho*, since you know I have not been brought up in court, nor study'd in *Salamanca*, to know whether I add or diminish any of my syllables. Lord God ! you must not think your \* *Galizian* can speak like your *Toledonian*, and they neither are not all so nimble. For matter of your court language, quoth the *Parson*, 'tis true ; for they that are bred in the tanner-rows, and the † *Zocodoner*, cannot discourse like them that walk all day in the high-church cloisters ; yet all are *Toledonians*, the language is pure, proper, and elegant, indeed, only in your discreet courtiers, let them be born where they will : discreet, I say, because many are otherwise, and discretion is the grammar of good language, which is accompany'd with practice : I, Sir, I thank God, have study'd the canons in *Salamanca*, and presume sometimes to yield a reason in plain and significant terms. If you did not presume, said the other *Scholar*, more on your using the foils you carry, than your tongue, you might have been Senior in your degree, whereas now you are lag. Look, ye *Batchelor*, quoth the *Parson*, you are in the most erroneous opinion of the world, touching the skill of the weapon, since you hold it frivolous. 'Tis no opinion of mine, said *Corchuelo*, but a manifest truth, and if you will have me shew it by experience, there you have foils commodious : I have an arm, and strength, which, together with my courage, which is not small, shall make you confess I am not deceiv'd ; alight and keep your distance, your circles, your corners, and all your science. I hope to make you see the stars at noon-day, with my skill, which is but modern and mean, which, tho' it be small, I hope to God the man is yet unborn that shall make me turn my back, and there is no man in the world, but I'll make him give ground. For turning your back, said, said the skilful, I meddle not, tho', perhaps, where you

\* One of that province that speak a bastard language to the Spanish. † The market-place so call'd in Toledo.

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first set your foot, there your grave might be digg'd, I mean, you might be kill'd for despising skill. That you shall try, said *Corchuelo*, and, lighting hastily from his ass, he snatch'd one of the swords that the *Parson* carry'd. Not so, said Don *Quixote* instantly, I'll be the master of this fence, and the judge of this undecided controversy, and lighting from *Rozinante*, and taking his lance, he stepp'd between them, till such time as the *Parson* had put himself into his posture and distance against *Corchuelo*, who ran, as you would say, darting fire out of his eyes. The two *Husbandmen* that were by, without lighting from their asses, serv'd for spectators of the mortal tragedy, the blows, the stockado's, your false thrusts, your back-blows, your doubling-blows, that came from *Corchuelo* were numberless, as thick as hops, or hail, he laid on like an angry lion: but still the *Parson* gave him a stopple for his mouth, with the button of his foil, which stopp'd him in the midst of his fury, and he made him kiss it, as if it had been a relick, tho' not with so much devotion as is due to them. In a word, the *Parson* with pure stockado's told all the buttons of his cassock, which he had on, his skirts flying about him like a fish's tail. Twice he struk off his hat, and so weary'd him, that what for despite, what for choler and rage, he took the sword by the hilt, and flung it into the air so forcibly, that one of the *Husbandmen* that was by, who was a notary, and went for it, gave testimony after, that he flung it almost three quarters of a mile: which testimony serves, and hath serv'd, that it may be known and really seen, that force is overcome by art.

*Corchuelo* sat down, being very weary, and *Sancho*, coming to him, said; Truly, Sir *Batchelor*, if you take my advice, hereafter challenge no man to fence, but to wrestle, or throw the bar, since you have youth and force enough for it; for I have heard those, that you call your skilful men, say, that they will thrust the point of a sword through the eye of a needie. I am glad, quoth *Corchuelo*, that I came from my ass, and that experience hath shew'd me what I would not have

be-



believ'd. So rising up, he embrac'd the *Parson*, and they were as good friends as before. So, not staying for the notary that went for the sword, because they thought he would tarry long, they resolv'd to follow, and come betimes to *Quiteria's* village, of whence they all were. By the way, the *Parson* discourses to 'em of the excellency of the art of fencing, with so many demonstrative reasons, with so many figures and mathematical demonstrations, that all were satisfy'd with the rareness of the science, and *Corchuelo* reduc'd from his obstinacy.

It began to grow dark : but before they drew near, they all saw a kind of heaven, of innumerable stars before the town. They heard likewise harmonious and confus'd sounds of divers instruments, as flutes, tabers, psalteries, recorders, hand-drums and bells : and, when they drew near, they saw that the trees of an arbour, which had been made at the entrance of the town, were all full of lights, which were not offended by the wind, that then blew not, but was so gentle, that it scarce mov'd the leaves of the trees. The musicians were they that made the marriage more spritely, who went two and two in companies, some dancing and singing, others playing upon divers of the aforesaid instruments: nothing but mirth ran up and down the meadow, others were busy'd in raising scaffolds, that they might the next day see the representations and dances commodiously; dedicated to the marriage of the rich *Camacho*, and the obsequies of *Basilus*.

Don *Quixote* would not enter the town, altho' the *Husbandmen* and the *Batchelor* entreated him : for he gave a sufficient excuse for himself, as he thought, that it was the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests, rather than in habitations, tho' it were under golden roofs: so he went a little out of the way, much against *Sancho's* will, who remembered the good lodging he had in the castle, or house of Don *Diego*.

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*The Entry of Love and Wealth at Camacho's Wedding.*

## CHAP. XX.

*Of the marriage of rich Camacho, and the success of poor Basilius.*

**S**Carce had the silver morn given bright *Phæbus* leave, with the ardour of his burning rays, to dry the liquid pearls on his golden locks, when Don *Quixote*, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, rose up, and call'd *Sancho*, his squire, that still lay snorting: which Don *Quixote* seeing, before he could wake, he said, Oh happy thou above all that live upon the face of the earth! that without envy, or being envy'd, sleep'st with a quiet breast. neither persecuted by enchanters, nor frighted by enchantments. Sleep, I say, once again, nay, an hundred times, sleep: let not thy master's jealousy keep thee continually awake, nor let care to pay thy debts make thee watchful, or how another day thou, and thy small, but freighten'd family may live, whom neither ambition, troubles, nor the world's vain pomp doth weary, since the bounds of thy desires extend no farther than to thinking of thine ass; for, for thine own person, that thou hast committed to my charge, a counterpoise and burden that nature and custom hath laid upon the masters. The servant sleeps, and the master wakes, thinking how he may maintain, good him, and do him kindnesses: the grief that is, to see heaven obdurate in relieving the earth with seasonable moisture, troubles not the servant, but it doth the master, that must keep in sterility and hunger, him that serv'd him in abundance and plenty.

*Sancho* answer'd not a word to all this, for he was asleep, neither would he have awak'd so soon, if Don *Quixote* had not made him come to himself with the little end of his lance. At length he awak'd, sleepy and drowsy, and, turning his face round about, he said, From this arbour, if I be not deceiv'd, there comes a steam and smell rather of good broil'd rashers, than time and rushes: A marriage that begins with such smells, by my holidam, I think 'twill be brave and plentiful.

Away,



Away, glutton, quoth Don *Quixote*, come and let us go see it, and what becomes of the disdain'd *Basilus*. Let him do what he will, said *Sancho*, were it not better that he were poor still, and marry'd to *Quiteria*? There is no more in it, but let the moon lose one quarter, and she'll fall from the clouds. Faith, Sir, I am of opinion, that the poor fellow be contented with his fortunes, and not seek after things impossible. I'll hold one of mine arms, that *Camacho* will cover *Basilus* all over with six-pences: and if it be so, as 'tis like, *Quiteria* were a very fool to leave her bravy and jewels that *Camacho* hath, and can give her, and chuse *Basilus* for his bar-pitching and fencing: In a tavern they will not give you a pint of wine for a good throw with the bar, or a trick at fence, such abilities that are worth nothing, have 'em whose will for me: but when they light upon one that hath crowns withal, let me be like that man that has them: upon a good foundation, a good building may be rais'd, and money is the best bottom and foundation that is in the world. For God's love, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, conclude thy tedious discourse: with which, I believe, if thou wert let alone, thou would'st neither eat nor sleep for talking. If you had a good memory, said *Sancho*, you would remember the articles of our agreement, before we made our last sally from home, one of which was, that you would let me speak as much as I list, on condition that it were not against my neighbour, or against your authority, and hitherto I am sure I have not broken that article.

I remember no such article, *Sancho*, said he, and, tho' it were so, I would have you now be silent, and come with me; for now the instruments, we heard over-night, begin to cheer the valleys, and doublets, the marriage is kept in the cool of the morning, and not deferr'd till the afternoon's heat. *Sancho* did what his master will'd him, and saddling *Rozinante*, with his pack-saddle clapp'd likewise on dapple, the two mounted, and fair and softly enter'd the harbour. The first thing that *Sancho* saw, was a whole steer spitted upon

a whole

a whole elme, and for the fire, where it was to be roasted, there was a pretty mountain of wood, and six pots that were round about this bon-fire, which were never cast in the ordinary mould that other pots were, for they were six half olive butts, and every one was a very shambles of meat, they had so many whole sheep soaking in 'em which were not seen, as if they had been pigeons, the flae'd hares, and pull'd hens, that were hung upon the trees, to be bury'd in the pots, were numberless, birds and fowls of divers sorts infinite, that hung on the trees, that the air might cool them. *Sancho* counted above threescore skins of wine, each of them of above two \**Arroba's*, and as it afterward seem'd, of spritely liquor: there were also whole heaps of purest bread, heap'd up like corn in the threshing-floors, your cheeses like bricks pil'd one upon another, made a goodly wall, and two kettles of oil bigger than a dier's, serv'd to fry their paste-work, which they took out with two strong peels, when they were fry'd, and they duck'd them in another kettle of honey that stood by for the same purpose. They were cooks above fifty, men and women, all cleanly, careful, and cheerful: In the spacious belly of the steer, there were twelve sucking pigs, which being sow'd there, serv'd to make him more savoury: the spices of divers sorts, it seems, were not brought by pounds, but by *Arrones*, and all lay open in a great chest. To conclude, this preparation for the marriage was rusticall, but so plentiful, that it might furnish an army.

*Sancho Panca* beheld all, and was much affected with it: and first of all, the goodly pots did captivate his desires; from whence, with all his heart, he would have been glad to have receiv'd a good pipkin full; by and by he was enamour'd on the skins, and last of all upon the fry'd meats, if so be those vast kettles might be call'd frying-pans: so without longer patience, as not being able to abstain, he came to one of the busy cooks,

\* *Arroba*, a measure of 25 pound weight, which may be some six gallons of wine.

and with courteous and hungry reasons, desir'd him that he might sop a cast of bread in one of the pots. To which the cook reply'd; Brother, this is no day on which hunger may have any jurisdiction, thanks be to the rich *Camacho*, alight, and see if you can find ever a ladle there, and skim out a hen or two, and much good may they do you.

I see none, said *Sancho*. Stay, said the cook, God forgive me, what a ninny 'tis! and saying this, he laid hold of a kettle, and sowing into it one of the half butts, he drew out of it three hens and two geese, and said to *Sancho*; Eat, friend, and break your fast with this froth, till dinner time. I have nothing to put it in, said *Sancho*. Why, take spoon and all, said the cook, for *Camacho's* riches and content will very well bear it.

Whilst *Sancho* thus pass'd his time, Don *Quixote* saw, that, by one side of the harbour, there came a dozen *Husbandmen* upon twelve goodly mares, with rich and slightly furniture fit for the country, with many little bells upon their petrels, all clad in bravery for that days solemnity, and all in a joint-troop ran many careers up and down the meadow, with a great deal of mirth and jollitry, crying; Long live *Camacho* and *Quiteria*, he as rich, as she fair, and she the fairest of the world. Which when Don *Quixote* heard, thought he to himself, It well appears that these men have not seen my *Dulcenea del Toboso*: for if they had, they would not be so forward in praising this their *Quiteria*.

A while after, there began to enter, at divers places of the harbour, certain different dances, amongst which there was one sword-dance, by four and twenty *Swains*, handsome lusty youths, all in white linnen, with their handkerchiefs wrought in several colours of fine silk, and one of the twelve upon the mares ask'd him, that was the foreman of these, a nimble lad, If any of the dancers had hurt themselves?

Hitherto, said he, no body is hurt, we are all well, God be thank'd: and streight he shuff'd in amongst the rest of his companions, with so many tricks, and

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so much flight, that Don Quixote, though he were us'd to such kind of dances, yet he never lik'd any so well as this. He also lik'd another very well, which was of fair *Young Maids*; so young, that never a one was under fourteen, nor none above eighteen, all clad in course green, their hair partly filleted and partly loose: but all were yellow, and might compare with the sun, upon which they had garlands of \* jasmynes, roses, wood-bine and honey-suckles, they had for their guides a reverend old man, and a matronly woman, but more light and nimble than could be expected from their years.

They danc'd to the sound of a † *Zamora* bag-pipe, so that with their honest looks, and their nimble feet, they seem'd to be the best dancers in the world. After this there came in another artificial dance, of those call'd brawls; it consisted of eight nymphs, divided into two ranks, God *Cupid* guided one rank, and *Money* the other; the one with his wings, his bow, his quiver and arrows, the other was clad in divers rich colours of gold and silk: the nymphs that follow'd *Love*, carry'd a white parchment scrawl at their backs, in which their names were written in great letters; the first was *Poesie*, the second *Discretion*, the third *Nobility*, the fourth *Valour*. In the same manner came those whom god *Money* led; the first was *Liberality*, the second *Reward*, the third *Treasure*, the fourth *Quiet Possession*; before them came a wooden castle, which was shot at by two savages clad in ivy and canvas, dy'd in green, so to the life, that they had well-nigh frighted *Sancho*. Upon the frontispiece, and of each side of the castle, was written; *The castle of good heed*: four skilful musicians play'd to them on a taber and pipe; *Cupid* began the dance, and after two changes, he lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a virgin that

\* Jasmynes, a little sweet flower that grows in Spain in hedges, like our sweet marjoram

† *Zamora*, a town in Castile, famous for that kind of musick, like our Lancashire horn-pipe.



stood upon the battlements of the castle, and said to her in this manner :

*I am the powr'ful deity,  
In heaven above and earth beneath,  
In seals and hells profundity,  
O're all that therein live or breath,*

*What 'tis to fear, I never knew,  
I can perform all that I will,  
Nothing to me is strange, or new;  
I bid, forbid, at pleasure still.*

The verse being ended, he shot a flight over the castle, and retir'd to his standing; by and by came out Money, and perform'd his two changes; the taber ceas'd, and he spoke :

*Loe I, that can do more than love,  
Yet love is he that doth me guide,  
My off-spring great'st on earth, to Jove  
Above I nearest am ally'd.*

*I Money am, with whom but few  
Perform the honest works they ought;  
Yet here a miracle to shew,  
That without me they could do ought.*

Money retir'd, and Poetry advanc'd, who after she had done her changes as well as the rest, her eyes fix'd upon the damsel of the castle, she said:

*Lady, to thee, sweet Poesie,  
Her soul in deep conceits doth send,  
Wrapt up in writs of sonnetry,  
Whose pleasing strains do them commend,*

*If with my earnestness, I thee  
Importune not, fair damsel, soon  
Thy enviy'd fortune shall, by me,  
Mount the circle of the moon.*

Poetry

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Poetry gave way, and from Money's side came *Liberality*, and, after changes, spoke:

*To give is liberality,  
In him that shuns two contraries,  
The one of prodigality,  
T'other of hateful avarice.*

*I'll be profuse in praising thee,  
Profuseness hath accounted been  
A vice, yet sure it cometh nigh  
Affection, which in gifts is seen.*

In this sort, both the shews of the two squadrons came in and out, and each of them perform'd their changes, and spoke their verses, some elegant, some ridiculous, Don *Quixote* only remember'd, for he had a great memory, the rehears'd ones, and now the whole troop mingled together, winding in and out with great spriteliness and dexterity, and still as *Love* went before the castle, he shot a flight aloft, but *Money* broke gilded balls, and threw into it.

At last, after *Money* had danc'd a good while, he drew out a great purse made of a *Roman* cat's skin, which seem'd to be full of money, and, casting it into the castle, with the blow, the boards were disjoyn'd, and fell down, leaving the damsel discover'd, without any defence. *Money* came with his assistants, and, casting a great chain of gold about her neck, they made a shew of leading her captive: which, when *Love* and his party saw, they made shew as if they would have rescu'd her, and all these motions were to the sound of the taber, with skilful dancing, the savages parted them, who very speedily went to set up and join the boards of the castle, and the damsel was enclos'd there anew: and with this the dance ended, to the great content of the spectators.

Don *Quixote* ask'd one of the nymphs, Who had so dress'd and order'd her? She answer'd, A parson of the town, who had an excellent capacity for such inventions.

ventions. I'll lay a wager, said Don *Quixote*, he was more *Basilus* his friend than *Camacho's*, and that he knows better what belongs to a satyr than to even-song; he hath well fitted *Basilus* his abilities to the dance, and *Camacho's* riches.

*Sancho Panca*, that heard all, said; The king is my cock, I hold with *Camacho*. Well, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, thou art a very peasant, and like them that cry, *Long live the conqueror*. I know not who I am like, said *Sancho*; but I know I shall never get such delicate froth out of *Basilus* his pottage-pots, as I have out of *Camacho's*: and with that shew'd him the kettle full of geese and hens, and laying hold on one, he fell to it merrily and hungerly, and for *Basilus's* abilities, this he said to their teeth: So much thou art worth as thou hast, and so much as thou hast, thou art worth. An old grandam of mine was wont to say, there were but two lineages in the world, *Have-much*, and have *Have-little*; and she was mightily inclin'd to the former: and at this day, master, your physician had rather feel a having pulse, than a knowing pulse, and an ass cover'd with gold, makes a better shew than a horse with a pack-saddle. So that I say again, I am of *Camacho's* side, the scum of whose pots are geese, hens, hares, and conies, and *Basilus* his, be they near or far off, but poor thin water.

Hast thou ended with thy tediousness, *Sancho*? said Don *Quixote*. I must end, said he, because I see it offends you; for if it were not for that, I had work cut out for three days. Pray God, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, that I may see thee dumb before I die. According to our life, said *Sancho*, before you die, I shall be mumbling clay, and then perhaps I shall be so dumb, that I shall not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday.

Altho' it should be so, *Sancho*, said he, thy silence will never be equal to thy talking past, and thy talk to come; besides, 'tis very likely that I shall die before thee, and so I shall never see thee dumb, no not when thou drink'st or sleep'st, to paint thee out thoroughly.

ly. In good faith, master, quoth *Sancho*, there is no trusting in the raw bones, I mean death, that devours lambs as well as sheep; and I have heard our *Vicar* say, She tramples as well on the high towers of kings, as the humble cottages of poor men: this lady hath more power than squeamishness; she is nothing dainty, she devours all, plays at all, and fills her wallets with all kind of people, ages, and preeminences: she is no mower, that sleeps in the hot weather, but mows at all hours, and cuts as well the green grass as the hay: she doth not chew, but swallows at once, and crams down all that comes before her: she hath a canine appetite, that is never satisfied, and tho' she have no belly, yet she may make us think she is *Hydropical*, with the thirst she hath to drink all men's lives, as if it were a jug of cold water.

No more, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, at this instant, hold while thou art well, and take heed of falling; for certainly thou hast spoken of death in thy rustical terms, as much as a good preacher might have spoken. I tell thee, *Sancho*, that for thy natural discretion, thou might'st get thee a pulpit, and preach thy fine knacks up and down the world. He preaches well that lives well, said *Sancho*, and I know no other preaching. Thou need'st not, quoth he: but, I wonder at one thing, that, wisdom beginning from the fear of God, that thou, who fear'st a lizard more than him, should'st be so wise? Judge you of your knight-errantry, said *Sancho*, and meddle not with other men's fears or valours; for I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours, and so \*let me snuff away this scum; for all the rest are but idle words, for which we must give account in another life. And in so saying, he began to give another assault to the kettle, with such a courage, that he waken'd Don *Quixote*, that undoubtedly would have taken his part, if he had not been hinder'd by that, that of necessity must be set down.

\* Meaning to eat his hen and the goose.



## CHAP. XXI.

*Of the prosecution of Camacho's marriage, with other delightful accidents.*

AS Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* were in their discourse, mention'd in the former chapter, they heard a great noise and out-cry, which was caus'd by them that rode on the mares, who, with a large career and shouts, went to meet the marry'd couple; who, hemm'd in, with a thousand tricks and devices, came in company of the *Vicar*, and both their kindreds, and all the better sort of the neighbouring towns, all clad in their best apparel. And, as *Sancho* saw the bride, he said, In good faith, she is not drest like a country wench, but like one of your nice court dames: By th' mass, methinks, her glass neck-laces she should wear, are rich coral; and her course green of *Cuenca*, is a \*thirty pil'd velvet; and her lacing, that should be white linnen, I vow by me, is fatten: well look on her hands that should have their jet-rings, let me not thrive if they be not golden rings, arrant gold, and set with pearls as white as a syllabub, each of them as precious as an eye. Ah whoreson, and what locks she hath! for if they be not false, I never saw longer, nor fairer in my life. Well, well, find not fault with her liveliness and stature, and compare her me to a date-tree, that bends up and down when it is loaden with bunches of dates; for so doth she with her trinkets hanging at her hair and about her neck: I swear, by my soul, she is a wench of metal, and may very well pass the pikes in *Flanders*.

Don *Quixote* laugh'd at *Sancho*'s rustic praises, and he thought, that setting his mistress *Dulcinea* aside, he never saw fairer woman: the beauteous *Quiteria* was somewhat pale, belike, with the ill night that brides always have when they dress themselves for next day's marriage. They drew near to a theatre on one side of the meadow, that was dress'd with carpets and boughs, where the marriage was to be solemniz'd, and where

\* *Instead of three-pil'd.*

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Car. Corneil. pinxit.

G. F. Gucke Sculp.

The Entry of Shepherds at Camacho's Wedding.



*Don Quixote Defends Basilius who marries Quiteria by Stratagem.*



they should behold the dances and inventions. And just as they should come to the place, they heard a great out-cry behind them, and a voice, saying, Stay a while, rash people as well as hasty ! At whose voice and words they all turn'd about, and saw that he that spoke, was one clad, to see to, in a black jacket, all welted with crimson, in flames, crown'd, as they streight perceiv'd, with a crown of mournful cypress, in his hand he had a great truncheon : and, comming nearer, he was known by all to be the gallant *Basilus*, who were in suspence, expecting what should be the issue of those cries and words, fearing some ill success from this so unlook'd for arrival. He drew near, weary, and out of breath, and comming before the married couple, and, clapping his truncheon upon the ground, which had a steel-pike at the end of it, his colour chang'd, and his eyes fix'd upon *Quiteria*, with a fearful and hollow voice, thus spoke:

Well know'st thou, forgetful *Quiteria*, that according to the law of God that we profess, that whilst I live thou can'st not be marry'd to any other : neither are you ignorant, that because I would stay till time and my industry might better my fortunes, I would not break that decorum that was fitting to the preserving of thy honesty: but you, forgetting all duty, due to my vertuous desires, will make another master of what is mine, whose riches serve not only to make him happy in them, but every way fortunate; and, that he may be so to the full, not as I think he deserves it, but as the fates ordain it for him, I will with these hands remove the impossibility or inconvenience that may disturb him, removing my self out of the way. Live, rich *Camacho*, live with the ungrateful *Quiteria* many and prosperous years, and let your poor *Basilus* die, whose poverty clipp'd the wings of his happiness, and laid him in his grave: and, saying this, he laid hold of his truncheon that he had stuck in the ground, and the one half of it remaining still there, shew'd that it serv'd for a scabberd to a short tuck that was concealed in it, and, putting that which might be call'd

call'd the hilt on the ground, with a nimble spring, and a resolute purpose, he cast himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody point appear'd out of his back, with half the steel blade, the poor soul weltring in his blood, all along on the ground, run thorough with his own weapon. His friends ran presently to help him, griev'd with his misery and miserable hap; and Don *Quixote*, forsaking his *Rozinante*, went also to help him; took him in his arms, but found that as yet there was life in him. They would have pull'd out the tuck, but the *Vicar* there present, was of opinion that it were not best before he had confess'd himself; for that the drawing it out, and his death, would be both at one instant. But *Basilus* coming a little to himself, with a faint and doleful voice, said, If thou would'st, O *Quiteria*, yet in this last and forcible trance, give me thy hand to be my spouse; I should think my rashness might something excuse me, since with this I obtain'd to be thine.

The *Vicar* hearing this, bad him he should have a care of his soul's health, rather than of the pleasures of his body, and that he should heartily ask God forgiveness for his sins, and for his desperate action. To which *Basilus* reply'd, That he would by no means confess himself, if *Quiteria* did not first give him her hand to be his spouse, for that content would make him chearfully confess himself. When Don *Quixote* heard the wounded man's petition, he cry'd aloud, that *Basilus* desir'd a thing very just and reasonable, and that Signior *Camacho* would be as much honour'd in receiving *Quiteria*, the worthy *Basilus* his widow, as if he had receiv'd her from her father's side: here is no more to do but give one I, no more than to pronounce it, since the nuptial bed of this marriage must be the grave.

*Camacho* gave ear to all this, and was much troubled, not knowing what to do or say: but *Basilus* his friends were so earnest, requesting him to consent, that *Quiteria* might give him her hand to be his spouse, that he might not endanger his soul, by departing desperately,

perately, that they mov'd him, and enforce'd him, to say, that if *Quiteria* would, he was contented, seeing it was but deferring his desires a minute longer. Then all of them came to *Quiteria*, some with intreaties, others with tears, most with forcible reasons, and persuaded her, she should give her hand to poor *Basilus*; and she, more hard then marble, more lumpish then a statue, would not answer a word, neither would she at all, had not the *Vicar* bid her resolve what she would do, for *Basilus* was even now ready to depart, and could not expect her irresolute determination. Then the fair *Quiteria*, without answering a word, all sad and troubled, came where *Basilus* was, with his eyes even set, his breath failing him, making shew as if he would die like a *Gentile*, and not like a *Christian*. *Quiteria* came at length, and upon her knees, made signs to have his hand. *Basilus*, unjoyn'd his eyes, and looking stedfastly upon her, said, O *Quiteria*, thou art now come to be pitiful, when thy pity must be the sword that shall end my life, since now I want force to receive the glory that thou givest in chusing me for thine, or to suspend the dolor that so hastily closeth up mine eyes, with the fearful shade of death. All I desire thee is, O fatal star of mine, that the hand thou requir'st, and that that thou wilt give me, that it be not for fashion sake, nor once more to deceive me, but that thou confests, and say, without being forc'd to it, that thou givest me thy hand freely, as to thy lawful spouse, since it were unmerciful in this trance to deceive me, or to deal falsely with him that hath been so true to thee. In the midst of this discourse he fainted, so that all the standers by thought now he had been gone. *Quiteria*, all honest and shamefast, laying hold with her right hand on *Basilus*'s, said to him; No force can work upon my will, and so I give thee the freest hand I have to be thy lawful spouse, and receive thine, if thou give it me as freely, and that the anguish of thy sudden accident do not much trouble thee. I give it, said *Basilus*, lively and couragiously, with the best understanding that heaven hath endu'd me withal; and therefore

take me, and I deliver my self as thy espousal; and I, said *Quiteria*, as thy spouse, whether thou live long, or whether from my arms they carry thee to thy grave.

This young man, said *Sancho*, being so wounded, talks much methinks, let him leave his wooing, and attend his soul's health, which, methinks, appears more in his tongue, than in his teeth.

*Basilus* and *Quiteria*, having their hands thus fasten'd, the *Vicar*, tender-hearted and compassionate, pour'd his blessing upon them, and pray'd God to give good rest to the new marry'd man's soul; who, as soon as he receiv'd this benediction, suddenly starts up, and with an unlook'd for agility, drew out the tuck which was sheath'd in his body. All the spectators were in amaze, and some of them, more out of simplicity then curiosity, began to cry out, A miracle, a miracle: but *Basilus* reply'd, No miracle, no miracle; but a trick, a trick. But the *Vicar*, heedless and astonish'd, came with both his hands to feel the wound, and found, that the blade had neither pass'd thorough the flesh or ribs, but thorough a hollow pipe of iron, that he fill'd with blood well fitted in that place, and, as after it was known, prepar'd so, that it could not congeal. At last, the *Vicar* and *Camacho*, and all the standers by, thought that they were mock'd and made a laughing stock. The bride, made no great shew of sorrow: rather, when she heard say that the marriage could not stand currant, because it was deceitful, she said, that she a-new confirm'd it; by which they all collected, that the business had been plotted by the knowledge and consentment of them both. At which, *Camacho* and his friends, were so abash'd, that they remitted their revenge to their hands, and unsheathing many swords, they set upon *Basilus*, in whole favour, in an instant, there were as many more drawn: and, Don *Quixote*, taking the vanguard on horseback, with his lance at his rest, and well cover'd with his shield, made way thorough 'em all. *Sancho*, whom such feats did never please or solace, ran to the pottage-pot, from whence he had gotten the skimmings, thinking that to be a sanctuary, and so to be respected. Don

*Quix-*



*Quixote*, cry'd aloud, Hold, hold, fir; for there is no reason that you should take revenge for the wrongs that love doth us: and observe, that love and war are all one: and, as in war, it is lawful to use sleights and stratagems to overcome the enemy; so, in amorous strifes and competencies, impostures and juggling tricks are held for good, to attain to the wish'd end, so it be not in prejudice and dishonour of the thing affected. *Quiteria* was due to *Basilus*, and *Basilus* to *Quiteria*, by the just and favourable inclination of heaven. *Camacho* is rich, and may purchase his delight, and whom God hath join'd, let no man separate. *Basilus* hath but this one sheep, let none offer to take it from him, be he never so powerful: he that first attempts it, must first pass thorough the point of this lance; at which he shak'd his lance so strong and cunningly, that he frighted all that knew him not: but *Quiteria's* disdain was so inwardly fix'd in *Camacho's* heart, that he forgot her in an instant; so that the *Vicar's* persuasions prevail'd with him, who was a good discreet and honest minded man, by which *Camacho* and his complices were pacify'd and quieted; in sign of which, they put up their swords, rather blaming *Quiteria's* facility, then *Basilus's* industry. *Camacho*, fram'd this discourse to himself, That, if *Quiteria* lov'd *Basilus* when she was a maid, she would also have continu'd her love to him, though she had been his wife, and so that he ought to give God thanks rather for having rid him of her, than to have given her to him. *Camacho* then, and those of his crue, being comforted and pacify'd, all *Basilus's* likewise were so; and *Camacho*, to shew that he stomach'd not the jest, nor car'd for it, was willing the feast should go forward, as if he had been really married. But neither *Basilus*, nor his spouse, nor their followers, would stay, but went to *Basilus's* town; for your poor that are virtuous and discreet, have as well those that will follow, honour, and uphold them, as the rich theirs, and such as will flatter them. Don *Quixote*, went with them too, for they esteem'd him to be a man of worth and valour. But *Sancho's* mind was

in a mist, to see that it was impossible for him to stay for *Camacho's* sumptuous feast and sports, that lasted till the evening: so that straighted and sorrowful, he followed on with his master, that went in *Basilus's* squadron, and thus left behind him those flesh-pots of *Ægypt*, though he bore them with him in his mind, whose scum which he carry'd in the kettle being consum'd now and ended, represented unto him the glorious and abundant happiness he lost; so that all sad and sorrowful, though hungerless, without alighting from dapple, he followed *Roxinante's* track.

## CHAP. XXII.

*Of the famous adventure of Montesino's cave, which is in the heart of Mancha, which the valorous Don Quixote happily accomplish'd.*

THE married couple made wonderful much of Don *Quixote*, oblig'd thereunto for the willingness he shew'd to defend their cause, and with his valour they parallel'd his discretion, accounting him a *Cid* in arms, and a *Cicero* in eloquence. The good *Sancho*, recreated himself three days at the bridegrooms charge, and now knew that *Quiteria* knew nothing of the feign'd wounding, but that it was a trick of *Basilus's*, who hop'd for the success that hath been shew'd; true it was, that he had made some of his loving friends acquainted with his purpose, that they might help him at need, and make good his deceit. They cannot be call'd deceits, quoth Don *Quixote*, that are done to a virtuous end, and, that the marriage of a loving couple, was an end, most excellent: but by the way, you must know, that the greatest opposite that love hath, is want and continual necessity: for love is all mirth, content and gladness, and the more, when he that loves, enjoys the thing lov'd; against which, necessity and poverty are open and declar'd enemies. All this he spoke with a purpose to advise *Basilus*, that he should leave exercising his youthful abilities, that although they got him a name, yet they brought no wealth; and that he should

should look to lay up something now by lawful and industrious means, which are never wanting to those that will be wary and apply themselves: the honest poor man, if so be the poor man may be call'd honest, hath a jewel of a fair woman, which, if any man bereave him of, dishonours him, and kills her. She that is fair and honest, when her husband is poor, deserves to be crown'd with laurel and triumphant bays; beauty alone attracts the eyes of all that behold it, and the princely eagles and high flying birds do stoop to it as to the pleasing lure: but if extream necessity be added to that beauty, then kites and crows will grapple with it, and other ravenous birds: but she that is constant against all these assaults, doth well deserve to be her husbands crown. Mark, wife *Basilus*, proceeds *Don Quixote*, it was an opinion of I know not what sage man, that there was but one good woman in the world, and his advice was, That every man should think that was marry'd, that his wife was she, and so he should be sure to live contented. I never yet was marry'd, neither have I any thought hitherto that way; notwithstanding, I could be able to give any man counsel herein, that should ask it, and how he should choose his wife.

First of all, I would have him rather respect fame than wealth, for the honest woman gets not a good name only with being good, but in appearing so; for your publick looseness and liberty doth more prejudice a woman's honesty, then her sinning secretly. If you bring her honest to your house, 'tis easy keeping her so, and to better her in that goodness; but if you bring her dishonest, 'tis hard mending her; for it is not very pliable to pass from one extream into another, I say not impossible: but I hold it to be very difficult.

*Sancho* heard all this, and said to himself, This master of mine, when I speak matters of marrow and substance, is wont to tell me, that I may take a pulpit in hand, and preach my fine knacks up and down the world; but I may say of him, that when he once begins to thread his sentences, he may not only take a

pulpit in hand, but in each finger too, and go up and down the market places, and cry, Who buys my ware? The devil take thee for a knight-errant, how wise he is! On my soul, I thought he had known only what belong'd to his knight-errantry, but he snaps at all, and there is no boat that he hath not an oar in. *Sancho*, spoke this somewhat aloud, and his master over heard him, and ask'd, What is it that thou art grumbling, *Sancho*? I say nothing, neither do I grumble, quoth he, I was only saying to my self, that I would I had heard you before I was marry'd, and perhaps I might now have said, The sound man needs no phylician. Is *Ieresa* so bad, *Sancho*? said Don *Quixote*. Not very bad, said *Sancho*, and yet not very good, at least, not so good as I would have her. Thou dost ill, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, to speak ill of thy wife, who is indeed mother of thy children.

There is no love lost, quoth *Sancho*, for she speaks ill of me too, when she lists, especially when she is jealous, for then the devil himself will not cope with her. Well, three days they stay'd with the marry'd couple, where they were welcom'd like princes. Don *Quixote*, desir'd the skilful *Parson* to provide him a guide that might shew him the way to *Montesino's* cave, for he had a great desire to enter into it, and to see with his own eyes, if those wonders that were told of it up and down the country were true. The *Parson* told him, that a cousin german of his, a famous student, and much addicted to books of knight-hood, should go with him, who should willingly carry him to the mouth of the cave, and should shew the famous lake of *Ruydera*, telling him he would be very good company for him, by reason he was one that knew how to publish books, and direct them to great men.

By, and by the young student comes to me upon an ass with foal, with a course packing-cloth, or doubled carpet upon his pack-saddle. *Sancho* saddled *Rozinante*, and made ready his dapple, furnish'd his wallets, and carried the *Students* too, as well provided; and so taking leave, and bidding all, God be you, they went on,

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holding their course to *Montesino's* cave. By the way, Don *Quixote* ask'd the *Scholar*, of what kind or quality the exercises of his profession and study were. To which, he answer'd, that his profession was humanity, his exercises and study, to make books for the preſs, which were very beneficial to himself, and no less grateful to the common wealth; that one of his books was intitl'd, *The Book of the Liveries*, where are set down seven hundred and three sorts of liveries, with their colours, mottoes, and cyphers; from whence any may be taken at festival times and shews, by courtiers, without begging them from any body, or distilling, as you would say, from their own brains, to suit them to their desires and intentions; for I give to the jealous, to the forsaken, to the forgotten, to the absent, the most agreeable, that will fit them, as well as their punks. Another book I have, which I mean to call the *Metamorphosis*, or *Spanish Ovid*, of a new and rare invention; for imitating *Ovid* in it, by way of mocking: \* I shew who the *Giralda* of *Sevil* was; the angel of the *Magdalen*; who was the pipe of *Vecinguerra* of *Cordova*; who the bulls of *Guisando*, *Sierra Morena*; the springs of *Leganitos* and *Lavapies* in *Madrid*; not forgetting that of *Pioio*; that of the gilded pipe, and of the abess; and all this with the allegories, metaphors; and translations, that they delight, suspend, and instruct all in a moment. Another book I have, which I call a supply to *Polydore Virgil*, concerning the invention of things, which is of great reading and study, by reason that I do verify many matters of weight that *Polydore* omitted, and declare them in a very pleasing stile. *Virgil* forgot to tell us, who was the first that had a catarrh in the world, and the first that was annointed for the french disease, and I set it down presently after I propos'd it, and authorize it with at least four and twenty writers, that you may see whether I have taken good pains, and whether the said book may not be profitable to the world.

\* All these several rarities of Spain,

*Sancho*, that was very attentive to the *Scholar's* narration, ask'd him; Tell me, Sir, so God direct your right hand in the impression of your books: Can you tell me? for I know you can, since you know all, Who was the first man that scratch'd his head? for I believe it was our first father *Adam*: yes marry was it, said he, for *Adam*, no doubt, had both head and hair, and being the first man in the world, would sometimes scratch himself. I believe it, quoth *Sancho*: but tell me now, Who was the first vaulter in the world? truly brother, said he, I cannot at present resolve you, I will study it when I come to my books, and then I'll satisfy you, when we see one another again, for I hope this will not be the last time. Well, sir, said *Sancho*, never trouble your self with this, for now I can resolve the doubt: know, that the first tumbler in the world was *Lucifer*, when he was cast out of heaven, and came tumbling down to hell.

You say true, quoth the *Scholar*: And Don *Quixote* said, This answer, *Sancho*, is none of thine, thou hast heard some body say so. Peace, sir, quoth *Sancho*, for if I fall to questions and answers, I shall not make an end between this and morning: and to ask foolish questions, and answer unlikelihoods, I want no help of my neighbours. Thou hast spoken more, *Sancho*, then thou thinkest for, quoth Don *Quixote*, for you have some that are most busy'd in knowing and averring things, whose knowledge and remembrance is not worth a button. All that day they pass'd in these and other delightful discourses, and at night they lodg'd in a little village, from whence the *Scholar* told them, they had but two little leagues to *Montesino's* cave, and that if he meant to enter it, he must be provided of ropes, to tye, and let himself down into the depth. Don *Quixote* said, that though it were as deep as hell, he would see whither it reach'd: so they bought a hundred fathom of cordage, and, the next day at two of the clock, they came to the cave, whose mouth is wide and spacious, but full of briers and brambles, and wild fig-trees, and weeds so intricate and thick, that they altogether

gether blind and damp it up. When they came to it, *Sancho* and the *Scholar* alighted, and Don *Quixote*, whom they ty'd strongly with the cordage: and, whilst they were swathing and binding of him, *Sancho* say'd to him; Take heed, sir, what you do, do not bury your self alive, and do not hang your self like a bottle to be cool'd in some well; for it neither concerns nor belongs to you, to search this place worse then a dungeon.

Bind me, and peace, quoth Don *Quixote*, for such an enterprize as this, *Sancho*, was reserv'd for me. Then said the guide, I beseech you, Signior Don *Quixote*, that you take heed, and look about you with an hundred eyes, to see what is within; for perhaps you may meet with things that will be fit for me to put in my book of transformations. He hath his instrument in his hand, quoth *Sancho*, that knows how to use it.

This said, and Don *Quixote*'s binding ended, which was not upon his harness, but upon his arming doublet, he said; We did unadvisedly, in not providing ourselves of some small bell, that might have been ty'd with me to the same cord, by whose sound, you might know that I were still toward the bottom and alive: but since there is now no remedy, God be our good speed, and straight he kneel'd upon his knees, and made a soft prayer to God Almighty, desiring his aid, and to give him good success in that, to see to, dangerous and strange adventure, and then straight-ways he cry'd aloud; Oh thou mistress of my actions and motions! most excellent, peerless *Dulcinea del Tobo'o*! if it be possible, that the prayers and requests of this thy happy lover come to thine ears, hearken, I beseech thee, by thy unheard-of beauty, deny not now unto me, thy favour and protection, which I so much need: I go to cast my self headlong to a plunge, and sink my self into the *Abyss*, that presents it self to me, that the world may know, that if thou favour me, there shall be nothing impossible for me to undergo and end.

And in saying this, he came to the mouth, but saw he could not come near to be let down, except it were by making way with main force, or with cutting  
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thorough; and so laying hand on his sword, he began to cut and slash the weeds that were at the mouth of the cave; at whose rushing and noise, there came out an infinite company of crows and daws, so thick and so hastily, that they tumbl'd Don *Quixote* on the ground; and if he had been as superstitious, as a good christian, he wou'd have taken it for an ill sign, and not have proceeded.

Well, he rose, and seeing the crows were all gone, and that there were no other night-birds, as bats, that came out amongst the crows, *Sancho* and the *Scholar* let him down, to search the bottom of that fearful cave; but *Sancho*, first bestow'd his benediction on him, and, making a thousand crosses over him, said, God and the *Rock of France*, \* together with the trinity of *Gaeta*, guide thee, thou flower, cream, and scum of knights-errant: There thou goest, hackster of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass, God again be thy guide, and deliver thee sound and without skar, to the light of this world which thou leavest, to bury thy self in the obscurity which thou seekest.

The *Scholar* did, as it were, make the same kind of wishes and deprecations. Don *Quixote* cry'd out, that they should yet give him more rope, which they gave by little and a little; and when his voice, that was stop'd in the gutters of the cave, could be no longer heard; and that, they had let done their hundred fathom of rope, they were of opinion to hoist him up again, since they could give him no more cord; for all that, they stay'd some half an hour, and then began easily to draw up the rope, and without any wait, which made them think Don *Quixote* was within, and, *Sancho* believing it, wept bitterly, and drew up apace, that he might be satisfy'd: but coming somewhat near four-score fathom, they felt a weight, which made them very much rejoice.

At length, when they came to ten, they plainly saw Don *Quixote*; to whom, *Sancho* cry'd out, saying,

\* Several places of devotion.



you are well return'd, sir, for we thought you had stay'd there for bread. But Don *Quixote* did not answer a word; but drawing him altogether out, they saw that his eyes were shut, as if he were asleep; they stretch'd him on the ground, and unbound him, and for all this he awak'd not. But they so turn'd, tols'd and shak'd him, that a pretty while after he came to himself, lazing himself, as if he had waken'd out of a great and profound sleep, and looking wildly round about him, said, God forgive you, friends, for you have rais'd me from one of the delicatest and pleasingest lives and sights that ever was seen by human eye: Now at length, I perceive, that all the delights of this world do pass like a shadow or dream, or wither like a flower of the field: Oh unhappy *Montesino*! oh ill wounded *Durandarte*! oh luckless *Balerna*! oh mournful *Guadiana*! and you unfortunate daughters of *Ruydera*, that shew by your waters, those your fair eyes wept.

The *Scholar* and *Sancho*, gave ear to those words which Don *Quixote* spoke, as if, with great pain they came from his very intrails. They desir'd him to let them know his meaning, and to tell them what he had seen in that hellish place. Hellish, call ye it? said Don *Quixote*: well, call it not so, for it deserves not the name, as straight you shall hear. He desir'd them to give him somewhat to eat, for he was exceeding hungry. They laid the *Scholar's* course wrapper upon the green grass, and went to the spence of their wallets, and all three of them being set like good fellows, eat their beaver, and supp'd all together. The cloth taken up, Don *Quixote* said, set still hoe, let none of you rise, and mark me attentively.

CHAP. XXIII.

*Of the admirable things, that the unparallel'd Don Quixote recounted, which he had seen in Montesino's profound cave, whose strangeness and impossibility makes this chapter be held for Apocrypha.*

**I**T was well toward four of the clock, when the Sun, cover'd between two clouds, shewed but a dim

dim light, and with his temperate beams, gave Don Quixote leave, without heat or trouble, to relate to his two conspicuous auditors, what he had seen in Montefino's cave; and he began, as followeth: about twelve or fourteen men's height in the profundity of this dungeon, on the right hand, there is a concavity and space able to contain a cart, mules and all; some light there comes into it by certain chinks and loop-holes, which answers to it a far off in the superficies of the earth; this space and concavity saw I, when I was weary and angry to see me my self, hanging by the rope, to go down that obscure region, without being carry'd a sure or known way: so I determin'd to enter into it, and to rest a little; I cry'd out unto you, that you should let down no more rope, till I bid you; but it seem'd you heard me not. I went gathering up the rope you let down to me, and rolling of it up into a heap, sat me down upon it, very pensative, thinking with my self, what I might do to get to the bottom; and being in this thought and confusion, upon a sudden, without any former inclination in me, a most profound sleep came upon me, and when I least thought of it, without knowing how, nor which way, I awak'd out of it, and found my self in the midst of the fairest, most pleasant, and delightful meadow, that ever nature created, or the wisest human discretion can imagine. I snuff'd mine eyes, wip'd them, and saw that I was not asleep, but really awake, notwithstanding I felt upon my head and breast, to be assur'd, if I were there my self or no in person, or that it were some illusion, or counterfeit; but my touching, feeling, and my reasonable discourse that I made to my self, certify'd me, that I was then present, the same that I am now.

By and by, I saw a princely and sumptuous palace or castle, whose walls and battlements seem'd to be made of transparent cristall, from whence, upon the opening of two great gates, I saw that there came towards me a reverend old man, clad in a tawny bays frock, that he drag'd upon the ground; over his shoulders and breast, he wore a tippet of green sattin, like

your

your fellows of colleges; and upon his cap, a black *Milan* bonnet, and his hairy beard reach'd down to his girdle, he had no kind of weapon in his hand, but only a rosary of beads, somewhat bigger than reasonable walnuts, and the credo-beads, about the bigness of ostrich eggs; his countenance, pace, gravity, and his spreading presence, each thing by it self, and altogether, suspended and admir'd.

He came to me, and the first thing he did, was to embrace me straightly, and forthwith said; It is long since, renown'd knight, Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, that we, who live in these enchanted desarts, have hop'd to see thee, that thou mightst let the world know what is contain'd here, and inclos'd in this profound cave, which thou hast enter'd, call'd *Montesino's* cave: an exploit, reserv'd only to be attempted by thy invincible heart, and stupenduous courage. Come with me, thou most illustrious knight, for I will shew thee the wonders that this transparent castle doth conceal, of which I am the governour, and perpetual chief war-der, as being the same *Montesino*, from whom the cave takes name.

Scarce had he told me that he was *Montesino*, when I ask'd him, Whether it were true that was bruited here in the world above, that he had taken his great friend *Durandarte's* heart out of the midst of his bosom with a little dagger, and carry'd it to the lady *Balerna*? as he will'd, at the instant of his death. He answer'd me, That all was true, but only that of the dagger; for it was no dagger, but a little stiletto, as sharp as an awle.

Belike, quoth *Sancho*, it was of *Ramon de Hozes's* the *Sevilian's* making. I know not, said Don *Quixote*, but 'twas not of that stiletto-maker, for he liv'd but the other day; and that battle of *Roncesvalles*, where this accident happen'd, was many years since: but this averring is of no importance or let, neither alters the truth or stories text.

You say right, quoth the *Scholar*, for I hearken with the greatest delight in the world. With no less do I  
tell

tell it you, said Don *Quixote*, and proceed: The venerable *Montesino* brought me into the cristalline palace, where, in a low hall, exceeding fresh and cool, all of alabaster, was a great sepulchre of marble, made with singular art; upon which I saw a knight laid at length, not of brass, marble, or jasper, as you use to have in other tombs, but of pure flesh and bone; he held his right hand, which was somewhat hairy and finowy, a sign that the owner was very strong, upon his heart-side, and before I ask'd *Montesinos* ought, that saw me in suspence, beholding the tomb, he said:

This is my friend *Durandarte*, the flower and mirror of chivalry, of the enamour'd and valiant knights of his time: He is kept here enchanted, as my self and many more knights and ladies are, by *Merlin* that French enchanter; who, they say, \* was son to the devil, but as I believe, he was not so, only he knew more than the devil. Why, or how he enchanted us, no body knows, which the times will bring to light, that I hope are not far off: All that I admire is, since I know for certain, as it is now day, that *Durandarte* died in my arms, and that after he was dead, I took out his heart, and surely it weigh'd above two pounds; for according to natural philosophy, he that hath the biggest heart, is more valiant than he that hath but a less: which being so, and that this knight died really, how he complains and sighs sometimes as if he were alive? Which said, the wretched *Durandarte*, crying out aloud, said; Oh my cousin *Montesino*, the last thing that I requested you when I was dying, and my soul departing, was, that you would carry my heart to *Batlerma*, taking it out of my bosom, either with poniard or dagger: which, when the venerable *Montesino* heard, he kneel'd before the griev'd knight, and with tears in his eyes, said; Long since, Oh *Durandarte*, long since my dearest cousin, I did what you enjoind me, in that bitter day of our loss; I took your heart, as well as I could, without leaving the least part of it

\* For so I translate it, to shew the author's mistake.



in your breast: I wip'd it with a lac'd handkerchief, and posted with it towards *France*, having first laid you in the bosom of the earth, with so many tears as was sufficient to wash my hands, or to wipe off the blood from them, which I had gotten by stirring them in your entrails: and for more assurance that I did it, my dearest cousin, at the first place I came to from *Roncesualle*, I cast salt upon your heart, that it might not stink, and might be fresh, and embalm'd when it should come to the presence of the lady *Balerna*, who with you and me, *Guadiana* your squire, the waiting-woman *Ruydera*, and her seven daughters, and her two nieces, and many other of your acquaintances and friends, have been enchanted here by *Merlin*, that wizard long since, and tho' it be above five hundred years ago, yet none of us is dead; only *Ruydera*, her daughters and neices are wanting, whom by reason of their lamentation, *Merlin*, that had compassion on them, turn'd them into so many lakes, now living in the world: and in the province of *Mancha*, they are call'd the lakes of *Ruydera*; seven belong to the kings of *Spain*, and the two nieces to the knights of the most holy order of St. *John*. *Guadiana* your squire, wailing in like manner this mishap, was turn'd into a river that bore his own name; who when he came to the superficies of the earth, and saw the sun in another heaven, such was his grief to have left you, that he straight plung'd himself into the entrails of the earth: but, as it is not possible for him to leave his natural current, sometimes he appears and shews himself, where the sun and men may see him: The aforesaid lakes do minister their waters to him, with which, and many others, he enters *Portuga* in pomp: but, which way soever he goes, he shews his sorrow and melancholy, and contemns the breeding of dainty fish in his waters, and such as are esteem'd, but only muddy and unsavory, far differing from those of golden *Tagus*; and what I now tell you, cousin mine, I have told you often, and since you answer me nothing, I imagine you either believe me not, or not hear me; for which, God knows, I am heartily

tily sorry. One news I will let you know, which, though perhaps it may not any way lighten your grief, yet it will no way increase it: Know, that you have here in your presence, open your eyes and you shall see him, that famous knight, of whom *Merlin* prophesied such great matters, that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I say, that now newly and more happily than former ages, hath rais'd the long-forgotten knight-errantry, by whose means and favour, it may be, that we also may be dis-inchanted; for great exploits are reserv'd for great personages. And if it be otherwise, answer'd the griev'd *Durandarte*, with a faint and low voice, if it be otherwise, oh cousin, I say, \* patience and shuffle: and turning on one side, he return'd to his accustom'd silence, without speaking one word.

By this we heard great howling and moan, accompany'd with deep sighs, and short-breath'd accents: I turn'd me about, and saw, that in another room there came passing by the christal waters, a procession of a company of most beautiful damsels, in two ranks, all clad in mourning, with turbants upon their heads, after the *Turkish* fashion; at last, and in the end of the ranks, there came a lady, who by her majesty appear'd so, cloth'd in like manner in black, with a white dressing on her head, so large, that it kiss'd the very ground. Her turbant was twice as big as the biggest of the rest, she was somewhat beetle-brow'd, flat nos'd, wide mouth'd, but red lipp'd: her teeth, for sometimes she discover'd them, seem'd to be thin, and not very well plac'd, tho' they were as white as blancht almonds; in her hand she carry'd a fine cloth, and within it, as might be perceiv'd, a mummied heart, by reason of the dry embalming of it: *Montesino* told me, that all those in that procession, were servants to *Durandarte* and *Balerna*, that were there enchanted with their masters, and that she that came last with the linnen cloth, and

\* *Patiencia ybaraiar.* A Metaphor taken from card-players, who, when they lose, cry to the dealer, patience, and shuffle the cards.

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the heart in her hand, was the lady *Belerma*, who, together with her damsels, four days in the week, did make that procession, singing, or to say truer, howling their dirges over the body, and griev'd heart of his cousin; and that if now she appear'd somewhat foul to me, or not so fair as fame hath given out, the cause was, her bad nights, but worse days, that she endur'd in that enchantment, as I might see by her deep-sunk eyes, and her broken complexion; and her monthly disease, is not the cause of these, an ordinary thing in women. for it is many months since, and many years, that she hath not had it, nor known what it is; but the grief that she hath in her own heart, for that she carries in her hand continually, which renews and brings to her remembrance, the unfortunateness of her luckless lover: for, if it were not for this, scarce would the famous *Dulcinea del Toboso* equal her in beauty, wit, or liveliness, that is so famous in the *Mancha*, and all the world over. Not too fast, then said I, Signior *Montesino*, on with your story as befits; for you know, all comparisons are odious, and so leave your comparing, the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* is what she is, and the lady *Balerma* is what she is, and hath been; and let this suffice.

To which he answer'd, Pardon me Signior *Don Quixote*, for I confess I did ill, and not well, to say, the lady *Dulcinea* would scarce equal the lady *Balerma*, since it had been sufficient, that I understood, I know not by what aim, that you are her knight, enough to have made me bite my tongue, before I had compar'd her with any thing but heaven it self. With this satisfaction that *Montesino* gave me, my heart was free from that sudden passion I had, to hear my mistress compar'd to *Balerma*.

And I marvel, said *Sancho*, that you got not to the old carle, and bang'd his bones, and pull'd his beard, without leaving him a hair in it.

No, friend *Sancho*, said he, it was not fit for me to do so; for we are all bound to reverence our elders, altho' they be no knights, and most of all, when they are so,

so, and are enchanted. I know well enough, I was not behind-hand with him in other questions and answers that pass'd between us. Then said the *Scholar*, I know not, Signior Don *Quixote*, how you in so little time, as it is since you went down, have seen so many things, and spoken and answer'd so much. How long is it, quoth he, since I went down? A little more than an hour, said *Sancho*. That cannot be, reply'd Don *Quixote*, because it was morning and evening, and evening and morning three times; so that by my account, I have been three days in those parts so remote and hidden from our sight. Surely, my master, quoth *Sancho*, is in the right; for, as all things that befall him are by way of enchantment, so perhaps, that which appears to us but an hour, is to him there, three nights and three days. He hath hit it, said Don *Quixote*. And have you eat, Sir, in all this time? quoth the *Scholar*. Not a bit, quoth Don *Quixote*, neither have I been hungry, or so much as thought of eating. And the enchanted, eat they? said the *Scholar*. No, said he, neither are they troubled with your greater excrements, altho' it be probable that their nails, their beards, and their hair grows. Sleep they happily? said *Sancho*. No indeed, said Don *Quixote*, at least these three days that I have been with them, not one of them hath clos'd his eyes, nor I neither. That fits the proverb, quoth *Sancho*, which says, You shall know the person by his company: you have been amongst the enchanted, and those that watch and fast: no marvel therefore tho' you neither slept nor eat whilst you were among them; but pray, Sir, pardon me, if I say, God, or the devil, I was about to say, take me, if I believe a word of all this you have spoken. Why not? said the *Scholar*: Do you think Signior Don *Quixote* would lie to us; for tho' he would, he hath not had time to compose or invent such a million of lies. I do not believe, quoth *Sancho*, that my master lies. But, what do you believe then? quoth Don *Quixote*. Marry, I believe, said *Sancho*, that that *Merlin*, or those enchanters that enchanted all that rabble, that you say you have



have seen and convers'd with there below, clapt into your apprehension or memory all this machine that you have told us, and all that remains yet to be told. All this may be, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, but 'tis otherwise; for, what I have told, I saw with these eyes, and felt with these hands: but what wilt thou say, when I shall tell thee, that, amongst infinite other matters and wonders, that *Montesino* shew'd me, which at more leisure, and at fitting time, in process of our journey, I shall tell thee. He shew'd me three country wenches, that went leaping and frisking up and down those pleasant fields like goats, and I scarce saw them, when I perceiv'd the one was the peerless *Dulcinea*, and the other two the self-same that we spoke to when we left *Toboso*. I ask'd *Montesino*, whether he knew them: who answer'd me, Not: but that sure they were some ladies of quality there enchanted, that but lately appear'd in those fields, and that it was no wonder; for, that there were many others of former times, and these present, that were enchanted in strange and different shapes, amongst whom he knew queen *Guiniver*, and her woma *Quintaniona*, filling *Lansarotes's* cups when he came from *Britain*.

When *Sancho* heard his master thus far, it made him stark mad, and ready to burst with laughter; for, by reason that he knew the truth of *Dulcinea's* enchantment, as having been himself the enchanter, and the raiser of that tale, he did undoubtedly ratify his belief, that his master was mad and out of his wits; and so told him: In an ill time, and dismal day, patron mine, went you down into the other world, and at an ill season met you with Signior *Montesino*, that hath return'd you in this pickle: you were well enough here above, in your right senses, as God hath given them you, uttering sentences, and giving good counsel every foot, and not as now telling the greatest unlikelihoods that can be imagin'd.

Because I know thee, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, I make no account of thy words. Nor I of yours, said he: you may strike or kill me if you will, either for those

those I have spoken, or those I mean to speak, if you do not correct and amend your self. But, pray tell me, Sir, whilst we are quiet, how knew you it was our mistress? spoke you to her? what said she? and what answer'd you? I knew her, said Don *Quixote*, by the same clothes she had on at such time as thou shew'dst her me: I spoke to her, but she gave me not a word, but turn'd her back, and scudded away so fast, that a flight would not have overtaken her: I meant to have follow'd her, and had done it, but that *Montesino* told me it was in vain, and the rather, because it was now high time for me to return out of the cave. He told me likewise, that in process of time, he would let me know the means of dis-enchanting *Durandarte*, and *Balerna*, and himself; together with all the rest that were there: But that which most griev'd me, was, that whilst I was thus talking with *Montesino*, one of the unfortunate *Dulcinea's* companions came on one side of me, I not perceiving it, and with tears in her eyes, and hollow voice, said to me; My lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* commends her to you, and desires to know how you do: and withal, because she is in great necessity, she desires you with all earnestness, that you would be pleas'd to lend her three shillings upon this new cotton petticoat that I bring you, or what you can spare, for she will pay you again very shortly. This message held me in suspense and admiration: so that turning to Signior *Montesino*, I ask'd him, Is it possible, Signior, that those of your better sort that be enchanted are in want? To which he answer'd, Believe me, Signior Don *Quixote*, this necessity rangeth and extends it self every where, and overtakes all men, neither spares she the enchanted; and therefore, since the lady *Dulcinea* demands these three shillings of you, and that the pawn seems to be good, lend them her, for sure she is much straighten'd. I will take no pawn, quoth I, neither can I lend what she requires, for I have but two shillings: these I gave, which were the same, *Sancho*, that thou gav'st me t'other day, to give for alms to the poor that we met: and I told the maid, friend, tell your mis-

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stress, that I am sorry, with all my heart, for her wants, and I would I were a \* *Fucar* to relieve them; and let her know, that I neither can, nor may have health, wanting her pleasing company, and discreet conversation; and that I desire her, as earnestly as may be, that this her captive servant, and way-beaten knight, may see and treat with her.

You shall also say, that when she least thinks of it, she shall hear say, that I have made an oath and vow, such as was the marquess's of *Mantua*, to revenge his nephew *Baldwine*, when he found him ready to give up the ghost in the midst of the mountain; which was, not to eat his meat with napkins, and other flim-flams added thereunto, till he had reveng'd his death: And so swear I, not to be quiet, till I have travell'd all the seven partitions of the world, more punctually than prince *Don Manuel* of *Portugal*, till I have dis-enchanted her. All this, and more you owe to my mistress, said the damsel; and taking the two shillings, instead of making me a courtesy, she fetch'd a caper two yards high in the air.

Blessed God! *Sancho* cry'd out, and, is it possible that enchanters and enchantments should so much prevail upon him, as to turn his right understanding into such a wild madness? sir, sir, for Gods love have a care of your self, and look to your credit: believe not in these bubbles that have lessen'd and craz'd your wits. Out of thy love, *Sancho*, thou speakest this, said *Don Quixote*, and for want of experience in the world, all things that have never so little difficulty seem to thee, to be impossible: but time will come, as I have told thee already, that I shall relate some things that I have seen before, which may make thee believe what I have said, which admits no reply or controversy.

\* *Fucars*, were a rich family, and name in Germany, that maintain'd a bank of money in Spain, and still us'd to furnish Philip the 2<sup>d</sup> with money in his wars.

## CHAP. XXIV.

*Where are recounted a thousand flim-flams, as impertinent, as necessary to the understanding of this famous History.*

THE translator of this famous History, out of his original, written by *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, says; That when he came to the last chapter going before, these words were written in the margin by the same *Hamet*. I cannot believe or be persuaded, that all that is written in the antecedent chapter, happen'd so punctually to the valorous Don *Quixote*: the reason is, because all adventures hitherto, have been accidental and probable; but this of the cave, I see no likelihood of the truth of it, as being so unreasonable: yet to think Don *Quixote* would lie, being the worthiest gentleman, and noblest knight of his time, is not possible; for he would not lie, though he were shot to death with arrows. On the other side, I consider, that he related it, with all the afore said circumstances, and that in so short a time, he could not frame such a machine of forgeries; and the fault is not mine: so that leaving it indifferent, I here set it down. Thou, oh reader, as thou art wise, judges as thou thinkest good; for I can do no more, though one thing be certain, that when he was upon his death bed, he disdain'd this adventure, and said, that he had only invented it, because it suited with such as he had read of in his histories: so he proceeds, saying:

The *Scholar* wonder'd, as well at *Sancho's* boldness, as his master's patience; but he thought, that by reason of the joy that he receiv'd in having seen his mistress *Dulcinea*, though enchanted, that softness of condition grew upon him; for had it been otherwise, *Sancho* spake words that might have grinded him to powder: for, in his opinion, he was somewhat sawcy to his master, to whom he said:

Signior Don *Quixote*, I think the journey that I have made with you, very well imploy'd, because in it, I have



have stor'd up four things. The first is, the having known your self, which I esteem as a great happiness: The second, to have known the secrets of this *Montesino's* cave, with the transformations of *Guadiana* and *Ruydera's* Lakes, which may help me in my *Spanish Ovid* I have in hand. The third is, to know the antiquity of card-playing, which was us'd at least in the time of the emperor *Charles* the great, as may be collected out of the words you say *Durandarte* us'd, when after a long speech between him and *Montesino*, he awaken'd, saying, patience, and shuffle: and this kind of speaking, he could not learn when he was enchanted, but when he lived in *France*, in the time of the afore said emperor: and this observation comes in pudding-time for the other book that I am making, which is, My supply to *Polydore Virgil*, in the invention of antiquities, and, I believe, in his he left out cards, which I will put in, as a matter of great importance, especially, having so authentick an author as Signior *Durandarte*. The fourth is, to have known for a certain, the true spring of the river *Guadiana*, which hath hitherto been conceal'd.

You have reason, said Don *Quixote*: but I would feign know of you, now that it pleas'd God to give you abilities to print your books, to whom will you direct them? you have lords and \* *grandees* in *Spain*, said the *Scholar*, to whom I may direct them. Few of them, said Don *Quixote*, not because they do not deserve the dedications, but because they will not admit of them, not to oblige themselves to the satisfaction, that is due to the author's pains and courtesy. One prince I know, that may supply the deserts of the rest, with such advantage, that, should I speak of it, it might stir up envy in some noble breast: but let this rest till some fit time, and let us look out where we may lodge to night.

\* *A name given to men of title, as Dukes, Marquises or Earls in Spain, whose only priviledge is to stand cover'd before the King.*

Not

Not far from hence, said the *Scholar*, there is a hermitage, where dwells a hermit, that they say, hath been a foldier, and is become a good christian, and very discreet, and charitable. Besides the hermitage, he hath a little house, which he hath built at his own charge; yet though it be little, it is fit to receive ghests. Hath he any hens, trow? said *Sancho*. Few hermits are without 'em quoth Don *Quixote*; for your hermits now adays, are not like those that liv'd in the desarts of *Ægypt*, that were clad in palm leaves, and liv'd upon the roots of the earth: but mistake me not, that because I speak well of them, I should speak ill of these, only the penitency of these times comes not near those: yet for ought I know, all are good, at least, I think so, and if the worst come to the worst, your hypocrite that feigns himself good, doth less hurt, then he that sins in publick.

As they were thus talking, they might espy a footman coming towards them, going apace, and beating with his wand a hee mule laden with lances and haltberds; when he came near them, he saluted them, and pass'd on: but Don *Quixote* said to him; honest fellow, stay, for methinks you make your mule go faster then needs: I cannot stay, sir, said he, because these weapons that you see I carry, must be us'd to morrow morning: so I must needs go on my way; farewell: but if you will know why I carry them, I shall lodge to night in the \* *Vente* above the hermitage, and, if you go that way, there you shall have me, and I will tell you wonders: and so once more, farewell. So the mule prick'd on so fast, that Don *Quixote* had no leisure to ask him, what wonders they were; and as he was curious, and always desirous of novelties, he took order that they should presently go and pass that night in the *Vente*, without touching at the hermitage, where the *Scholar* would have stay'd that night.

\* *Ventes*, places in Spain, in barren unpeopled parts for lodging, like our beggerly ale-houses upon the high ways.

So all three of them mounted, and went toward the *Vente*, whither they reach'd somewhat before it grew dark, and the *Scholar* invited Don *Quixote* to drink a sup by the way at the hermitage: which, as soon as *Sancho* heard, he made hast with dapple, as did Don *Quixote* and the *Scholar* likewise: but, as *Sancho's* ill luck would have it, the hermit was not at home, as was told them by the under-hermit: they ask'd him, whether he had any of the dearer sort of wine? who answer'd, his master had none: but if they would have any cheap water, he would give it them with a good will. If my thirst would be quench'd with water, we might have had wells to drink at by the way. Ah *Camacho's* marriage, and Don *Diego's* plenty, how oft shall I miss you? Now they left the hermitage, and spurr'd toward the *Vente*, and a little before them, they overtook a *Youth*, that went not very fast before them; so they overtook him: he had a sword upon his shoulder and upon it, as it seem'd, a bundle of cloaths, as breeches, and cloak, and a shirt; for he wore a velvet jerkin, that had some kind of remainder of fatten, and his shirt hung out, his stockings were of silk, and his shoes square at toe, after the court-fashion; he was about eighteen years of age, and active of body to see to: to pass the tediousness of the way, he went singing short pieces of songs, and, as they came near him, he made an end of one, which the *Scholar*, they say, learn'd by heart, and it was this.

*To the wars I go for necessity,*

*At home would I tarry, if I had money.*

Don *Quixote*, was the first that spoke to him, saying, You go very naked, Sir gallant. And whither a God's name? Let's know, if it be your pleasure to tell us? To which, the *Youth* answer'd, heat and poverty, are the causes that I walk so light, and my journey is to the wars. Why for poverty? quoth Don *Quixote*, for heat it may well be. Sir, said the *Youth*, I carry in this bundle, a pair of slops, fellows to this jerkin;

jerkin; if I wear them by the way, I shall do my self no credit with them when I come to any town, and I have no money to buy others with; so as well for this, as to air my self, I go till I can overtake certain companies of foot, which are not above twelve leagues from hence, where I shall get me a place, and shall not want carriages to travel in, till I come to our imbarcking place, which, they say, must be in *Cartagena*, and I had rather have the king to my master, and serve him, then a beggarly courtier. And have you any extraordinary pay? said the *Scholar*.

Had I serv'd any *Grandee*, or man of quality, said the *Youth*, no doubt I should; for that comes by your serving good masters, that out of the scullery men come to be lieutenants or captains, or to have some good pay: but I always had the ill luck to serve your shag-rags and up-starts, whose allowance was so bare and short, that one half of it still was spent in starching me a ruff; and it is a miracle, that one venturing page amongst an hundred, should ever get any reasonable fortune. But tell me, friend, quoth Don *Quixote*, is it possible, that in all the time you serv'd, you never got a livery? Two, said the page: but as he that goes out of a monastery, before he professeth, hath his habit taken from him, and his cloaths given him back: so my masters, return'd me mine, when they had ended their business, for which they came to the court for, and return'd to their own homes, and withheld their liveries, which they had only shew'd for ostentation.

A notable \* *Espilocherio*, as saith your *Italian*, quoth Don *Quixote*; for all that, think your self happy, that you are come from the court, with so good an intention, for there is nothing in the world better, nor more profitable, than to serve God first, and next, your prince and natural master, especially in the practice of arms; by which, if not more wealth, yet, at least, more honour, is obtain'd, than by learning, as I have said many times, that though learning hath rais'd more

\* Cullionry.



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houses than arms, yet your sword-men, have, a kind of I know not what, advantage above *Scholars*, with a kind of splendor, that doth advantage them over all.

And bear in your mind, what I shall now tell you, which shall be much for your good, and much lighten you in your travels; that is, not to think upon adversity; for the worst that can come, is death, which, if it be a good death, the best fortune of all is to die. *Julius Caesar*, that brave *Roman* emperour, being ask'd, Which was the best death? answer'd, A sudden one, and unthought of; and, though he answer'd like a gentile, and void of the knowledge of the true God, yet, he said well, to save human feeling a labour; for, say you should be slain in the first skirmish, either with a cannon shot, or blown up with a mine, What matter is it? all is but dying, and there's an end: and, as *Terence* says, a soldier slain in the field, shews better, than alive and safe in flight; and so much the more famous is a good soldier, by how much he obeys his captains, and those that may command him; and mark, child, it is better for a soldier, to smell of his gun-powder, than of civet; and when old age comes upon you in this honourable exercise, though you be full of scars, maim'd, or lame, at least, you shall not be without honour, which poverty cannot diminish; and besides, there is order taken now, that old and maim'd soldiers may be reliev'd; neither are they dealt withal, \* like those men's negroes, that when they are old and can do their masters no service, they, under colour of making them free, turn them out of doors, and make them slaves to hunger, from which nothing can free them but death; and, for this time, I will say no more to you, but only get up behind me, till you come to the *Vente*, and there you shall sup with me, and to morrow take your journey, which God speed, as your desire deserves.

\* He describes the right subtle and cruel nature of his damn'd country-men.

The page accepted not of his invitement, to ride behind him; but for the supper, he did: and at this season, they say, *Sancho* said to himself; Lord defend thee, master; and is it possible, that a man that knows to speak such, so many, and so good things, as he hath said here, should say, he hath seen such impossible fooleries, as he hath told us of *Montesino's* cave. Well, we shall see what will become of it. And by this they came to the *Vente*, just as it was night; for which, *Sancho* was glad, because too, his master took it to be a true *Vente*, and not a castle, as he was wont. They were no sooner entred, when Don *Quixote*, ask'd the \* *Venter*, for the man with the lances and halberds, who answer'd him, he was in the stable looking to his mule: *Sancho* and the *Scholar* did the same to their asses, giving Don *Quixote's* *Roxinante* the best manger and room in the stable.

## CHAP. XXV.

*Of the adventure of the braying, and the merry one of the puppet-man, with the memorable soothsaying of the propheying ape.*

**D**ON *Quixote* stood upon thorns, till he might hear and know the promis'd wonders, of the man that carry'd the arms, and went where the *Venter* had told him, to seek him; where finding him, he said; That by all means he must tell him presently, what he had promis'd him upon the way. The man answer'd him, The story of the wonders, requires more leisure, and must not be told thus standing: good Sir, let me make an end of provendering my beast, and I will tell you things that shall admire you.

Let not that hinder you, quoth Don *Quixote*, for I'll help you: and so he did, sifting his barley, and cleansing the manger, a humility that oblig'd the fellow to tell his tale heartily: thus, sitting down upon a bench, Don *Quixote* by him, with the *Scholar*, *Page*, and

\* *Ventero, the master of the Vente.*

*Sancho,*

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*Sancho*, and the *Venter*, for his compleat senate and auditory, he began:

You shall understand, that in a town, some four leagues and a half from this *Vente*, it fell out, that an alderman there, by a trick and wile of a wench, his maid-servant, which were long to tell how, lost his ass, and though the said alderman us'd all manner of diligence to find him, it was impossible. His ass was wanting, as the publick voice and fame goeth, fifteen days; when the alderman that lost him, being in the market-place, another alderman of the same town, told him; pay me for my news, gossip, for your ass is forthcoming. I will willingly, gossip, said the other, but let me know where he is? This morning, said the second, I saw him upon the mountains, without his pack-saddle, or any other furniture, so lean, that it was pitty to see him. I would have gotten him before me, and have driven him unto you, but he is so mountainous and wild, that when I made towards him, he flew from me, and got into the thickest of the wood: if you please, we will both return and seek him; let me first put up this ass at home, and I'll come by and by. You shall do me a great kindness, quoth he, and I will repay you, if need be, in the like kind.

With all these circumstances, just as I tell you, all that know the truth, relate it: in fine, the two aldermen, afoot, and hand to hand, went to the hills, and, coming to the place, where they thought to find the ass, they miss'd of him, neither could they find him, for all their seeking round about him. Seeing then, there was no appearance of him, the alderman that had seen him, said to the other; Hark you, gossip, I have a trick in my head, with which, we shall find out this beast, tho' he be hidden under ground, much more if in the mountain: thus it is, I can bray excellent well, and so can you a little: well, 'tis a match. A little, gossip, quoth the other, verily, I'll take no odds of any body, nor of an ass himself. We shall see then, said the second alderman, for my plot is, that you go on one side of the

hill, and I on the other, so that we may compass it round, now and then you shall bray, and so will I, and it cannot be, but that your asfs will answer one of us, if he be in the mountain.

To this, the owner of the asfs answer'd; I tell you, gossip, the device is rare, and worthy your great wit: so dividing themselves, according to the agreement, it fell out, that just at one instant, both bray'd, and each of them cozen'd with the other's braying, came to look another, thinking now there had been news of the asfs: and, as they met, the looser said, is it possible gossip, that it was not mine asfs that bray'd? No, 'twas I, said the other. Then, reply'd the owner, gossip, between you and an asf, there is no difference, touching your braying; for, in my life, I never heard a thing more natural.

These praises and extollings, said the other, do more properly belong to you than me, for truly you may give two to one, to the best and skilfullest brayer in the world; for your sound is lofty, you keep very good time, and your cadences thick and sudden: to conclude, I yield my self vanquish'd, and give you the prize and glory of this rare ability. Well, said the owner, I shall like my self the better for this hereafter, and shall think, I know something, since I have gotten a quality; for though, I ever thought I bray'd well, yet I never thought I was so excellent at it, as you say.

Let me tell you, said the other, there be rare abilities in the world, that are lost and ill imploy'd, in those that will not good themselves with them. Ours, quoth the owner, can do us no good, but in such business, as we have now in hand, and pray God in this they may.

This said, they divided themselves again, and return'd to their braying, and every foot they were deceiv'd, and met; till they agreed upon a counter-sign, that to know 'twas themselves, and not the asfs, they should bray twice together: so that, with this doubling



ling their brays, every stich-while, they compass'd the hill. the lost ass not answering so much, as by the least sign; but how could the poor and ill-thriving beast answer, when they found him in the thicket, eaten with wolves? And his owner seeing him, said, I marvelled he did not answer; for, if he had not been dead, he would have bray'd, if he had heard us, or else he had been no ass: but I'faith, gossip, since I have heard your delicate braying, I think my pains well bestow'd in looking this ass, though I have found him dead.

\* 'Tis in a very good hand, gossip, said the other; and if the abbot sing well, † the little monk comes not behind him. With this, all comfortless and hoarse, home they went, where they told their friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, what had happen'd in the search for the ass, the one exaggerating the other's cunning in braying; all which was known and spread about in the neighbouring towns: and the devil, that always watcheth how he may sow and scatter quarrels, and discord every where, raising brabbles in the air, and making great chimeras of nothing, made the people of other towns, that when they saw any of ours, they should bray, as hitting us in the teeth with our aldermen's braying.

The boys, at length, fell to it, which was, as if it had fall'n into the jaws of all the devils in hell; so this braying, spread it self from one town to the other, that they, which are born in our town, are as well known, as the beggar knows his dish; and, this unfortunate scoff hath proceeded so far, that many times those that were scoffed at, have gone out arm'd in a whole squadron, to give battle to the scoffers, without fear or wit, neither king nor keisar, being able to prevent them. I believe, that to morrow, or next day, those of my town will be in field, to wit, the bray-

\* *En buenna mano esta. Alluding to two, that strive to make one another drink first.*

† *The one as very an ass as the other.*

ers, against the next town, which is two leagues off, one of them that does most persecute us; and, because we might be well provided, I have bought those halbards and lances, that you saw. And these be the wonders, that I said I would tell you of; and if these be not so, I know not what may.

And here the poor fellow ended his discourse: and now there enter'd at the door of the *Vente*, one clad all in his chamois, in hose and doublet, and called aloud; Mine host, have you any lodging? for here comes the prophesying ape, and the motion of *Melissendra*. Body of me, quoth the *Venter*, here is master *Peter*, we shall have a brave night of it, I had forgot to tell how this master *Peter* had his left eye, and half his cheek, cover'd with a patch of green taffeta, a sign that all that side was sore: so the *Venter* proceeded, saying, You are welcome, master *Peter*, where's the ape and the motion, that I see 'em not? they are not far of, quoth the chamois-man, only I am come before, to know if you have any lodging?

I would make bold with the duke of *Alva* himself, said the *Venter*, rather then master *Peter* should be disappointed: let your ape and your motion come; for we have ghes there to night, that will pay for seeing that, and the ape's abilities. In good time, said he of the patch, for I will moderate the price, so my charges this night be paid for; and therefore I will cause the cart where they are, to drive on: with this, he went out of the *Vente* again. Don *Quixote* streight ask'd the *Venter*, What master *Peter* that was? and what motion, or ape, those was he brought?

To which, the *Venter* answer'd; He is a famous puppet-master, that this long time hath gone up and down these parts of *Aragon*, shewing his motion of *Melissendra*, and Don *Gayseros*, one of the best histories that hath been represented these many years in this kingdom. Besides, he hath an ape, the strangest that ever was; for if you ask him any thing, he marketh what you ask, and gets up upon his master's shoulder, and tells him in his ear by way of answer, what he

was

was ask'd: which master *Peter* declares: he tells things to come, as well as things past; and though he does not always hit upon the right, yet he seldom errs, and makes us believe the devil is in him. Twelve pence for every answer we give, if the ape do answer, I mean, if his master do answer for him, after he hath whisper'd in his ear: so it is thought that master *Peter* is very rich; he is a notable fellow, and, as your *Italian* saith, a boon companion; hath the best life in the world, talks his share for six men, and drinks for a dozen, all at his tongue's charge, his motion, and his ape's.

By this, master *Peter* was return'd, and his motion and ape, came in a small carriage; his ape was of a good bigness, without a tale, and his bum as bare as a felt, but not very ill-favour'd. Don *Quixote*, scarce beheld him, when he demanded, master prophesier, what fish do we catch? Tell us, what will become of us? and here is twelve pence, which he commanded *Sancho* to give master *Peter*; who answer'd for the ape, and said: Sir, this beast answers not, nor give any notice of things to come, of things past he knows something, and likewise a little of things present. Zookers, quoth *Sancho*, I'll not give a farthing to know what's past; for who can tell that better then my self? and to pay for what I know, is most foolish: but since you say he knows things present, here's my twelve pence, and let goodman ape, tell me what my wife *Teresa Pancha* doth. and in what she busies herself. Master *Peter* would not take his money, saying, I will not take your reward before-hand, till the ape hath first done his duty: so giving a clap or two with his right-hand on his left shoulder, at one frisk the ape got up, and, laying his mouth to his ear, grated his teeth apace, and, having shew'd this feat the space of a creed's saying, at another frisk, he leap'd to the ground; and instantly, master *Peter*, very hastily ran and kneel'd down before Don *Quixote*, and embracing his legs, said, These legs I embrace, as if they were *Hercules's* pillars. Oh never sufficiently extoll'd knight.

Don *Quixote de la Mancha*! raider of the faint-hearted, propper of those that fall, the staff and comfort of all the unfortunate! Don *Quixote* was amaz'd, *Sancho* confus'd, the *Scholar* in suspence, the *Page* astonish'd, the bray town's-man all in a gaze, the *Venter* at his wit's end, and all admiring that heard the puppet-man's speech, who went on, saying:

And thou, honest *Sancho Pancha*, the best squire, to the best knight of the world; rejoice, for thy wife *Teresa* is a good house-wife, and, at this time, she is dressing a pound of flax; by the same token, she hath a good broken-mouth'd pot at her left side, that holds a pretty scantling of wine, with which, she easeth her labour.

I believe that very well, said *Sancho*, for she is a good soul; and if she were not jealous, I would not change her for the Giantess *Andandona*, that, as my master says, was a woman for the nonce: and my *Teresa*, is one of those that will not pine her self, though her heirs smart for it.

Well, I say now, quoth Don *Quixote*, he that reads much, and travels much, sees much, and knows much. This I say, for who in the world could have persuaded me that apes could prophesy? which now, I have seen with mine own eyes; for I am the same Don *Quixote* that this beast speaks of, although he have been somewhat too liberal in my praise: but howsoever I am, I give God thanks, that he hath made me so relenting and compassionate, always inclin'd to do good to a'l, and hurt to no man.

If I had money, said the *Page*, I would ask Mr. Ape, what should befall me in the perigrination I have in hand. To which, master *Peter* answer'd, that was now risen from Don *Quixote's* foot, I have told you once, that this little beast foretels not things to come; for if he could, 'twere no matter for your money: for here is Signior Don *Quixote* present, for whose sake, I would forego all the interest in the world: and to shew my duty to him, and to give him delight, I will set up my motion, and freely shew all the com-  
pany



Pany in the *Vente* some pastime gratis. Which the *Venter* hearing, unmeasurably glad, pointed him to a place, where he might set it up; which was done in an instant.

Don *Quixote*, lik'd not the ape's prophesying very well, holding it to be frivolous, that an ape should only tell things present, and not past, or to come. So whilst master *Peter* was sitting his motion, Don *Quixote* took *Sancho* with him to a corner of the stable, and in private, said:

Look thee, *Sancho*, I have very well consider'd of this ape's strange quality, and, find that this master *Peter*, hath made a secret express compact with the devil, to infuse this ability into the ape, that he may get his living by it, and when he is rich, he will give him his soul; which is that, that this universal enemy of mankind pretends: and that which induceth me to this belief, is, that the ape answers not to things past, but only present; and the devil's knowledge attains to no more; for things to come he knows not, only by conjecture: for God alone can distinguish the times and moments, and to him nothing is past or to come, but all is present: Which being so, it is most certain, that this ape speaks by instinct from the devil, and I wonder he hath not been accus'd to the inquisition, and examin'd, and that it hath not been preis'd out of him, to know by what vertue this ape prophesieth; for, certainly, neither he, nor his ape are astrologers, nor know how to cast figures, which they call judiciary, so much us'd in *Spain*: for you have no paltry woman, nor page, nor cobbler, that presumes not to cast a figure, as if it were one of the knaves at cards upon a table, falsifying that wondrous science with their ignorant lying.

I knew a gentlewoman, that ask'd one of these figure-flingers, if a little foisting-hound of hers should have any puppies, and if it had, how many, and of what colour the whelps should be. To which, my cunning man, after he had cast his figure, answer'd: That the bitch should have young, and bring forth three little whelps, the one green, the other carnation, and the  
third

third of a mix'd colour, with this *proviso*, that she should take the dog between eleven and twelve of the clock at noon, or at night, which should be on the monday. or the saturday; and the success was, that some two days after the bitch dy'd of a surfeit, and master figure-raiser was reputed in the town a most perfect judiciary, as all, or the greatest part of such men are. For all that, said *Sancho*, I would you would bid master *Peter* ask his ape, whether all were true that besel you in *Montesino's* cave: for, I think, under correction, all was cogging and lying, or at least but a dream. All might be, said Don *Quixote*, yet I will do as thou dost advise me, tho' I have one scruple remaining.

Whilst they were thus communing, master *Peter* came to call Don *Quixote*, and to tell him that the motion was now up, if he would please to see it, which would give him content.

Don *Quixote*, told him his desire, and wish'd that his ape might tell him, if certain things that besel him in *Montesino's* cave, were true, or but dreams; for himself was uncertain whether. Master *Peter*, without answering a word, fetcht his ape, and putting him before Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*, said, Look you, master ape, Signior Don *Quixote* would have you tell him, whether certain things that happen'd to him in *Montesino's* cave were true or false? and, making the accustomed sign, the ape wipt upon his left shoulder, and seeming to speak to him in his ear, master *Peter*, streight interpreted. The ape, Signior, says, that part of those things are false, and part of them true, and this is all he knows touching this demand; and now his vertue is gone from him, and if you will know any more, you must expect till friday next, and then he will answer you all you will ask, for his vertue will not return till then.

Law ye there, quoth *Sancho*, did not I tell you that I could not believe that all you said of *Montesino's* cave, could hold currant? The success hereafter will determine that, quoth Don *Quixote*, for time, the disco-

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*Don Quixote's Adventure at the Puppet Show* G. T. Gucke, Sc.



verer of all things, brings every thing to the sun's light, tho' it be hidden in the bolom of the earth: and now let this suffice, and let us go see the motion; for, I believe we shall have some strange novelty. Some strange one, quoth master *Peter*; this motion of mine hath a thousand strange ones: I tell you, Signior, it is one of the rarest things to be seen in the world; *operibus credite & non verbis*: and now to work, for it is late, and we have much to do, say, and shew.

Don *Quixote*, and *Sancho* obey'd, and went where the motion was set and open'd, all full of little wax lights, that made it most sightly and glorious. Master *Peter* streight clapp'd himself within it, who was he that was to manage the artificial puppets; and without stood his boy, to interpret and declare the mysteries of the motion; in his hand, he had a white wand, with which he pointed out the several shapes that came in and out. Thus all that were in the *Vente*, being plac'd, and some standing over against the motion, Don *Quixote*, *Sancho*, the *Scholar* and the *Page*, plac'd in the best seats, \* the trudge-man began to speak what shall be heard or seen, by him that shall hear or read the next chapter.

CHAP. XXVI.

*Of the delightful passage of the puppet-play, and other pleasant matters.*

**H**ERE *Tyrians* and *Trojans* were all silent, I mean, all the spectators of the motion had their ears hang'd upon the interpreter's mouth, that should declare the wonders; by and by there was a great sound of kettle drums, and trumpets, and a volley of great shot within the motion, which, passing away briefly, the boy began to raise his voice, and to say:

This true history, which is here represented to you, is taken word for word out of the *French* chronicles,

\* *El Trixaman.* An interpreter amongst the *Turks*, but here taken for any in general.

and

and the *Spanish* romants, which are in every body's mouth, and sung by boys up and down the streets. It treats of the liberty that Signior Don *Gayferos* gave to *Melisendra*, his wife, that was imprison'd by the *Moors* in *Spain*, in the city of *Sanfuenna*, which was then so call'd, and now *Saragosa*; and look you there, how Don *Gayferos* is playing at tables, according to the song;

*Now Don Gayferos at Tables doth play,  
Unmindful of Melisendra away.*

And that personage that peeps out there with a crown on his head, and a scepter in his hand, is the emperor *Charlemaine*, the suppos'd father of the said *Melisendra*, who griev'd with the sloth and neglect of his son in law, comes to chide him: and mark with what vehemency and earnestness he rates him, as if he meant to give him half a dozen cons with his scepter. Some authors there be that say, he did, and found ones too: and after he had told him many things concerning the danger of his reputation, if he did not free his spouse, 'twas said he told him, I have said enough, look to it. Look ye Sir, again, how the emperor turns his back, and in what case he leaves Don *Gayferos*, who all enrag'd, flings the tables and the table-men from him, and hastily calls for his armour, and borrows his cousin german *Roldan's* sword *Durindana*; who offers him his company in this difficult enterprize. But the valorous enrag'd knight would not accept it, saying; That he is sufficient to free his spouse, tho' she were put in the deep centre of the earth: and now he goes into arm himself for his journey.

Now turn your eyes to yonder tower that appears, for you must suppose it is one of the towers of the castle of *Saragosa*, which is now call'd the *Aliaferia*, and that lady that appears in the window, clad in a *Moorish* habit, is the peerless *Melisendra*, that many a time looks towards *France*, thinking on *Paris* and her spouse, the only comforts in her imprisonment. Behold

also

also a strange accident now that happens, perhaps never the like seen: see you not that *Moor* that comes fair and softly, with his finger in his mouth, behind *Melissendra*? look what a smack he gives her in the midst of her lips, and how suddenly she begins to spit, and to wipe them with her white smock sleeve, and how she laments, and for very anguish despitously roots up her fair hairs, as if they were to blame for this wickedness. Mark you also that grave *Moor*, that stands in that open gallery, it is *Marsilius* king of *Sanfuenma*, who, when he saw the *Moor's* fauciness, altho' he were a kinsman, and a great favourite of his, he commanded him streight to be apprehended, and to have two hundred stripes given him, and to be carry'd thorough the chief streets in the city, with minstrels before, and rods of justice behind; and look ye how the sentence is put in execution before the fault be scarce committed; for your *Moors* use not, as we do, any legal proceeding. Child, child, cry'd Don *Quixote* aloud, on with your story in a direct line, and fall not into your crooks and your transversals: for to verify a thing I tell you, there had need be a legal proceeding. Then master *Peter* too said from within; Boy, fall not you to your flourishes, but do as that gentleman commands you, which is the best course; sing you your plain song, and meddle not with the treble, lest the strings break. I will, master, said the boy, and proceeded, saying:

He that you see there, quoth he, on horseback, clad in a gascoin cloak, is Don *Gayferos* himself, to whom his wife, now reveng'd on the *Moor* for his boldness, shews herself from the battlements of the castle, taking him to be some passenger, with whom she pass'd all the discourse mentioned in the romant, that says:

*Friend, if toward France you go,  
Ask if Gayferos be there or no, &c.*

The rest I omit, for all prolixity is irksome, 'tis sufficient that you see there how Don *Gayferos* discovers him-

himself, and by *Melisendra's* jocund behaviour, we may imagine she knows him, and the rather, because now we see, she lets herself down from a bay window, to ride away behind her good spouse: but alas, unhappy creature, one of the skirts of her kirtle hath caught upon one of the iron bars of the window, and she hovers in the air, without possibility of coming to the ground: but see how pitiful heaven relieves her in her greatest necessity! for *Don Gayferos* comes, and, without any care of her rich kirtle, lays hold of it, and forcibly brings her down with him, and, at one hoist, sets her astride upon his horse's crupper, and commands her to sit fast, and clasp her arms about him, that she fall not; for *Melisendra* was not us'd to that kind of riding. Look you how the horse, by his neighing, shews that he is proud with the burden of his valiant master, and fair mistress. Look how they turn their backs to the city, and merrily take their way toward *Paris*. Peace be with you, Oh peerless couple of true lovers! safely may you arrive at your desir'd country, without fortunes hindering your prosperous voyage! may your friends and kindred see you enjoy the rest of your years, as many as *Nestor's*, peaceably!

Here master *Peter* cry'd out aloud again, saying, plainness, good boy, do not you soar so high, this affectation is scurvy. The interpreter answer'd nothing, but went on, saying, There wanted not some idle spectators, that pry into every thing, who saw the going down of *Melisendra*, and gave *Marfilius* notice of it, who streight commanded to sound an alarm; and now behold, how fast the city even sinks again with the noise of bells, that sound in the high towers of the \* *Mesquits*.

There you are out, boy, said *Don Quixote*, and master *Peter* is very improper in his bells; for amongst *Moors* you have no bells, but kettle drums, and a kind of shalms, that be like our waits; so that your found-

\* *Mesquitas*, Moorish churches.

ing



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ing of bells in *Sanjuenna*, is a most idle foppery. Stand not upon trifles, Signior Don *Quixote*, said master *Peter*, and so strictly upon every thing, for we shall not know how to please you. Have you not a thousand comedies ordinarily represented, as full of incongruities and absurdities, and yet they run their career happily, and are heard, not only with applause, but great admiration also? On boy, say on, and so I fill my purse, let there be as many improprieties as moats in the sun. You are in the right, quoth Don *Quixote*; and the boy proceeded.

Look what a company of gallant knights go out of the city in pursuit of the catholic lovers, how many trumpets sound, how many shalms play, how many drums and kettles make a noise; I fear me, they will overtake them, and bring them back both bound to the same horse's tail, which would be a horrible spectacle.

Don *Quixote*, seeing and hearing such a deal of moorism, and such a coil, he thought fit to succour those that fled: so standing up, with a loud voice he cry'd out; I will never consent while I live, that in my presence, such an outrage as this, be offer'd to so valiant, and so amorous a bold knight, as Don *Gayferos*: stay, you base scoundrels, do not you follow or persecute him: if you do, you must first wage war with me: so doing and speaking, he unsheath'd his sword, and at one frisk he got to the motion, and, with an unseen posting fury, he began to rain strokes upon the puppetish-moorism, overthrowing some, and beheading others, maiming this, and cutting in pieces that; and amongst many other blows, he fetch'd one so down right, that had not Mr. *Peter* tumbld and squatted down, he had clipp'd his mazard as easily, as if it had been made of march-pane. Mr. *Peter* cry'd out, saying, hold, Signior Don *Quixote*, hold, and know that these you hurl down, destroy, and kill, are not real *Moors*, but shapes made of paste-board: Look you, look you now, wretch that I am, he spoils all, and undoes me. But, for all this, Don *Quixote*  
still

still multiply'd his flashes, doubling and redoubling his blows, as thick as hops.

And, in a word, in less than two *Credo's*, he cast down the whole motion, all the tackling first cut to fitters, and all the puppets, king *Marsilius* was fore wounded, and the emperor *Charlemaine*, his head and crown were parted in two places, the senate and auditors were all in a hurry, and the ape got up to the top of the house, and so out of the window; the *Shoolar* was frighted, the page clean dastard'd, and even *Sancho* himself was in a terrible perplexity, for, as he swore after the storm was past, he never saw his master so outrageous.

The general ruin of the motion thus perform'd, Don *Quixote* began to be somewhat pacify'd, and said, now would I have all those here at this instant before me, that believe not, how profitable knights errant are to the world; and had not I been now present, what, I marvel, would have become of Signior Don *Gayferos*, and the fair *Melifendra*? I warrant, ere this, whose dogs would have overtaken, and shew'd them some foul play: when all is done, long live knight-errantry, above all things living in the world.

Long live it, on God's name, said Mr. *Peter*, again, with a pitiful voice, and, may I die, since I live to be so unhappy, as to say with king \* Don *Rodrigo*, yesterday I was lord of all *Spain*, but to day, have not a battlement I can call mine: 'tis not yet half an hour, scarce half a minute, that I was master of kings and emperors, had my stables, coffers, and bags full of horses and treasure; but now I am desolate, dejected and poor, and to add more affliction, without my ape, that before I can catch him again, I am like to sweat for it, and all through the unconsiderate furies of this Sir knight, who is said to protect the fatherless, to rectify wrongs, and to do other charitable works; but to me only, this his generous intention hath been de-

\* Don *Rodrigo* was the last king of the Goths, that reign'd in *Spain*, conquer'd by the Moors.

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fective, I thank God for it. In fine, it could be none but *The knight of the sorrowful countenance*, that discountenanc'd me and mine. *Sancho* grew compassionate, to hear master *Peter's* lamentation, and said, Weep not, nor grieve, master *Peter*, for thou break'st my heart; and, let me tell thee, that my master, *Don Quixote*, is so scrupulous and catholical a *Christian*, that if he fall into the reckoning, that he hath done thee any wrong, he knows how, and will satisfy it with much advantage. If, said master *Peter*, Signior *Don Quixote*, would but pay we for some part of the pieces that he hath spoil'd, I should be contented, and his worship might not be troubl'd in conscience: for he that keeps that, that is another man's, against the owner's will, and restores it not, can hardly be sav'd.

That's true, quoth *Don Quixote*, but hitherto, master *Peter*, I know not whether I have detain'd ought of yours. No, not! said master *Peter*: why these poor relicks that lie upon the hard and barren earth, who scatter'd and annihilated them, but the invincible force of that powerful arm? and whose were those bodies, but mine? and with whom did I maintain my self, but with them? Well, I now, said *Don Quixote*, verily believe, what I have done often, that the enchanters that persecute me, do nothing but put shapes really, as they are before mine eyes, and by and by, truck and change them at their pleasures. Verily, my masters, you that here me, I tell you, all that here pass'd, seem'd to me to be really so, and that that *Melifendra* was *Melifendra*; *Don Gayferos*, *Don Gayferos*; and *Marsilius*, *Marsilius*; and *Charlemaine*, *Charlemaine*: and this was it that stirr'd up my choler; and to accomplish my profession of knight-errant, my meaning was to succour those that fled, and to this good purpose, I did all that you have seen, which, if it fell out unluckily, 'twas no fault of mine, but of my wicked persecuters; yet, for all this error, though it proceeded from no malice of mine, I my self, will condemn my self in the charge; let master

*Peter*

*Peter* see what he will have for the spoil'd pieces, and I will pay it all in present currant coin of *Castile*.

Master *Peter* made him a low leg, saying, I could expect no less from the unheard-of christianity of the most valorous Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, the true succourer and bulwark of all those that being in need and necessity, or wandering vagabonds; and now let the *Venter* and the grand *Sancho* be arbitrators, and price-setters, between your worship and me, and let them say what every torn piece was worth. The *Venter* and *Sancho* both agreed: by and by Mr. *Peter* reach'd up *Marsilius* king of *Saragosa*, headless, and said, you see how impossible it is for this prince to return to his first being, and therefore, saving your better judgments, I think fit to have for him, two shillings and three pence.

On then, quoth Don *Quixote*. Then for this, quoth master *Peter*, that is parted from head to foot, taking the emperor *Charlemaine* up, I think two shillings seven pence half-penny, is little enough. Not very little, quoth *Sancho*. Nor much, said the *Venter*: but moderate the bargain, and let him have half a crown. Let him have his full asking, said Don *Quixote*, for, for such a mishap as this, we'll never stand upon three half pence more or less, and make an end quickly, master *Peter*, for it is near supper-time, and I have certain suspicions that I shall eat. For this puppet, said Mr. *Peter*, without a nose, and an eye wanting, of the fair *Melifendra*, I ask, but in justice, fourteen pence half-penny.

Nay, the devil's in it, said Don *Quixote*, if *Melifendra* be not now in *France*, or, upon the borders, at least, with her husband, for the horse they rid on, to my seeming, rather flew then ran; and, therefore sell not me a cat for a coney, presenting me here *Melifendra* nose-less, when she, if the time require it, is wantonly solacing with her husband in *France*: God give each man his own, Mr. *Peter*, let us have plain dealing; and so proceed. Master *Peter*, that saw Don *Quixote* in a wrong vain, and that he return'd



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to his old them, thought yet, he should not escape him, and so reply'd; indeed this should not be *Melissandra*, now I think on't, but some one of the damsels, that serv'd her, so that five pence for her will content me.

Thus he went on, prising of other torn puppets, which the arbitrating judges moderated to the satisfaction of both parties, and the whole prices of all were, twenty one shillings and eleven pence, which, when *Sancho* had disburs'd, master *Peter* demanded over and above twelve pence for his labour, to look the ape. Give it him, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, not to catch his ape, \* but a monkey, and, I would give five pound for a reward, to any body that would certainly tell me, that the lady *Melissandra* and Don *Gayferos*, were safely arriv'd in *France*, amongst their own people.

None can better tell then my ape, said master *Peter*, though the devil himself will scarce catch him; yet I imagine, making much of him, and hunger, will force him to seek me to night, and by morning we shall come together. Well, to conclude, the storm of the motion pass'd, and all supp'd merrily, and, like good fellows, at Don *Quixote's* charge; who was liberal in extremity. Before day, the fellow with the lances and halbards was gone, and somewhat after, the *Scholar* and the page came, to take leave of Don *Quixote*, the one, to return homeward, and the other, to prosecute his intended voyage, and, for a relief, Don *Quixote* gave him six shillings.

Master *Peter*, would have no more to do with him, for he knew him too well. So he got up before the sun, and gathering the relicks of the motion together, and his ape, he betook him to his adventures. The *Venter* that knew not Don *Quixote*, wonder'd as much at his liberality, as his madness. To conclude, *Sancho* paid him honestly, by his master's order, and taking leave, about eight of the clock, they left the *Vente*, and went on their way, where we must leave

\* As we say, to catch a fox.

them

them; for so it is fit, that we may come to other matters, pertaining to the true declaration of this famous history.

## CHAP. XXVII.

*Who master Peter, and his ape were, with the ill success that Don Quixote had in the adventure of the braying, which he ended not so well, as he would, or thought for.*

**C**ID Hamet, the chronicler of this famous history, begins this chapter, with these words: I swear like a catholic christian. To which, the translator says, that *Cid* is swearing like a catholic christian, he being a *Moor*, as undoubtedly he was, was no othrewise to be understood, than that, as the catholic christian, when he swears, doth or ought to swear truth, so did he, as if he had sworn like a catholic christian, in what he meant to write of Don *Quixote*, especially in recounting who Mr. *Peter* and the prophesying ape were; that made all the country astonish'd at his foretelling things. He says then, that he, who has read the former part of this history, will have well remembred that same *Gines de Passamonte*, whom Don *Quixote*, amongst other gally-slaves, freed in *Sierra Morena*, a benefit for which afterwards he had small thanks, and worse payment, from that wicked and ungrateful rout.

This *Gines de Passamonte*, whom Don *Quixote* called *Ginesillo de Parapilla*, was he that stole *Sancho's* dapple; which, because, neither the manner nor the time were put in the first part, made many attribute the fault of the impression, to the author's weakness of memory. But true it is, that *Gines* stole him, as *Sancho* slept upon his back, using the same trick and device of *Brunelo's*, when, as *Sacripante* being upon the siege of *Albracha*, he stole his horse from under his legs; and, after *Sancho* recover'd him again, as was shew'd.

This

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This *Gines*, fearful of being found by the justices that sought after him, to punish him for his infinite villanies and faults, that were so many and so great, that himself made a great volume of them, determin'd to get him into the kingdom of *Aragon*, and so covering his left eye, to apply himself to the office of a puppet-man; for this and juggling he was excellent at. It fell out so, that he bought his ape of certain captive christians that came out of *Barbary*, whom he had instructed, that upon making a certain sign, he should leap upon his shoulder, and should mumble, or seem to do so, at least, something in his ear.

This done, before he would enter into any town with his motion or ape, he informed himself in the nearest town, or where he best could, what particulars had happened in such a place, or to such persons; and bearing all well in mind, the first thing he did, was to shew his motion, which was sometimes of one story, otherwhiles of another: but all merry, delightful, and familiarly known.

The sight being finish'd, he propounded the rarities of his ape, telling the people, that he could declare unto them, all things past and present; but, in things to come, he had no skill. For an answer to each question, he demanded a shilling; but, to some, he did it cheaper, according as he perceiv'd the demanders in case to pay him; and, sometimes he came to such places, as he knew what had happen'd to the inhabitants, who, although they would demand nothing, because they would not pay him; yet, he would straight make signs to the ape, and tell them, the beast had told him this, or that, which fell out just by what he had before heard; and, with this, he got an unspeakable name, and all men flocked about him; and, at other times, as he was very cunning, he would reply so, that the answers fell out very fit to the questions: and, since nobody went about to sift, or to press him, how his ape did prophesy, he gull'd every one, and fill'd his pouch.

As soon as ever he came into the *Vente*, he knew Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*, and all that were there: but  
it

it had cost him dear, if Don *Quixote* had let his hand fall somewhat lower, when he cut off king *Marfilius's* head, and destroy'd all his chivalry, as was related in the antecedent chapter. And this is all that may be said of master *Peter* and his *Ape*.

And, returning to Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, I say, that after he was gone out of the *Vente*, he determin'd first of all to see the banks of the river *Heber*, and all round about, before he went to the city of *Saragosa*, since between that and the jills there, he had time enough for all. Hereupon he went on his way, which he pass'd two days without lighting on any thing worth writing, till the third day, going up a ridge-way, he heard a sound of drums, trumpets and guns; at first, he thought some regiment of soldiers pass'd by that way: so, to see them, he spurr'd *Rozinante*, and got up the ridge, and when he was at the top, he saw, as he guess'd, at the foot of it, near upon two hundred men, arm'd with different sorts of arms, to wit, spears, cross-bows, partizans, halbards, and pikes, and some guns, and many targets. He came down from the high ground, and drew near to the squadron, insomuch that he might distinctly perceive their banners, judged of their colours, and noted their impresses, and especially one, which was on a standard or shred of white sattin, where was lively painted a little ass, like one of your *Sardinian* asses, his head lifted up, his mouth open, and his tongue out, in act and posture, just as he were braying; about him were these two verses written in fair letters;

'Twas not for nought, that day,  
The one and t'other judge did bray:

By this device Don *Quixote* collected, that those people belong'd to the braying town, and so he told *Sancho*, declaring likewise what was written in the standard; he told him also, that he that told them the story, was in the wrong, to say they were two aldermen that bray'd: for by the verses of the standard, they were two judges. To which *Sancho* answer'd, Sir, that

breaks



breaks no square; for, it may very well be, that the aldermen, that then bray'd, might come in time to be judges of the town, so they may have been call'd by both titles. Howsoever, 'tis not material to the truth of the story, whether the brayers were aldermen, or judges, one for another, be they who they would, and a judge is even as likely to bray as an alderman.

To conclude, they perceiv'd and knew, that the town that was mock'd, went out to skirmish with another that had too much abus'd them, and more than was fitting for good neighbours. Don *Quixote* went towards them, to *Sancho's* no small grief, who was no friend to those enterprizes. Those of the squadron hemm'd him in, taking him to be some one of their side. Don *Quixote* lifting up his vizor, with a pleasant countenance and courage, came towards the standard of the ass, and there all the chiefest of the army gather'd about him to behold him, falling into the same admiration, as all else did the first time they had seen him. Don *Quixote* that saw them attentively look on him, and no man offering to speak to him, or ask him ought, taking hold on their silence, and breaking his own, he rais'd his voice, and said:

Honest friends, I desire you with all earnestness, that you interrupt not the discourse that I shall make to you, till you shall see that I either distaste or weary you; which, if it be so, at the least sign you shall make, I will seal up my lips, and clap a gag on my tongue. All of them bad him speak what he would, for they would hear him willingly.

Don *Quixote*, having this licence, went on, saying, I, my friends, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is arms, whose profession, to favour those that need favour, and to help the distress'd. I have long known of your misfortune, and the cause that every while moves you to take arms to be reveng'd on your enemies. And having not only once, but many times ponder'd your business in my understanding, I find, according to the laws of duel, that you are deceiv'd to think yourselves affronted; for, no particular person can af-

front a whole town, except it be in defying them for traitors in general, because he knows not who in particular committed the treason, for which he defy'd all the town.

We have an example of this in Don *Diego Ordonez de Lara*, who defy'd the whole town of *Zamora*, because he was ignorant, that only *Vellido de Olfos* committed the treason in killing his king; so he defy'd them all, and the revenge and answer concern'd them all: tho' howsoever Don *Diego* was somewhat too hasty and too forward; for it was needless for him to have defy'd the dead, or the waters, or the corn, or the children unborn, with many other trifles there mention'd: but let it go, for when choler overflows, the tongue hath neither father, governour, or guide that may correct it. This being so then, that one particular person cannot affront a kingdom, province, city, commonwealth, or town only, it is manifest, that the revenge of defiance for such as affront is needless, since it is none; for it were a goodly matter sure, that thole of the town of *Reloxa* should every foot go out to kill those that abuse them so: or, that your \* *Caxoteros*, *Verengeneros*, *Vallenatos*, *Xanoueros*, or others of these kinds of nick-names, that are common in every boy's mouth, and the ordinary sort of people: 'twere very good, I say, that all these famous towns should be ashamed, and take revenge, and run with their swords continually drawn like sack-butts, for every slender quarrel. No, no, God forbid: men of wisdom, and well-govern'd commonwealths, ought to take arms for four things, and so to endanger their persons, lives and estates. First, to defend the catholic faith. Secondly, their lives, which is according to divine and natural law. Thirdly, to defend their honour, family, and estates. Fourthly, to serve their prince in a lawful war; and, if we will, we may add a fifth, that may serve for a second, to defend their country. To these

\* Several nick-names given to towns in Spain, upon long tradition, and too tedious to be put in a margin.

five capital causes, may be join'd many others, just and reasonable, that may oblige men to take arms: but to take them for trifles, and things that are rather fit for laughter and pastime than for any affront, it seems that he, who takes them, wants his judgment. Besides, to take an unjust revenge, indeed nothing can be just by way of revenge, is directly against God's law which we profess, in which we are commanded to do well to our enemies, and good to those that hate us; a commandment, that tho' it seem difficult to fulfil, yet it is not only to those that know less of God than the world, and more of the flesh than the spirit; for Jesus Christ, true God and man, who never ly'd, neither could, nor can, being our law-giver, said that his yolk was sweet, and his burden light: so he would command us nothing that should be impossible for us to fulfil. So that, my masters, you are ty'd both by laws divine and humane to be pacify'd.

The devil take me, thought *Sancho* to himself at this instant, if this master of mine be not a divine, or, if not, as like one as one egg is to another.

Don *Quixote* took breath a while, and seeing them still attentive, had proceeded in his discourse, but that *Sancho's* conceitedness came betwixt him and home, who, seeing his master pause, took his turn, saying:

My master Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, sometimes call'd, *The knight of the sorrowful countenance*, and now *The knight of the lions*, is a very judicious gentleman, speaks *Latin*, and his *Mother-tongue*, as well as a bachelor of arts, and in all, he handleth or adviseth, proceeds like a man of arms, and hath all the laws and statutes of that you call *Duel, ad unguem*: therefore there is no more to be done, but to govern your selves according to his direction, and let me bear the blame if you do amiss. Besides, as you are now told, 'tis a folly to be ashamed to hear one bray; for, I remember when I was a boy, I could have bray'd at any time I listed, without any body's hinderance, which I did so truly and cunningly, that, when I bray'd, all the asses in the town would answer me; and, for all this, I was held

to be the son of honest parents, and tho', for this rare quality, I was envy'd by more than four of the proudest of my parish, I car'd not two straws: and that you may know I say true, do but stay and hearken, for this science is like swimming, once known, never forgotten, so, clapping his hand to his nose, he began to bray so strongly, that the vallies near hand resounded again. But one of them that stood nearest him, thinking he had flouted them, lifted up a good bat he had in his hand, and gave him such a blow, that he tumbled him to the ground.

Don *Quixote*, that saw *Sancho* so evil entreated, set upon him that did it, with his lance in his hand; but there came so many betwixt them, that it was not possible for him to be reveng'd: rather seeing a cloud of stones comming towards himself, and that a thousand bent cross-bows began to threaten him, and no less quantity of guns; turning *Rozinante's* reins, as fast as he could gallap, he got from among them, recommending himself heartily to God, to free him from that danger, and fearing every foot, lest some bullet should enter him behind, and come out at his breast: so he still went fetching his breath, to see if it fail'd him. But they of the Squadron were satisfy'd when they saw him fly, and so shot not at him. *Sancho*, they set upon his ass, scarce yet come to himself, and let him go after his master, not that he could tell how to guide him: but dapple follow'd *Rozinante's* steps, without whom he was no body.

Don *Quixote* being now a pretty way off, look'd back, and saw that *Sancho* was comming, and mark'd that no body follow'd him. Those of the Squadron were there till dark night, and because their enemies came not to battle with them, they return'd home to their town, full of mirth and jollitry: and if they had known the antient custom of the *Grecians*, they would have rais'd a trophy in that place.



## CHAP. XXVIII.

*Of things that Benengeli relates, which he that reads shall know, if he read them with attention.*

WHEN the valiant man turns his back, the advantage over him is manifest, and it is the part of wise men to reserve themselves to better occasions. This truth was verifi'd in Don Quixote, who giving way to the fury of the people, and to the ill intentions of that angry squadron, took his heels, and without remembring Sancho, or the danger he had left him in, got himself so far as he might seem to be safe. Sancho follow'd, laid athwart upon his ass, as hath been said. At last he overtook him, being now come to himself, and coming near, he fell off his dapple at Rozinante's feet, all sorrowful, bruise'd and beaten. Don Quixote alighted to search his wounds, but finding him whole from top to toe, very angrily he said, You must bray with a plague to you, and where have you found that 'tis good naming the halter in the hang'd man's house? to your braying music, what counterpoint could you expect but bat-blows? And, Sancho, you may give God thanks, that since they bless'd you with a cudgel, they had not made the *Per signum crucis* on you with a scimitar.

I know not what to answer, quoth Sancho, for methinks I speak at my back, pray let's be gone from hence, and I'll no more braying: yet I cannot but say, that your knights-errant can fly, and leave their faithful squires to be bruise'd like privet by their enemies.

To retire, is not to fly, said Don Quixote, for know, Sancho, that valour that is not founded upon the basis of wisdom, is still'd temerity, and the rash man's actions are rather attributed to good fortune, than courage. So that I confess I retir'd, but fled not, and in this have imitated many valiant men, that have reserv'd themselves for better times; and histories are full of these, which because now they would be tedious to

me, and unprofitable to thee, I relate them not at present.

By this time *Sancho*, with Don *Quixote's* help, got to horse, and Don *Quixote* mounted *Rozinante*, and by little and little, they had gotten into a little elm-grove, some quarter of a league off: now and then *Sancho* would fetch a most deep hey, ho, and dolorous sighs. And Don *Quixote* demanding the reason of his pitiful complaints, he said, That from the point of his back-bone, to the top of his crown, he was so sore, that he knew not what to do. The cause of that pain undoubtedly, quoth Don *Quixote*, is, that as the cudgel, with which they bang'd thee, was long and slender, it lighted upon those parts of thy back all along, that grieve thee; and if it had been thicker, it had griev'd thee more. Truly, quoth *Sancho*, you have resolv'd me of a great doubt, and in most delicate terms declar'd it to me. Body of me, was the cause of my grief so conceal'd, that you must needs tell me that all of me was sore where the cudgel lighted? If my ancles did pain me, I warrant, you would riddle the cause of it; but 'tis poor ridling to tell that my bruising grieves me. I'faith, i'faith, master mine, other men's ills are slightly regarded, and every day I discover land, and see how little I can expect from your service; for, if at this time you suffer'd me to be dry-beaten, we shall come a hundred and a hundred times to the blanket-tossing you wrote of, and other childish tricks, which, if they now lighted on my shoulders, they will after come out at mine eyes. It were a great deal better for me, but that I am a beast, and shall never do ought well while I live. It were a great deal better, I say again, for me to get me home to my wife and children, to maintain and bring them up with that little God hath given me, and not to follow you up and down these by-ways, drinking ill, and eating worse. And for your bed, good honest squire, even count me out seven foot of good earth; and if you will have any more, take as many more; for, you may feed at pleasure, stretch yourself at your ease. I would the first that made stitch in knight-

knight-errantry were burn'd, or beaten to powder, or, at least, he that first would be squire to such fools, as all your knights-errant in former times have been, of the present, I say nothing; for your self being one, I respect them, and because I know that you know an ace more than the devil in all you speak or think.

I durst venter a good wager with thee, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, that now thou talk'st, and no body controuls thee, thou feel'st no pain in all thy body: talk on, child mine, all that is in thy mind, or comes to thy mouth, for so thou be'st not griev'd, I will be pleas'd with the distaste that thy impertinencies might give me. And if you desire so much to be at home with your wife and children, God forbid I should gainsay it: you have money of mine, and see how long 'tis since our third sally from home, and how much is due to you for every month, and pay yourself.

When I serv'd, quoth *Sancho*, *Tome Carrasco*, father to the batchelor *Carrasco*, whom you know well; I had two ducats a month, besides my victuals: of you I know not how much I shall have, tho' I am sure it is a greater toil to be a squire to a knight-errant, than to serve a rich husbandman; for, indeed, we that serve husbandmen, tho' we labour never so much in the day-time, if the worst come to the worst, at night we sup with the pottage-pot, and lie in a bed, which I have not done ever since I serv'd you, except it were that short time we were at Don *Diego de Meranda's* house, and after, when I had the cheer of the skimmings of *Caraacho's* pots, and when I eat and drank, and slept at *Basilus's* house; all the rest hath been upon the cold ground, to the open air, and subject, as you would say, to the inclemencies of the heavens, only living upon bits of cheese, and scraps of bread, and drinking water, sometimes of brooks, sometimes of springs, which we met withal by the ways we went.

I confess, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, that all thou say'st may be true; how much more think'st thou should I give thee, than *Tome Carrasco*?

K. 4.

You.

You shall please me, quoth *Sancho*, with twelve pence more a month, and that concerning my wages for my service; but touching your word and promise you gave me, that I should have the government of an island, it were fit you added the t'other three shillings, which in all make up fifteen,

It is very well, said Don *Quixote*, and, according to the wages that you have allotted unto yourself, it is now twenty five days since our last Sally; reckon, *Sancho*, so much for so much, and see how much is due to you, and pay yourself, as I have bidden you.

Body of me, said *Sancho*, you are clean out of the reckoning; for, touching the promise of governing the island, you must reckon from the time you promis'd, till this present. Why, how long is it, quoth he, since I promis'd it? If I be not forgetful, said *Sancho*, it is now some twenty years, wanting two or three days. Don *Quixote* gave himself a good clap on the forehead, and began to laugh heartily, saying, Why, my being about *Sierra Morena*, and our whole travels were in less than two months; and do'st thou say it was twenty years since I promis'd thee the island? I am now of opinion, that thou wouldst have all the money, thou hast of mine, consum'd in paying thee wages: which if it be so, and that thou art so minded, from hence forward take it, much good may it do thee; for, so I may not be troubled with such a squire, I shall be glad to be poor, and without a farthing. But tell me, thou prevaricator of the squirely laws of knight-errantry, where hast thou ever seen or read of any squire, belonging to knight-errant, that hath capitulated with his master, to give him thus much or so much? Launch, launch, thou base, lewd fellow, thou hobgoblin, launch: I say, into the *Mare magnum* of their histories; and, if thou find that any squire has said, or so much as imagin'd, what thou hast said, I will give thee leave to brand my forehead, and to boot, to seal me with \* four tucks in the mouth: Turn thy reins, or thine

\* A trick to give a tuck with the thumb upon one's lips, as fresh men are us'd in a university. als's



ass's halter, and get thee to thy house, for thou shalt not go a step further with me. Oh ill-given bread, and ill plac'd promises! Oh man, more beast than man! now when I thought to have put thee into a fortune, and such a one, that, in spite of thy wife, thou should'st have been stil'd *My Lord*, thou leav'st me: Now do'st thou go, when I had a purpose to have made thee lord of the best island in the world: well, well, as thou thyself hast said many times, The honey is not for the ass's mouth; an ass thou art, an ass thou wilt be, and an ass thou shalt die, and till then wilt thou remain so, before thou fall'st into the reckoning that thou art a beast.

*Sancho* beheld *Don Quixote* earnestly, all the while he thus rated him, and was so mov'd, that the tears stood in his eyes, and, with a dolorous low voice, he said, Master mine, I confess that, to be altogether an ass, I want nothing but a tail: if you will put one on me, I will be contented, and will serve you like an ass all days of my life. Pardon me, Sir, and pity my youth, and consider my folly; for, if I speak much, it proceeds rather out of simplicity than knavery. *Who errs and mends, to God himself commends.*

I would be sorry, little *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, but that thou should'st mingle some by-pretty proverb in thy dialogue. Well, I'll pardon thee for this once, upon condition hereafter thou mend, and shew not thyself so covetous, but that thou rouze up thy spirits, and encourage thyself with hope of the accomplishment of my promise; For better late than not at all. *Sancho* answer'd him, He would; tho' it were to make a virtue of necessity.

Hereupon they put into the elm-grove, and *Don Quixote* got to the foot of an elm, and *Sancho* to the foot of a beech; for these kind of trees, and such like, have always feet, but no hands. *Sancho* had an ill night on it; for, his bat-blow made him more sensible in the cold. *Don Quixote* fell into his usual imaginations, yet, they both slept, and by day-peep they were on their way, searching after the famous banks of *Heber*,

ler, where they happen'd upon what shall be told in the ensuing chapter.

# CHAP. XXIX.

*Of the famous adventure of the enchanted bark.*

**D**ON *Quixote* and *Sancho*, by their computation, two days after they were out of the elm-grove, came to the river *Heber*, whose sight was very delightful to Don *Quixote*; for first, he contemplated on the amenity of those banks, the clearness of the water, the gentle current, and the abundance of the liquid crystal, whose pleasing sight brought a thousand amorous thoughts into his head, especially he fell to think, what he had seen in *Montesino's* cave: for though master *Peter's* ape had told him, that part of it was true, and part false, he leand more to the truth, than to the other, contrary to *Sancho*, who held all, as false as falsehood itself.

As they were thus going on, Don *Quixote* might see a little boat, without oars, or any other kind of tackling, which was ty'd by the brink of the river, to a tree's stump on the bank. Don *Quixote* look'd round about him, but could see no body; so, without more ado, he alighted from *Rozinante*, and commanded *Sancho* to do the like from dapple, and that he should tie both the beasts very well, to the root of an elm or willow there. *Sancho* demanded of him, the cause of that sudden lighting, and of that tying? Don *Quixote* made answer, Know, *Sancho*, that this boat thou seest directly, for it can be nothing else, calls me, and invites me to go and enter into it, to give aid to some knight, or other personage of rank and note, that is in distress, for this is the stile of books of knighthood, and of enchanters that are there intermingled, that when any knight is in some danger, that he cannot be freed from it, but by the hand of some other knight, although the one be distant from the other two or three thousand leagues, or more, they either snatch him into a cloud, or provide him a boat

to enter in, and, in the twinkling of an eye, either carry him thorough the air, or thorough the sea, as they list, and where his assistance is needful; so that, *Sancho*, this boat is put here, to the same effect, and this is as clear as day, and, before we go, tie dapple and *Rozinante* together, and let's on, in God's name: for I will not fail to imbark my self, though bare-foot friars should intreat me.

Well, seeing 'tis so, said *Sancho*, and that you will every foot run into these, I know not what I shall call; them, fopperies, there's no way but to obey, and lay down the neck, according to the proverb; Do as thy master commands thee, and sit down at table with him: but for all that, for discharge of my conscience, let me tell you, that, methinks, that is no enchanted boat, but one that belongs to some fishermen of the river; for here the best *Saboga's* in the world are taken.

This he spoke, whilst he was tying his beasts, leaving them to the protection and defence of enchanters, which griev'd him to the soul. Don *Quixote* bid him he should not be troubl'd for the leaving those beasts; for he that should carry them thorough such longinque ways and regions, would also look to the other. I understand not your longinque, quoth *Sancho*, neither have I heard such a word in all the days of my life. Longinque, said Don *Quixote*, that is, far, remote: and no marvel, thou understand'st not that word, for thou art not bound to the understanding of *Latin*, though you have some that presume to know when they are ignorant. Now they are bound, said *Sancho*, what shall we do next?

What! said Don *Quixote*, bless ourselves, and weigh anchor, I mean, let us imbark ourselves, and, cut the rope, by which this boat is ty'd: so leaping into it, and *Sancho* following, he cut the cord, and the boat fair and softly fell off from the bank; and when *Sancho* saw himself about a two rods length, within the river, he began to tremble, fearing his perdition: but nothing so much troubled him, as to hear

hear dapple bray, and to see that *Rozinante* struggl'd to unloose himself: and he told his master, Dapple brays and condoles for our absence, *Rozinante* strives to be at liberty, to throw himself after us. O most dear friends, remain you there in safety, and may the madness that severs us from you, converted into repentance, bring us back to your presence: and with that, he began to weep so bitterly, that Don *Quixote*, all moody and choleric, began to cry out; What makes thee fear, thou cowardly imp? what cry'st thou for, thou heart of curds? who persecutes thee? who beats thee, thou soul of a milk-sop? or what want'st thou in the midst of all abundance? art thou happily to go barefoot over the *Riphaean* mountains? rather upon a seat like an arch-duke, thorough the calm current of this delightful river; from whence we shall very quickly pass into the main sea: but hitherto, we have gone and sail'd some seven or eight hundred leagues, and, if I had an *Astrolabe* here, to take the height of the pole, I could tell thee how far we have gone, though, either my knowledge is small, or we have now, or shall quickly pass, the *Equinoctial* line, which divides and cuts the two contrapos'd poles in equal distance.

And, when you come to this line you speak of, how far shall we have gone? A great way, answer'd Don *Quixote*, for of three hundred and sixty degrees, which the whole globe containeth of land and water, according to *Ptolomy's* computation, who was the greatest cosmographer known, we shall have gone the half, when we come to the line I have told you of. Verily, quoth *Sancho*, you have brought me a pretty witness, to confirm your saying, \* *To-to-my* and computation, and I know not what. Don *Quixote* laugh'd at *Sancho's* interpretation he had given to the name, and to the computation and account of the cosmographer *Ptolomeus*, and said to him; You shall understand,

\* *Mistakes of the words, Ptolomeo and Computo, for so it is in the Spanish.*

*Sancho,*



*Sancho*, that when the *Spaniards*, and those that embark themselves at *Cadiz*, to go to the *East Indies*, one of the greatest signs they have, to know whether they have pass'd the *Equinoctial*, is, that all men that are in the ship, their lice die upon them, and not one remains with them, nor in the vessel, though they would give their weight in gold for him : so that, *Sancho*, thou mayst put thy hand to thy thigh, and, if thou meet'st with any live thing, we shall be out of doubt; if thou find'st nothing, then we have pass'd the line.

I cannot believe any of this, quoth *Sancho*, bet yet I will do what you will have me, though I know no necessity for these trials; since I see with these eyes, that we have not gone five rods length from the bank, for there *Rozinante* and dapple are, in the same places where we left them, and, looking well upon the matter, as I now do, I swear by me, that we neither move, nor go faster than an ant.

Make the trial that I bid you, and care for no other; for thou know'st not, what *Colums* are, what *Lines*, *Paralels*, *Zodiacks*, *Clipticks*, *Poles*, *Solstices*, *Æquinoctials*, *Planets*, *Signs*, *Points*, and *Measures*, of which the *Celestial* and *Terrestrial Spheres* are compos'd: for, if thou know'st all these, or any part of them, thou might'st plainly see what *Paralels* we have cut, what signs we have seen, and what images we have left behind, and are leaving now. And let me wish thee again, that thou search and feel thy self; for I do not think, but that thou art as clean as a sheet of white, smooth paper.

*Sancho* began to feel, and, coming softly and warily with his hand to the left side of his neck, he lifted up his head, and said to his master, Either your experience is false, or else we are not come near the place you speak of, by many leagues. Why, quoth Don *Quixote*, hast thou met with something? I, with some things, said he, and shaking his fingers, he wash'd his whole hand in the river; by which, and in the current, the boat softly slid along, without being mov'd by any secret influence, or hidden enchantment,  
but

but the very course itself of the water, as yet soft and easy.

By this, they discover'd two great water-mills in the midst of the river: and Don *Quixote*, as soon as he saw them, cry'd aloud to *Sancho*, see'st thou, friend, that city, castle, or fortress that shews itself, where some knight is sure oppress'd, or some queen or princess in ill plight, for whose succour I am brought hither?

What the devil of city, castle, or fortress, Sir, do you talk of? quoth *Sancho*; do you not see that those are water-mills in the river to grind corn? Peace, *Sancho*, said he, for though they look like water-mills, yet they are not, and, I have told thee already, that these enchantments chop and change things out of their natural being: I say, not that they change them out of one being into another really, but in appearance, as was seen by experience in the transformations of *Dulcinea*, the only refuge of my hopes.

Now the boat, being gotten into the midst of the current, began to move somewhat faster than before. They of the mills, that saw the boat come down the river, and that it was now even got into the swift stream of the wheels, many of them, came running out with long poles to stay it; and, as their faces and cloaths were all cover'd with meal-dust, they made a strange shew, and, cry'd out, saying, Devils of men, whether go you? are you mad to drown yourselves, or be beaten to pieces against these wheels?

Did not I tell thee, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, then that we should come, where I should shew the force of mine arm? look what wicked, uncouth fellows come to encounter me; look what a troop of hobgoblins oppose themselves against me, look what ugly visages play the bull-beggar with us; now you shall see, you rascals; and, standing up in the boat, he began aloud to threaten the millers, saying, You base scum, and ill-advis'd, free and deliver that person, which is in your fortress or prison oppress'd, be he high or low, or of what sort or quality soever; for I am  
Don

Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise call'd, *The knight of the lions*, for whom the happy ending of this adventure is reserv'd, by order of the high heavens: and, this said, he laid hand to his sword, and began to fence in the air against the millers, who hearing, but not understanding his madness, stood with their poles, to stay the boat, which was now entering the source and channel of the wheels. *Sancho* kneel'd devoutly upon his knees, praying heaven to free him from so manifest a danger, which succeeded happily, by the quickness and skill of the millers, who, opposing their slaves to the boat, staid it; but so, that they over-turn'd, it and Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*, top'd into the river: but it was well for Don *Quixote*, who could swim like a goose, though the weight of his arms carry'd him twice to the bottom, and, had it not been for the millers, who leap'd into the water and pull'd them both out, as if they had weigh'd them up, there they had both perish'd.

When they were both on land, more whet than thirsty, *Sancho*, upon his knees, with join'd hands, and his eyes nail'd to heaven, pray'd to God, with a large and devout prayer, to free him from thence-forward from the rash desires and enterprizes of his master. And now the fishermen came, the owners of the boat, which was broken to pieces by the wheels, who, seeing it spoil'd, began to disrobe *Sancho*, and to demand payment of Don *Quixote*, who very patiently, as if he had done nothing, said to the millers and fishermen, that he would very willingly pay for the boat, upon condition they should freely deliver him, without fraud or guile, the person or persons that were oppress'd in their castle.

What person, or what castle madman? said one of the millers; will you, trow, carry away those that came hither to grind their corn? enough, thought Don *Quixote* to himself, here a man may preach in a wilderness, to reduce a base people to a good work. In this adventure, two deep enchanters have met, and the one disturbs the other; the one provided me the bark,

bark, and the other overthrow me out of it, God help us, all the world is tricks and devices, one contrary to the other; I can do no more: and, raising his voice, he went on, saying, Friends, whosoever you are, lock'd up in this prison, pardon me; for, by my ill fortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your pain: this adventure is kept and reserv'd for some other knight. When he had said this, he agreed with the fishers, and paid 25 s. for the boat, which *Sancho* gave with a very good will, saying, With two of these boat-tricks we shall sink our whole stock.

The fishermen and the millers were in a great admiration, to see two strange shapes, quite from the ordinary fashion of other men, and never understood to what purpose *Don Quixote* us'd all those discourses to them; so, holding them for madmen, they left them, and got to their mills, and the fishers to their quarters. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, like beasts, turn to their beasts: and this end had the adventure of the enchanted bark.

## CHAP. XXX.

*What happen'd to Don Quixote with the fair huntress.*

VERY melancholy, and ill at ease, went the knight and squire to horseback, especially *Sancho*, for it griev'd him at the soul, to meddle with the stock of their money; for it seem'd to him, that to part with any thing from thence, was to part with his eye-balls. To be brief, without speaking a word, to horse they went, and left the famous river. *Don Quixote*, bury'd in his amorous cogitations, and *Sancho* in those of his preferment; for as yet, he thought he was far enough off from obtaining it: for although he were a fool, yet he well perceiv'd, that all his master's actions, or the greatest part of them, were idle: so he sought after some occasion, that, without entering into farther reckonings, or leave-taking with his master, he might one day get out of his clutches, and go home; but fortune order'd matters contrary to his





*Sancho sent by Don Quixote to the Dutchess to beg leave to see her.*  
*Car. Gould del. J. B. Guich. scul.*



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his fear. It fell out then, that the next day about sun-setting, and, as they were going out of a wood, Don *Quixote* spreads his eyes about a green meadow, and, coming near, he saw they were falconers; he came nearer, and amongst them, being a gallant lady upon her palfrey, or milk-white nag, with green furniture, and her saddle-pommel of silver. The lady herself was all clad in green, so brave and rich, that bravery it self was transform'd into her. On her left-hand, she carry'd a soar-falcon, a sign that made Don *Quixote* think she was some great lady, and mistress to all the rest, as true it was: so he cry'd out to *Sancho*; Run, son *Sancho*, and tell that lady on the palfrey with the soar-hawk, that I, *The knight of the lions*, do kiss her most beautiful hands; and, if her magnificence give me leave, I will receive her commands, and be her servant to the utmost of my power, that her highness may please to command me in; and take heed, *Sancho*, how thou speak'st, and have a care thou mix not thy embassy with some of those proverbs of thine. Tell me of that? as if it were now the first time that I have carry'd embassies to high and mighty ladies in my life. Except it were that thou carry'dst to *Dulcinea*, quoth Don *Quixote*, I know not of any other thou hast carry'd, at least, whilst thou wert with me. That's true, said *Sancho*, but a good pay-master needs no surety; and where there is plenty, the ghesss are not empty: I mean, there is no telling nor advising me ought; for of all things, I know a little. I believe it, said Don *Quixote*, get thee gone in good time, and God speed thee.

*Sancho* went on, putting dapple out of his pace with a career, and, coming where the fair huntress was, alighting, he kneel'd down, and said, fair lady, that knight you see there, call'd *The knight of the lions*, is my master, and I am a squire of his, whom at his house they call *Sancho Pancha*; this said *Knight of the lions*, who not long since was call'd, *The knight of the sorrowful countenance*, sends me to tell your greatness, that you be pleas'd to give him leave, that  
with

with your liking, good will, and consent, he put in practice his desire, which is no other, as he says, and I believe, than to serve your \* lofty high-flying beauty; and if your ladyship give him leave, you shall do a thing, that may redound to your good, and he shall receive a most remarkable favour and content.

Truly, honest squire, said the lady, thou hast deliver'd thy embassy, with all the circumstances that such an embassy requires: rise, rise, for the squire of so renown'd a knight, as he of the *sorrowful countenance*, of whom we have here special notice, 'tis not fit should kneel: rise up friend, and tell your master, that he come near on God's name, that the duke, my husband and I, may do him service at a house of pleasure we have here.

*Sancho* rose up astonish'd, as well at the good lady's beauty, as her courtship and courtesy, especially for that, she told him she had notice of his master, *The knight of the sorrowful countenance*; for in that, she call'd him not *Knight of the lions*, it was, because it was so lately put upon him. The dutchess ask'd him, for as yet we know not of what place she was dutchess, Tell me, Sir squire, is not this your master, one of whom there is a history printed, and goes by the name of, the ingenious gentleman, Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, the lady of whose life is likewise one *Dulcinea del Toboso*? The very self-same, said *Sancho*, and that squire of his, that is, or should be, in a history, call'd *Sancho Pancha*, am I, except I were chang'd in my cradle, I mean, that I were chang'd in the press. I am glad of all this, quoth the dutchess; go brother *Pancha*, and tell your master that he is welcome to our dukedom, and that no news could have given me greater content. *Sancho*, with this so acceptable answer, with great pleasure, return'd to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said

\* For so it is in the Spanish, to make the simple squire speak absurdly enough, for instead of *Alteca*, the author makes him say *Altanería*.



to him, extolling to the heavens her singular beauty, with his rustical terms; her affableness and courtesy. Don *Quixote* prank'd it in his saddle, sat stiff in his stirrops, fitted his vizor, rowz'd up *Roxinante*, and, with a comely boldness, went to kiss the dutchess's hands, who, causing the duke her husband to be call'd, told him, whilst Don *Quixote* was coming, his whole embassy: so both of them, having read his first part, and understood by it his besotted humour, attended him with much pleasure and desire to know him, with a purpose to follow his humour, and to give way to all he should say, and to treat with him as a knight-errant, as long as he should be with them, with all the accustomed ceremonies of knight-errantry, which they had read, and were much affected with.

By this, Don *Quixote* came with his vizor pull'd up, and, making shew to alight, *Sancho* came to have held his stirrop: but he was so unlucky, that, as he was lighting from dapple, one of his feet caught upon a halter of the pack-saddle, so that it was not possible for him to disentangle himself, but hung by it, with his mouth and his breast to the ground-ward. Don *Quixote*, who us'd not to alight without his stirrops being held, thinking *Sancho* was already come to hold it, lighted suddenly down, but brought saddle and all to the ground, belike being ill-girt, to his much shame, and curses inwardly laid upon the unhappy *Sancho*, that had still his leg in the stocks. The duke commanded some of his falconers to help the knight and squire, who rais'd Don *Quixote* in ill plight with his fall, and limping; as well as he could, he went to kneel before the two lordings; but the duke would not by any means consent, rather alighting from his horse, he embrac'd Don *Quixote*, saying;

I am very sorry, Sir Knight of the sorrowful countenance, that your first fortune hath been so ill in my ground; but the carelessness of squires is oft the cause of worse successes. It is impossible, valorous prince, that any should be bad, since I have seen you, although my fall had cast me to the profound abiss; since

since the glory of seeing you would have drawn me out, and rais'd me up. My squire, a curse light on him, unites his tongue better to speak maliciously, than he girts his horse's saddle to fit firmly: but howsoever I am down or up, on foot or on horseback, I will always be at yours, and my lady the dutchess's service, your worthy consort, the worthy lady of beauty, and universal princess of courtesy. Softly, my Signior Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, quoth the duke, for where my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* is present, there is no reason other beauties should be prais'd.

Now *Sancho Pancha* was free from the noose, and being at hand, before his master could answer a word, he said; It cannot be deny'd, but affirm'd, that my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* is very fair; but where we least think, there goes the hair away: for I have heard say, that she you call nature, is like a potter that makes vessels of clay, and he that makes a handsome vessel, may also make two or three, or an hundred: this I say, that you may know, my lady the dutchess comes not a wit behind my mistress, the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Don *Quixote* turn'd to the dutchess, and said, Your greatness may suppose, that never any knight in the world had ever such a prater to his squire, nor a more conceited than mine, and he will make good what I say, if your highness shall at any time be pleas'd to make trial. To which, quoth the dutchess, that honest *Sancho* may be conceited, I am very glad, a sign he is wise; for your pleasant conceits, Signior, as you very well know, rest not in dull brains; and, since *Sancho* is witty and conceited, from hence forward, I confirm him to be discreet: And a prater, added Don *Quixote*. So much the better, said the duke, for many conceits cannot be express'd in few words: and, that we may not spend the time in many, come, Sir Knight of the sorrowful countenance; Of the lions, your highness must say, quoth *Sancho*, for now we have no more sorrowful countenance: And now let the lions bear countenance. The duke proceeded, I say, let the Knight of the lions

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## Chap. 30. DON QUIXOTE. 213

come to my castle, which is near here, where he shall have the entertainment that is justly due to. so high a personage, and that, that the dutchess and I are wont to give to knights-errant that come to us.

By this time, *Sancho* had made ready and girded *Rozinante's* saddle well; and Don *Quixote* mounting him, and the duke upon a goodly horie, set the dutchess in the middle, and they went toward the castle. The dutchess commanded that *Sancho* should ride by her, for she was infinitely delighted to hear his discretions. *Sancho* was easily entreated, and weav'd himself between the three, and made a fourth in their conversation. The duke and dutchess were much pleas'd, who held it for a great good fortune, to have lodg'd in there castle such a knight-errant, and such a squire errant.

### CHAP. XXXI.

*That treats of many and great affairs.*

**G**REAT was the joy that *Sancho* conceiv'd, too see himself a favourite to the dutchess, as he thought, for it shap'd out unto him, that he should find in her castle, as much as in Don *Diego's*, or that of *Basilus*: for he was always affected with a plentiful life, and so laid hold upon occasion's lock, ever when it was represented. The history then tells us, that before they came to the house of pleasure, or castle, the duke went before, and gave order to all his followers, how they should behave themselves towards Don *Quixote*, who as he came on with the dutchess to the castle-gates, there came out two lackeys, or palfrey-boys, cloth'd down to the feet in coats like night-gowns, of fine crimson sattin; and taking Don *Quixote* in their arms, without hearing or looking on him, they said, Go, and let your greatness help my lady to alight, Don *Quixote* did so, and there was great complementing betwixt both about it: but in the end, the dutchess's earnestness prevail'd, and she would not descend or alight from her palfrey, but in the duke's arms,

arms, saying, That she was too unworthy to be so unprofitable a burden to so high a knight. At length, the duke help'd her up, and, as they enter'd a great base court, there came two beautiful damsels, and cast upon Don *Quixote's* shoulders, a fair mantle of finest scarlet; and, in an instant, all the leads of the courts and entries were throng'd with men and maid-servants of the duke's, who cry'd aloud, Welcome, Oh flower and cream of knights-errant, and all or most of them sprinkled pots of sweet water upon Don *Quixote*, and upon the duke, all which made Don *Quixote* admire, and never till then did he truly believe that he was a knight-errant, really, and not fantastically, seeing that he was us'd just as he had read knights-errant were in former times.

*Sancho*, forsaking dapple, shew'd himself to the dutchess, and enter'd into the castle; but his conscience pricking him, that he had left his ass alone, he came to a reverend old waiting-woman, that came out amongst others to wait upon the dutchess, and very softly spoke to her, Mistress *Gonzalez*, or what is your name, forsooth? *Donna Rodriguez de Grishalva*, said the waiting-woman, what would you have, brother, with me? To which, quoth *Sancho*, I pray will you do me the favour, as to go out at the castle-gate, where you shall find a dapple ass of mine, I pray will you see him put, or put him yourself in the stable; for the poor wretch is fearful, and cannot by any means endure to be alone? If the master, quoth she, be as wise as the man, we shall have a hot bargain on it: get you gone, with a murrain to you, and him that brought you hither, and look to your ass yourself; for the waiting-women in this house are not us'd to such drudgeries. Why truly, quoth *Sancho*, I have heard my master say, who is the very wizard of histories, telling that story of *Lanzarote*, when he came from *Bretaigne*, that ladies look'd to him, and waiting-women to his courser: and, touching my ass in particular, I would not change him for *Lanzarote's* horse. Brother, quoth she, if you be a jester, keep



keep your wit, till you have use of it, for those that will pay you ; for I have nothing but this \* fig to give you. Well, yet, said *Sancho*, the fig is like to be ripe, for you will not lose the *prima rista* of your years by a peep less. Son of a whore, said the waiting-woman, all incens'd with choler, whether I am old or no, God knows, I shall give him an account, and not to thee, thou rascal, that stink'st of garlick. All this she spoke so loud, that the dutchess heard her, who turning, and seeing the woman so alter'd, and her eyes so bloody red, she ask'd her, With whom she was angry ?

Here, said she, with this ideot, that hath earnestly entreated me to put up his ass in the stable, that is at the castle-gate ; giving me for an instance, that they have done so, I know not where, that certain ladies look'd to one *Lanzarote*, and waiting-women to his horse: and, to mend the matter, in mannerly terms, calls me † old one. That would more disgrace me, quoth the dutchess, than all he should say ; and, speaking to *Sancho*, she said, Look you, friend *Sancho*, *Donna Rodriguez* is very young, and that *Stale* she wears, is more for authority, and for the fashion, than for her years. A pox on the rest of my years I have to live, quoth *Sancho*, if I meant her any ill, I only desir'd the kindness, for the love I bear to mine ass, and because I thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable person, than mistress *Rodriguez*. Don *Quixote* that heard all, said, Are these discourses, *Sancho*, fit for this place? Sir, said *Sancho*, let every man express his wants wherefoe'er he be. Here I remembered my dapple, and here I spoke of him ; and if I had remembered him in the stable, there I would have spoken.

To this, quoth the duke, *Sancho* is in the right, and there is no reason to blame him. Dapple shall

\* *Lahiga*, a word of disgrace.

† *Vieja*, a name that a woman in Spain cannot endure to hear, though she were as old as Methusalem.

have provender, as much as he will, and let *Sancho* take no care, he shall be us'd as well as his own person. With these discourses, pleasing unto all but Don *Quixote*, they went up stairs, and brought Don *Quixote* into a goodly hall, hung with rich cloth of gold and tiffue; six damsels unarm'd him, and serv'd for pages, all of them taught and instructed by the duke and duchess what they should do, and how they should behave themselves towards Don *Quixote*, that he might imagine and see they us'd him like a knight-errant.

Don *Quixote* once un-arm'd, was in his freight trouses and doublet of chamois, dry, high, and lank, with his jaws, that within and without bus'd one another; a picture, that if the damsels that serv'd him, had not had a care to hold in their laughter, which was one of the precise orders their Lords had given them, had burst with laughing. They desir'd him to unclothe himself, and shift a shirt; but he would by no means consent, saying, That honesty was as proper to a knight-errant, as valour. Notwithstanding, he bad them give a shirt to *Sancho*; and, locking himself up with him in a chamber, where was a rich bed, he pluck'd off his clothes, and put on a shirt. And, as *Sancho* and he were alone, he thus spoke to him :

Tell me, modern jester and old jolt-head, is it a fit thing, to dishonour and affront so venerable an old waiting-woman, and so worthy to be respected as she? was that a fit time to remember your dapple? or think you that these were lords to let beasts fare ill, that so neatly use their masters? For God's love, *Sancho*, look to thyself, and discover not thy coarse thread, that they may see thou art not woven out of a base web. Know, Sinner as thou art, that the master is so much the more esteem'd, by how much his servants are honest and mannerly: and one of the greatest advantages that great men have over inferiors, is, that they keep servants as good as themselves. Know'st thou not, poor fellow as thou art, and unhappy as I am, that if they see thee to be a gross peasant, they will think that I am some mountebank, or shifting squire? No, no, friend *Sancho*,

shun,

shun, shun these Inconveniencies; for he that stumbles too much upon the prater and wit-monger, at the first toe-knock falls, and becomes a scornful jester. Bridle thy tongue, consider and ruminate upon thy words before they come from thee; and observe, that we are now come to a place, from whence, with God's help, and mine arm's valour, we shall go better'd threefold, nay, fivefold, in fame and wealth.

*Sancho* promis'd him very truly, to sow up his mouth, or to bite his tongue, before he would speak a word that should not be well consider'd, and to purpose, as he had commanded; and that he should not fear, that by him they should ever be discover'd. Don *Quixote* dressed himself, buckled his sword to his belt, and clapp'd his skarlet mantle upon him, putting on a hunter's cap of green sattin, which the damsels had given him; and thus adorn'd, to the great chamber he went, where he found the damsels all in a row, six on one side, and six on the other, and all with provision for him to wash, which they ministred to him with courtesies and ceremonies.

Betwixt them, streight, they got him full of pomp and majesty, and carried him to another room, where was a rich table, with service for four persons. The duke and duchess came to the door to receive him, and with them a grave clergyman, \* one of those that govern great mens houses; one of those, that, as they are not born nobly, so they know not how to instruct those that are; one of those that would have great mens liberalities measur'd by the streightness of their minds; of those, that, teaching those they govern to be frugal, would make them miserable: such a one, I say, this clergyman was, that came with the duke to receive Don *Quixote*. There passed a thousand loving compliments, and, at last, taking Don *Quixote* between them, they sat down to dinner.

The Duke invited Don *Quixote* to the upper end of the table; which, tho' he refus'd, yet the duke so im-

\* A good character of a poor pedant.

tun'd him, that he was forc'd to take it. The clergyman fate over against him, and the duke and duchess on each side. *Sancho* was by at all, gaping, in admiration, to see the honour those princes did to his master: and, seeing the many ceremonies and intreaties that pass'd betwixt the duke and him, to make him sit down at the table's end, he said, If your worships will give me leave, I'll tell you a tale that happen'd in our town concerning places. Scarce had *Sancho* said this, when Don *Quixote* began to shake, believing certainly he would speak some idle speech. *Sancho* beholding, understood him, and said, Fear not, Sir, that I shall be unmannerly, or that I shall say any thing that may not be to the purpose; for I have not forgotten your counsel, touching speaking much or little, well or ill.

I remember nothing, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*; speak what thou wilt, so thou speak quickly. Well, what I shall speak, quoth *Sancho*, is as true as my master, Don *Quixote*, will not let me lye, who is here present. For me, reply'd Don *Quixote*, lye as much as thou wilt, for I'll not hinder thee; but take heed what thou speak'st. I have so heeded and re-heeded it, that you shall see, I warrant ye. 'Twere very fit, quoth Don *Quixote*, that your greatneses would command this coxcomb to be thrust out, for he will talk you a thousand follies.

Affuredly, quoth the duchess, *Sancho* shall not stir a jot from me; for I know he is very discreet. Discreet years live your holiness, quoth *Sancho*, for the good opinion you have of me, altho' I deserve it not. And thus says my tale; A Gentleman of our town, very rich, and well born; for he was of the blood of the *Alami* of *Medina del Campo*, and married with *Donna Mencía de Quimmones*, that was daughter to Don *Alonso de Marañon*, Knight of the order of St. *Jacques*, that was drown'd in the *Herradura*, touching whom that quarrel was not long since in our town; for, as I remember, my master, Don *Quixote*, was in it, where little *Thomas*, the madcap, son to *Balvastro*, the smith,

was



was wounded. \* Is not all this true, Master o' mine? Say by your life, that these lords may not hold me for a prating lyer.

Hitherto, said the Clergyman, I rather hold thee for a prater than a lyer; but from henceforward, I know not for what I shall hold thee. Thou givest so many witnessses, and so many tokens, *Sancho*, that I cannot but say, quoth Don *Quixote*, thou tellest true: on with thy tale, and make an end; for I think thou wilt not have ended these two days. Let him go on, quoth the duchess, to do me a pleasure; and let him tell his tale as he pleases, tho' he make not an end these six days: for if they were so many years, they would be the best that ever I passed in my life.

I say then, my masters, that the said gentleman I told you of at first, and whom I know, as well as I know one hand from another, for, from my house to his, 'tis not a bow shot, invited a poor, but honest husbandman. On, brother, said the clergyman, for, methinks, you travel with your tale, as if you would not rest till the next world. In less than half this, I will, if it please God, quoth *Sancho*, and so I proceed. The said husbandman coming to the said gentleman inviter's house; God be merciful to him, for he is now dead, and, for a further token, they say, died like a lamb; for I was not by, for at that time I was gone to another town to reaping.

I prithee, quoth the clergyman, come back from your reaping, and without burying the gentleman, except you mean to make more obsequies, end your tale. The business then, quoth *Sancho*, was this, that both of them being ready to sit down at table; for, methinks, I see 'em now, more than ever. The dukes receiv'd great pleasure, to see the distaste that the clergyman took at the delays and pauses of *Sancho's* tale; and Don *Quixote* consum'd himself in choler and rage. Then thus, quoth *Sancho*, both of them being ready to sit down, the

\* After he had begun a tale without head or foot, he asks a question.

husbandman contended with the gentleman not to sit uppermost, and he with the other, that he should, as meaning to command in his own house. But the husbandman presuming to be mannerly, and courteous, never would; till the gentleman, very moody, laying hands upon him, made him sit down perforce; saying, Sit you down, you thresher, for wheresoever I sit, that shall be the table's end to thee. And now you have my tale; and truly, I believe, it was brought in here pretty well to the purpose.

Don *Quixote's* face was in a thousand colours, that jasper'd upon his brow. The lords dissembled their laughter, that Don *Quixote* might not be too much abas'd, when they perceiv'd *Sancho's* knavery: and, to change discourse, that *Sancho* might not proceed with other fooleries, the duchess ask'd Don *Quixote*, what news he had of the lady *Dulcinea*, and if he had sent her, for a present, lately, any giants, or bug-bears, since he could not but have overcome many? To which Don *Quixote* answer'd, Lady o' mine, my misfortunes, altho' they had a beginning, yet they will never have ending: giants, elves, and bug-bears I have overcome, and sent her; but where should they find her that is enchanted, and turn'd into the foulest creature that can be? I know not, quoth *Sancho*, methinks she is the fairest creature in the world; at least, I know well, that for her nimbleness and leaping, \* she'll give no advantage to a tumbler: in good faith, my lady duchess, she leaps from the ground upon her as, as if she were a cat. Have you seen her enchanted, *Sancho*? said the duke. How! seen her! quoth *Sancho*; why who the devil but I was the first that fell into the trick of her enchantment? she is as much enchanted as my as.

The clergyman, that heard them talk of giants, elves, bug-bears, and enchantments, fell into reckoning, that that was Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, whose story the duke ordinarily read, and for which he had divers times reprehended him, telling him, 'Twas a madness to read

\* A good mistake.

such fopperies: and being assur'd of the certainty which he suspected, speaking to the duke very angrily, he said; Your excellency ought to give God almighty an account for this man's folly. This Don *Quixote*, or Don *Coxcomb*, or how do you call him, I suppose he is not so very an idiot as your excellency would make him, giving him ready occasions to proceed in his empty-brain'd madness. And, framing his discourse to Don *Quixote*, he said,

And who, goodman dull-pate, hath thrust into your brain, that you are a knight-errant? that you overcome giants, and take bug-bears? get you, in God's name, so be it spoken, return to your house, and bring up your children, if you have them, and look to your stock, and leave your ranging through the world, blowing bubbles, and making all that know you, or not know you, to laugh. Where have you ever found, with a mischief, that there have been, or are knights-errant? where any giants in *Spain*? or bug-bears in *Mancha*? or enchanted *Dulcinea's*? with the rest of your troop of simplicities.

Don *Quixote* was very attentive to this venerable man's discourse; and, seeing him now silent, without any respect of the dukes, with an angry countenance, he stood up, and said — But his answer deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAP. XXXII.

*Of Don Quixote's answer to his reprehender; with other successes, as wise as witty.*

DON *Quixote*, being thus upon his legs, and trembling from head to foot, like a man fill'd with quicksilver, with a hasty and thick voice, said, The place, and presence before whom I am, and the respect I have, and always had, to men of your coat, do bind and tie up the hands of my just wrath; so that, as well for what I have said, as for I know, all know, that women and gown-mens weapons are the same, their tongues, I will enter into single combat with

you with mine, tho' I rather expected good counsel from you, than infamous revilings: good and well-meant reprehensions require and ask other circumstances, other points; at least, your publick and so bitter reprehensions have passed all limits, and your gentle ones had been better; neither was it fit, that, without knowledge of the sin you reprehend, you call the sinner, without more ado, coxcomb and ideot. Well, for which of my coxcombries seen in me, do you condemn and revile me, and command me home to my own house, to look to the governing of it, my wife and children, without knowing whether I have any of these? Is there no more to be done, but in a hurry to enter other mens houses, to rule their owners? nay, one that hath been a poor pedagogue, or hath not seen more world than twenty miles about him, to meddle so roundly, to give laws to chivalry, and to judge of knights-errant? Is it happily a vain plot, or time ill spent, to range thro' the world, not seeking its dainties, but the bitterness of it, whereby good men aspire to the seat of immortality? If your knights, your gallants, or gentlemen, should have call'd me coxcomb, I should have held it for an affront irreparable: but that your poor scholars account me a madman, that never trod the paths of knight-errantry, I care not a chip. A knight I am, a knight I'll die, if it please the most High. Some go by the spacious field of proud ambition, others by the way of servile and base flattery, a third sort by deceitful hypocrisy, and few by that of true religion: but I, by my stars inclination, go in the narrow path of knight-errantry; for whose exercise I despise wealth, but not honour. I have satisfy'd grievances, rectify'd wrongs, chastis'd insolencies, overcome giants, trampled over sprites: I am enamour'd, only because there is a necessity knights-errant should be so; and tho' I be so, yet I am not of those vicious amorists, but of your chaste *Platonics*. My intentions always aim at a good end; as, to do good to all men, and hurt to none. If he that understands this, that performs it, that practises it, deserve



serve to be called fool, let your greatnesſes judge, excellent duke and duchefs.

Well, I adviſe you, quoth *Sancho*, maſter o' mine, ſpeak no more in your own behalf; for there is no more to be ſaid, no more to be thought, no more perſevering in the world: beſides, this ſeignior, denying, as he hath done, that their neither is, nor hath been, knight-errant in the world, no marvel tho' he knows not what he hath ſaid. Are you, trow, quoth the clergyman, that *Pancha*, whom, they ſay, your Maſter hath promis'd an iſland? Marry am I, ſaid he; and I am he that deſerves it as well as any other, and I am he that \* keep company with good men, and thou ſhalt be as good as they: and I am one of thoſe that, not with whom thou wer't bred, but with whom thou haſt fed: and of thoſe that. Lean to a good tree, and it will ſhadow thee; I have lean'd to my maſter, and it is many months ſince I have kept him company, and I am his other ſelf. If God pleaſe, live he, and I ſhall live; he ſhall not want empires to command, nor I iſlands to govern.

No ſurely, friend *Sancho*, ſtreight, ſaid the duke; for I, in Seignior Don *Quixote's* name, will give thee an odd one of mine, of no ſmall worth. Kneel down, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, and kiſs his excellency's foot, for the favour he hath done thee; which *Sancho* did. But when the clergyman ſaw this, he roſe up wonderful angry, ſaying, By my holy order, I am about to ſay, your excellency is as mad as one of theſe ſinners; and ſee if they muſt not needs be mad, when wiſe men canonize their madneſs. Your excellency may do well to ſtay with them; for whiſt they here, I'll get me home, and ſave a labour of correcting what I cannot amend: and without any more ado, leaving the reſt of his dinner, he went away, the duke and duchefs not being able to pacify him, tho' the duke ſaid not much to

\* He blunders out proverbs, as uſual, to no purpoſe; which is *Sancho's* parts always.

him, as being hinder'd with laughter at his unseasonable choler.

When he ended his laughter, he said to Don *Quixote*, *Sir knight of the lions*, you have answer'd so deeply for your self, that you left nothing unsatisfy'd to this your grievance, which tho' it seem to be one, yet is not; for as women have not the power to wrong, neither have churchmen, as you best know. 'Tis true, quoth Don *Quixote*, the cause is, that he who cannot be wrong'd, can do no wrong to any body: women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot defend themselves, when they are offended, so they cannot suffer an affront and a grievance: there is this difference, as your excellency best knows; the affront comes from one that may do it, and be able to make it good, the grievance may come from either party without affronting. For example, one stands carelessly in the street, some ten men come arm'd, and bastinadoing him, he claps hand to his sword, and doth his devoir; but the multitude of his assailants hinder him of his purpose, which is to be reveng'd; this man is wrong'd, but not affronted. And this shall be confirm'd by another example: One stands with his back turned, another comes and strikes him, and, when he hath done, runs away, the other follows, but overtakes him not; he that receiv'd the blow is wrong'd, but not affronted, because the affront ought to have been maintain'd: if he that struck him, tho' he did it basely, stand still, and face his enemy, then he that was struck, is wrong'd and affronted both together; wrong'd, because he was struck cowardly; affronted, because he that struck him stood still to make good what he had done. And so, according to the laws of cursed *duel*, I may be wrong'd, but not affronted; for children nor women have no apprehension, neither can they fly, nor ought to stand still: and so is it with the religious; for these kinds of people want arms offensive and defensive, so that tho' they be naturally bound to defend themselves, yet they are not to offend any body. And tho' even now I said I was wrong'd, I saw now I am not; for he that can receive

ceive no affront, can give none : for which causes I have no reason to resent, nor do I, the words that that good man gave me; only I could have wish'd he had stay'd a little, that I might have let him see his error, in saying or thinking there have been no knight's-errant in the world; for if *Amadis* had heard this, or one of those infinite numbers of his lineage, I know it had not gone well with his worship.

I'll swear, that, quoth *Sancho*, they would have given him a slash, that should have cleav'd him from head to foot, like a pomegranate, or a ripe musk-melon : they were pretty youths to suffer such jests. By my holidam, I think certainly if *Ronaldos de Montalman* had heard these speeches from the poor knave, he had bung'd up his mouth, that he should not have spoken these three years ; I, I, he should have dealt with them, and see how he would have scap'd their hands.

The duchess was ready to burst with laughter at *Sancho*, and, to her mind, she held him to be more conceited and madder, than his master, and many at that time were of this opinion.

Finally, Don *Quixote* was pacify'd, and dinner ended, and, the cloth being taken away, there came four damsels, one with a silver basin, the other with an ewre, a third with two fine white towels, the fourth with her arms tuck'd up to the middle, and in her white hands, for white they were, a white *Naples* wash-ball. She with the basin came very mannerly, and set it under Don *Quixote's* chin, who, very silent, and wondering at that kind of ceremony, taking it to be the custom of the country, to wash their faces instead of their hands, he stretch'd out his face as far as he could, and instantly the ewre began to rain upon him, and the damsel with the soap ran over his beard apace, raising white flakes of snow, for such were those scowrings, not only upon his beard, but over all the face and eyes of the obedient knight, so that he was forc'd to shut them.

The duke and duchess, that knew nothing of this, stood expecting what would become of this lavatory. The barber damsel, when she had soap'd him well with

her hand, feign'd that she wanted more water, and made her with the ewr to go for it, whilst Seignior Don *Quixote* expected, which she did; and Don *Quixote* remain'd one of the strangest pictures, to move laughter, that could be imagin'd. All that were present, many in number, beheld him, and as they saw him with a neck half a yard long, more than ordinary swarthy, his eyes shut, and his beard full of soap, it was great marvel, and much discretion, they could forbear laughing. The damsels of the jest cast down their eyes, not daring to look on their lords, whose bodies with choler and laughter even tickl'd again, and they knew not what to do; either to punish the boldness of the girls, or reward them for the pastime they receiv'd, to see Don *Quixote* in that manner.

Lastly, she with the ewre came, and they made an end of washing Don *Quixote*, and streight she that had the towels wip'd and dry'd him gently, and all four of them, at once making him a low courtesy, would have gone: but the duke, because Don *Quixote* should not fall into the jest, call'd to the damsel with the bason, saying, Come and wash me too, and see that you have water enough. The wench, that was wily and careful, came and put the bason under the duke, as she had done to Don *Quixote*, and, making haste, they wash'd and scour'd him very well; and, leaving him dry and clean, making courtesies, they went away. After, it was known that the duke swore, that, if they had not wash'd him as well as Don *Quixote*, he would punish them for their lightness, which they discreetly made amends for, with soaping him.

*Sancho* mark'd all the ceremonies of the lavatory, and said to himself, Lord! thought he, if it be the custom in this country to wash the squire's beards, as well as the knight's! for on my soul and conscience I have need of it; and, if they would, to run over me with a razor too.

What say'st to thy self, *Sancho*? said the dutchess. I say, madam, quoth he, that I have heard, that, in other princes palaces, they us'd to give water to wash mens hands,



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hands, when the cloth is taken away, but not lye to scour their beards; and therefore I see 'tis good to live long, to see much: altho' 'tis said also, that he that lives long, suffers much; though to suffer one of these lavatories, is rather pleasure than pain.

Take no care, *Sancho*, quoth the duchess, for I'll make one of my damsels wash thee, and, if need be, lay thee a bucking. For my beard, quoth *Sancho*, I should be glad for the present, for the rest, God will provide hereafter. Look you, carver, said the duchess, what *Sancho* desires, do just as he would have you. The carver answer'd, That Seignior *Sancho* should be punctually serv'd; and so he went to dinner, and carry'd *Sancho* with him; the dukes and Don *Quixote* sitting still, and conferring about many and several affairs, but all concerning the practice of arms and knight-errantry.

The duchess requested Don *Quixote*, to delineate and describe unto her, since he seem'd to have a happy memory, the beauty and feature of the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*; for, according to fame's trumpet, she thought she must needs be the fairest creature in the world; and also of the *Mancha*.

Don *Quixote* sigh'd at the duchess's command, and said, If I could take out my heart, and lay it before your greatness's eyes, upon this table in a dish, I would save my tongue a labour to tell you that which would not be imagin'd; for in my heart your excellency should see her lively depainted: but why should I be put to describe and delineate exactly, piece for piece, each several beauty of the peerless *Dulcinea*, a burden fitter for other backs than mine; an enterprize in which the pensils of *Parrasius*, *Timantes*, and *Apelles*, and the tools of *Lysippus*, should indeed be imploy'd, to paint and carve her in tables of marble and brass, and *Ciceronian* and *Demosthenian* rhetoric to praise her.

What mean you by your *Demosthenian*, Seignior Don *Quixote*? quoth the duchess. *Demosthenian* rhetoric, quoth he, is as much as to say, the rhetoric of *Demosthenes*, as *Ciceronian* of *Cicero*, both which were the two greatest rhetoricians in the world. 'Tis true, quoth

Quoth the duke, and you shew'd your ignorance in asking that question : but for all that, Sir Don *Quixote* might much delight us, if he would paint her out ; for I'll warrant, tho' it be but in her first draught, she will appear so well, that the most fair will envy her. I would willingly, said he, if misfortune had not blotted out her idea, that not long since besel her, which is such, that I may rather bewail it, than describe her ; for your greatnesse shall understand, that as I went heretofore to have kiss'd her hands, and receive her benediction, leave and licence, for this my third sally, I found another manner of one than I look'd for ; I found, her enchanted, and turn'd from a princess to a country wench, from fair to foul, from an angel to a devil, from sweet to contagious, from well-spoken to rustic, from modest to skittish, from light to darkness, and, finally, from *Dulcinea del Toboso*, to a peasantess of *Sayago*.

Now God defend us, quoth the duke, with a loud voice, who is he that has done so much hurt to the world ? who has taken away the beauty that cheer'd it ? the quickness that entertain'd it ? and the honesty that did credit it ? Who ! said he, who but some curs'd inchanter : one of those many envious ones that persecute me : this wicked race born in the world, to darken and annihilate the exploits of good men, and to give light and raise the deeds of evil. Inchanters have me persecuted, inchanters me persecute, and inchanters will me persecute, till they cast me and my lofty chivalry into the profound abyss of forgetfulness, and there they hurt and wound me, where they see I have most feeling ; for to take from a knight-errant his lady, is to take away his eye-sight, with which he sees the sun that does lighten him, and the food that does nourish him. Oft have I said, and now I say again, that a knight-errant without a mistress is like a tree without leaves, like a building without cement, or a shadow without a body, by which it is caus'd.

There is no more to be said, quoth the duchess ; but yet, if we may give credit to the history of Don *Quixote*,

*Quixote*, that not long since came to light, with a general applause, it is said, as I remember, that you never saw *Dulcinea*, and that there is no such lady in the world; but that she is a meer fantastical creature ingendred in your brain, where you have painted her with all the graces and perfections that you please.

Here is much to be said, quoth he; God knows if there be a *Dulcinea* or no in the world, whether she be fantastical or not: and these be matters, whose justifying must not be so far search'd into. Neither have I ingender'd or brought forth my lady, though I contemplate on her, as is fitting, she being a lady that has all the parts that may make her famous through the whole world; as these, fair, without blemish; grave, without pride; amorous, but honest; thankful, as courteous; courteous, as well-bred; and, finally, of high descent; by reason that beauty shines and marches upon her noble blood, in more degrees of perfection, than in mean-born beauties.

'Tis true, said the duke: but Don *Quixote* must give me leave to say what the history, where his exploits are written, says; where it is inferr'd, that tho' there be a *Dulcinea* in *Toboso*, or out of it, and that she be fair in the highest degree, as you describe her, yet in her highness of birth she is not equal to your \* *Oriana's*, your *Alastraxarea's*, or your *Madasima's*, with others of this kind, of which your histories are full, as you well know. To this I answer you, quoth Don *Quixote*, *Dulcinea* is vertuous, and vertue adds to lineage; and one that is mean and vertuous ought to be more esteem'd, than another noble and vicious: besides, *Dulcinea* has one shred that may make her queen with crown and scepter; for the merit of a fair and vertuous woman extends to do greater miracles, and, altho' not formally, yet virtually, she has greater fortunes laid up for her.

I say, Seignior Don *Quixote*, quoth the duchess, that in all you speak, you go with your leaden plummets,

\* Names of feign'd ladies in books of knight-hood.

and, as they say, with your sounding line in your hand, and that hence-forward I will believe, and make all in my house believe, and my lord the duke too, if need be, that there is a *Dulcinea* in *Toboso*, and that at this day she lives ; that she is fair, and well-born, and deserves that such a knight, as Don *Quixote*, should serve her ; which is the most I can, or know how to indear her. But yet I have one scruple left, and, I know not, some kind of inckling against *Sancho* : the scruple is, that the history says, that *Pancha* found the said lady *Dulcinea*, when he carry'd her your epistle, winnowing a bag of wheat, and, for more assurance, that it was red wheat, a thing that makes me doubt of her high birth.

To which Don *Quixote* reply'd, Lady o' mine, you shall know, that all, or the most part, of my affairs are clean different from the ordinary course of other knights-errant, whether they be directed by the unscrutable will of the destinies, or by the malice of some envious inchanter ; and as it is evident, that all, or the most of your famous knights-errant, one has the favour not to be enchanted ; another, to have his flesh so impenetrable, that he cannot be wounded, as the famous *Roldan*, one of the twelve peers of *France*, of whom it was said, that he could not be wounded, but upon the sole of his left foot, and that this too must be with the point of a great pin, and with no other kind of weapon ; so that when *Bernardo del Carpio* did kill him in *Roncesaulles*, seeing he could not wound him with his sword, he lifted him in his arms from the ground, and stifi'd him, as mindful of the death that *Hercules* gave *Anteus*, that horrid giant, that was said to be the son of the earth. From all this I infer, that it might be I might have had some of these favours, as not to be wounded ; for many times experience has taught me, that my flesh is soft and penetrable ; or that I might have the power not to be enchanted, but yet I have seen my self clapt in a cage, where all the world was not able to inclose me, had it not been by vertue of inchantments ; but since I was free, I shall believe that no

other



other can hinder me : so that these inchanters, who see, that upon me they cannot use their flights, they revenge themselves upon the things I most affect, and mean to kill me, by ill treating *Dulcinea*, by whom I live : and so I believe, that when my squire carry'd my ambassage, they turn'd her into a peasant, to be employ'd in so base an office, as winnowing of wheat : but I say, that wheat was neither red, nor wheat, but seeds of oriental pearls : and, for proof of this, let me tell your magnitudes, that coming a while since by *Toboso*, I could never find *Dulcinea's* palace ; and *Sancho*, my squire, having seen her before in her own shape, which is the fairest in the world, to me she then seem'd a foul, coarse country wench, and meanly nurtur'd, being the very discretion of the world : and since I am not enchanted, neither can I be in all likelihood, she is she that is enchanted, griev'd, turn'd, chop'd, and chang'd, and my enemies have reveng'd themselves on me in her, and for her I must live in perpetual sorrow, till she come to her pristine being.

All this have I spoken, that no body may stand upon what *Sancho* said, of that sifting and winnowing of hers : for since to me she was chang'd, no marvel tho' for him were she exchang'd. *Dulcinea* is nobly born, and of the best blood in *Toboso*, of which, I warrant, she has no small part in her ; and for her that town shall be famous in after ages ; as *Troy* for *Helen*, and *Spain* for \* *Cava*, tho' with more honour and reputation. On the other side, I would have your lordships know, that *Sancho Pancha* is one of the prettiest squires that ever serv'd knight-errant : sometimes he has such sharp simplicities, that, to think whether he be fool or knave, causes no small content ; he has malice enough to be a knave, but more ignorance to be thought a fool ; he doubts of every thing, and yet believes all ; when I think sometimes he will tumble headlong to the foot,

\* Daughter to an earl, that betray'd Spain to the Moors. Vide *Marian. Hist. de Reb. Hisp.*

he comes out with some kind of discretion that lifts him to the clouds.

Finally, I would not change him for any other squire, tho' I might have a city to boot; therefore I doubt, whether it be good to send him to the government, that your greatness has bestow'd on him, tho' I see in him a certain fitness for this you call governing: for, trimming his understanding but a very little, he would proceed with his government, as well as the king with his customs: besides, we know by experience, that a governour needs not much learning, or other abilities; for you have an hundred, that scarce can read a word, and yet they govern like *Ier-Falcons*. The business is, that their meaning be good, and to hit the matter aright they undertake; for they shall not want counsellors to teach them what they shall do, as your governours that be sword-men, and not scholars, that have their assistants to direct them. My counsel should be to him: that neither bribe he take, nor his due forsake, and some other such toys as these, that I have within me, and shall be declar'd at fit time to *Sancho's* profit, and the island's which he shall govern.

To this point of their discourse came the duke, duchess and Don *Quixote*, when streight they heard a great noise of people in the palace: and *Sancho* came in, into the hall, unlook'd for, all in a maze, with a streiner instead of a bib, and after him many lads, or, to say better, scullions of the kitchen, and other inferior people; and one came with a little kneading-tub with water, that seem'd, by the colour and sluttishness, to be dish-water, who follow'd and persecuted *Sancho*, and sought by all means to join the vessel to his chin, and another would have wash'd him.

What's the matter, ho? quoth the duchess: what do ye to this honest man? what, don't you know that he's governour-elect? To which the barber-scullion reply'd, This gentleman will not suffer himself to be wash'd, according to the custom, as my lord the duke and his master were. Yes, marry will I, said *Sancho*, in a great huff: but I would have cleaner towels, and clearer suds, and not so sluttish hands; for there

is no such difference between my master and me, that they should wash him with rose-water, and me with the devil's lye : the customs of great men's palaces are so much the better, by how little trouble they cause ; but your lavatory custom here, is worse than penitentiaries ; my beard is clean, and I need no such refreshing ; and he that comes to wash me, or touch a hair of my head, of my beard, I say, sir-reverence of the company, I'll give him such a box, that I'll set my fist in his skull ; for these kind of ceremonies and soap-layings, are rather flouts, than entertainers of guests.

The duchess was ready to die with laughter, to see *Sancho's* choler, and to hear his reasons : but *Don Quixote* was not very well pleas'd to see him so ill dress'd with his jasper'd towel, and hemm'd in by so many of the kitchen pensioners ; so making a low leg to the dukes, as if he intended to speak, with a grave voice he spoke to the scoundrels :

Hark y', Gentlemen, pray let the youth alone, and get ye gone as you came, if you please, for my squire is as cleanly as another, and these troughs are as streight and close for him, as your little red clay drinking cups : take my counsel, and leave him, for neither he nor I can abide jests. *Sancho* caught his words out of his mouth, and went on, saying, No, let 'em come to make sport with the setting dog, and I'll let 'em alone, as sure as it is now night ; let 'em bring a comb hither, or what they will, and curry my beard, and, if they find any thing foul in it, let 'em sheer me to flitters. Then, quoth the duchess, unable to leave laughing, *Sancho* says well, he is clean, as he says, and needs no washing : and if our custom please him not, let him take his choice ; besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been very slack and careless, I know not whether I may say, presumptuous, to bring to such a personage and such a beard, instead of a bason and ewr of pure gold, and diaper towels, your kneading-troughs and dish-clouts : but you are unmannerly rascals, and, like wicked wretches, must needs shew the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant.

The

The rascal-regiment, together with the carver that came with them, thought verily the duchess was in earnest : so they took the sieve-cloth from *Sancho's* neck, and, even aſham'd, went their ways, and left him ; who, ſeeing himſelf out of that, as he thought, great danger, kneel'd before the duchess, ſaying, From great ladies great favours are ſtill expected, this, that your worſhip has now done me, can't be recompens'd with leſs, than to deſire to ſee my ſelf an arm'd knight-errant, to employ my ſelf all days of my life in the ſervice of ſo high a lady. I am a poor husbandman, my name is *Sancho Pancha*, children I have, and ſerve as a ſquire, if in any of theſe I may ſerve your greatneſs, I will be ſwifter in obeying, than your ladyſhip in commanding.

'Tis well ſeen, *Sancho*, quoth the duchess, that you have learnt to be courteous in the very ſchool of courteſy : I mean, it ſeems well, that you have been nurs'd at Don *Quixote's* breaſt, who is the cream of complement, and the flower of ceremonies : well fare ſuch a maſter, and ſuch a ſervant ; the one for the north-ſtar of knight-errantry, the other for the ſtar of ſquire-like fidelity : riſe, friend *Sancho*, for I will repay your courteſy, in making my lord, the duke, as ſoon as he can, perform the promiſe he has made you, of being governour of the iſland.

With this their diſcourſe ceas'd, and Don *Quixote* went to his afternoon's ſleep, and the duchess deſir'd *Sancho*, That, if he were not very ſleepy, he would paſs the afternoon with her and her damſels in a cool room. *Sancho* answer'd, That tho' true it were, that tho' he was us'd in the afternoons to take a ſome five hours nap, yet, to do her goodneſs ſervice, he would do what he could, not to take any that day, and would obey her command : ſo he parted.

The duke gave freſh order for Don *Quixote's* uſage to be like a knight-errant, without diſſering a jot from the antient ſtyle of thoſe knights.







Don Quixote attended by the Dutcheſs's Women.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

*Of the wholesom discourse that pass'd betwixt the duchess and her damsels with Sancho Pancha, worthy to be read and noted.*

**W**ELL, the story tells us, that *Sancho* slept not that day, but, according to his promise, came, when he had din'd, to see the duchess; who, for the delight she receiv'd to hear him, made him sit down by her in a low chair; tho' *Sancho*, out of pure mannerliness would not sit: but the duchess bid him sit, as he was governour, and speak as he was squire, tho' in both respects he deserv'd the very seat of *Cid Ruydiaz*, the champion.

*Sancho* \* shrunk up his shoulders, obey'd and sat down, and all the duchess's waiting-women and damsels stood round about her, attending with great silence to *Sancho's* discourse: but the duchess spake first, saying,

Now that we are all alone, and that no body hears us, I would, Seignior governour would resolve me of certain doubts I have, arising from the printed history of the grand *Don Quixote*; one of which is, that since honest *Sancho* never saw *Dulcinea*, I say, the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, neither carry'd her *Don Quixote's* letter, for it remain'd in the note-book in *Sierra Morena*, how he durst feign the answer, and that he found her sifting of wheat; this being a mock and a lie, and so prejudicial to the lady *Dulcinea's* reputation, and so unbecoming the condition and fidelity of a faithful squire.

Here *Sancho* rose without answering a word, and softly crooking his body, and with his finger upon his lips, he went up and down the room, lifting up the hangings: which done, he came and sat down again, and said, Now I see, Madam, that no body lies in wait to hear us, besides the by-standers, I will answer

\* *The Spaniards loose humility.*

you without fear or fright, all that you have ask'd, and all that you will ask me. And first of all I say, that I hold my master Don *Quixote*, for an incurable madman, tho' sometimes he speaks things, that, in my opinion, and so in all theirs that hear him, are so discreet, and carry'd in so even a track, that the devil himself can't speak better; but truly, and without scruple, I take him to be a very frantic; for so I have it in my mazard, I dare make him believe, that that has neither head nor foot, as was the answer of that letter, and another thing that happen'd some eight days ago, which is not yet in print, to wit, the enchantment of my lady *Dulcinea*; for I made him believe she is enchanted, it being as true, as the moon is made of green cheese.

The duchess desir'd him to tell her that enchantment and conceit; which he did just as it pass'd, at which the hearers were not a little delighted. And prosecuting her discourse, the Duchess said, I have one scruple leaps in my mind touching what *Sancho* hath told me, and a certain buz coming to my ears, that tells me, If Don *Quixote de la Mancha* be such a shallow madman and widgeon, and *Sancho Pancha* his squire know it, yet why, for all that, he serves and follows him, and relies on his vain promises; doubtless he is as very a madman and blockhead as his master: which being so as it is, it will be very unfitting for my lord the duke to give *Sancho* an island to govern; for he that cannot govern himself, will ill govern others.

By our lady, quoth *Sancho*, that scruple comes in pudding-time; but bid your buz speak plain, or how he will, for I know he says true; and if I had been wise, I might long since have left my master; but 'twas my luck, and this vile errantry, I cannot do withal, I must follow him, we are both of one place, I have eaten his bread, I love him well, he is thankful, he gave me the ass-colts, and above all, I am faithful, and it is impossible any chance should part us, but death. And if your altitude will not bestow the government



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vernment on me, with less was I born, and perhaps the missing it might be better for my conscience; for tho' I be a fool, yet I understand the proverb, that says, *The ant had wings to do her hurt*: and it may be, *Sancho* the squire may sooner go to heaven than *Sancho* the governour. Here is as good bread made as in *France*; and in the night *Joan* is as good as my lady; and unhappy is that man who is to break his fast at two of the clock in the afternoon; and there's no heart a hand-ful bigger than another; and the stomach is fill'd with the coarsest victuals; and the little fowls in the air have God for their provider and caterer; and four yards of coarse *Cuenca* cloth keep a man as warm as four of fine \* *Lemster* wool of *Segovia*; and when we once leave this world, and are put into the earth, the prince goes in as narrow a path as the journey-man; and the pope's body takes up no more room than a sexton's, tho' the one be higher than the other; for when we come to the pit, all are even, or made so in spite of their teeth; and good night.

Let me say again, if your ladyship will not give me the island as I am fool, I'll refuse it for being a wise-man; for I have heard say, *The nearer the church the farther from God*; and, *All is not gold that glisters*; and, *That from the oxen, plough, and yokes, the husbandman Bamba was chosen for king of Spain*; and, *That Rodrigo, from his tissues, sports, and riches, was cast out to be eaten by snakes, if we may believe the rhimes of the old romances, that lie not.*

Why no more they do not, said Donna Rodriguez, the waiting-woman that was one of the auditors; for you have one romance that says, that Don Rodrigo was put alive into a tomb full of toads, snakes and lizards, and some two days after, from within the tomb, he cried with a low and pitiful voice, *Now they eat, now they eat me in the place where I sinn'd most.* And, according to this, this man hath reason to say, he had ra-

\* *Their Lemster breed came first out of England.*

ther

ther be a labourer than a king, to be eaten to death with vermin.

The duchefs could not forbear laughing, to see the simplicity of her woman, nor to admire to hear *Sancho's* proverbial reasons, to whom she said, Honest *Sancho* knows, that when a gentleman once makes a promise, he will perform it, tho' it costs him his life. My lord and husband the duke, tho' he be no errant, yet he is a knight, and so he will accomplish his promise of the island, in spite of envy, or the world's malice. Be of good chear, *Sancho*, for when thou least dreams of it, thou shalt be seated in the chair of thy island, and of estate, and shalt clasp thy government in thy robes of tiffue. All that I charge thee, is, that you look to the governing your vassals; for, you must know, they are all well born, and loyal.

For governing, quoth *Sancho*, there's no charging me; for I am naturally charitable and compassionate to the poor; and of him that does well, they will not speak ill; and, by my *Holidam*, they shall play me no false play. I am an old dog, and understand all their hift, hift; and I can snuff my self when I see time; and I will let no cobwebs fall in my eyes, for I know where my shoe wrings me: this I say, because honest men shall have hand and heart, but wicked men neither foot nor fellowship. And, methinks, for matter of government, there is no more but to begin, and in fifteen days governour, I could manage the place, and know as well to govern as to labour, in which I was bred. You have reason, *Sancho*, quoth the duchefs, for no man is born wise, and bishops are made of men, and not of stones. But turning to our discourse that we had touching the lady *Dulcinea's* enchantment, I am more than assur'd, that that imagination that *Sancho* had to put a trick upon his master, and to make him think the country-wench was *Dulcinea*, that if his master knew her not, all was invented by some of those enchanters which persecute seignior Don *Quixote*; for I know partly, that that country-wench that leap'd upon the ass-colt, was, and is *Dulcinea*, and *Sancho*, thinking to be

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be the deceiver, is himself deceiv'd; and there is no more to be doubted in this, than in things that we never saw. And know, *Sancho*, that here we have our enchanters too, that love, and tell us plainly and truly what passeth in the world, without tricks or devices; and believe me, *Sancho*, that leaping wench was, and is *Dulcinea*, who is enchanted as the mother that brought her forth; and when we least think of it, we shall see her in her proper shape, and then *Sancho* will think he was deceiv'd.

All this may be, quoth *Sancho*; and now will I believe all that my master told me of *Montesino's* cave, where he said he saw our mistress *Dulcinea* in the same apparel and habit that I said I had seen her in, when I enchanted her at my pleasure: and it may be, madam, all is contrary, as you say; for, from my rude wit, it could not be presum'd that I should in an instant make such a witty lie; neither do I believe that my master is so mad, that with so poor and weak a persuasion as mine, he should believe a thing so incredible. But for all that, good lady, do not think me to be so malevolent; for such a leek as I am is not bound to bore into the thoughts and maliciousness of most wicked enchanters. I fain'd that, to 'scape from my master's threats, and not with any purpose to hurt him; and if it fell out otherwise, God is above, that judgeth all hearts. 'Tis true, said the duchess; but tell me, *Sancho*, what is that you said of *Montesino's* cave? I should be glad to hear it. Then *Sancho* began to tell, word for word, all that past in that adventure: which when the duchess heard, she said, Out of this success may be inferr'd, that since the grand *Don Quixote* says that he saw there the same labouring wench that *Sancho* saw at their coming from *Toboso*, without doubt it is *Dulcinea*, and that in this the enchanters here are very list'ning and wary. This I said, quoth *Sancho*, that if my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* be enchanted, at her peril be it; for I'll have nothing to do with my master's enemies, who are many, and bad ones. True it is, that she that I saw was a country-wench, and so I held her, and so I judg'd her to be; and

and if that were *Dulcinea*, I'll not meddle with her, neither shall the blowze pass upon my account. I, I, let's have giving and taking every foot: *Sancho* said it, *Sancho* did it, *Sancho* turn'd, *Sancho* return'd, as if *Sancho* were a dish-clout, and not the same *Sancho Pancha* that is now in print all the world over, as *Samson Carrasco* told me, who at least is one that is bacheloriz'd in *Salamanca*; and such men cannot lie, but when they list, or that it much concerns them: so there is no reason any man should deal with me, since I have a good report; and, as I have heard my master say, Better have an honest name than much wealth. Let them join me to this government, and they shall see wonders; for he that hath been a good squire, will easily be a good governor.

Whatsoever *Sancho* hitherto hath said, quoth the duchess, are *Catonian* sentences, or, at least, taken out of the very entrails of *Michael Verinus*, *Florentibus occidit annis*. Well, well, to speak as thou dost; a bad cloke often hides a good drinker. Truly, madam, said *Sancho*, I never drunk excessively in my life; to quench my thirst sometimes I have, for I am no hypocrite: I drink when I am dry, and when I am urg'd too, for I love not to be nice or unmannerly; for what heart of marble is there who will not pledge a friend's carouse? but but tho' I take my cup, I go not away drunk. Besides, your knight-errant squires ordinarily drink water; for they always travel by forests, woods, meadows, mountains, craggy rocks, and meet not with a pittance of wine, tho' they would give an eye for it.

I believe it, said the duchess; and now, *Sancho*, thou may'st repose thy self, and after we will talk at large, and give order how thou may'st be join'd, as thou say'st, to the government.

*Sancho* again gave the duchess thanks, but desir'd her she would do him the kindness that his dapple might be well look'd to. What dapple, quoth she? My ass, said *Sancho*; for not to call him so, I say my dapple: and when I came into the castle, I desir'd this waiting-woman to have a care on him, and she grew so loud with



with me, as if I call'd her ugly, or old ; for I held it fitter for them to provender asses, than to authorize rooms. Lord God, a gentleman of my town could not endure these waiting-women. Some peasant, quoth Donna Rodriguez, the waiting-woman ; for if he had been a gentleman, and well bred, he would have extoll'd them above the moon. Go to, no more, quoth the duchess ; peace, Rodriguez, and be quiet, Sancho, and let me alone to see that Sancho's ass be made much of ; for being Sancho's household-stuff, I will hold him on the apples of mine eyes. Let him be in the stable, quoth Sancho ; for neither he nor I am worthy to be so much as a minute upon those apples of your greatness's eyes ; and I had as lief stab my self, as consent to that : for altho' my master says, that in courtesies one should rather lose by a card too much, than too little ; yet in these ass-like courtesies, and in your apples, it is fit to be wary, and proceed with discretion. Carry him, Sancho, quoth the duchess, to thy government, for there thou may'st cherish him at thy pleasure, and manumit him from his labour. Do not think you have spoken jestingly, lady duchess, quoth Sancho ; for I have seen more than two asses go to governments, and 'twould be no novelty for me to carry mine.

Sancho's discourse renew'd in the duchess more laughter and content ; and, sending him to repose, she went to tell the duke all that had past between them, and both of them plotted, and gave order to put a jest upon Don Quixote that might be a famous one, and suiting to his knightly style ; in which kind they play'd many pranks with him, so proper and handsom, that they are the best contain'd amongst all the adventures of this grand history.

## CHAP. XXXIV.

*How notice is given for the dis-enchanting of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, which is one of the most famous adventures in all this book.*

**G**REAT was the pleasure the duke and duchess receiv'd with Don *Quixote's* and *Sancho Pacha's* conversation, and they resolv'd to play some tricks with them, that might carry some twilights and appearances of adventures. They took for a motive that which Don *Quixote* had told unto them of *Montesino's* cave, because they would have it a famous one. But that which the duchess most admir'd at, was, that *Sancho's* simplicity should be so great, that he should believe, for an infallible truth, that *Dulcinea* was enchanted, he himself having been the inchanter, and the impostor of that business. So, giving order to their servants for all they would have done, some weeks after they carry'd Don *Quixote* to a boar-hunting, with such a troop of woodmen and hunters, as if the duke had been a crown'd king. They gave Don *Quixote* a hunter's sute, and to *Sancho* one of finest green cloth; but Don *Quixote* would not put on his, saying, That shortly he must return again to the hard exercise of arms, and that therefore he could carry no wardrobes or sumpters: but *Sancho* took his, meaning to sell it, with the first occasion that offer'd.

The wish'd for day being come, Don *Quixote* arm'd himself, and *Sancho* clad himself, and upon his dapple (for he would not leave him, tho' they had given him a horse) thrust himself amongst the troop of the woodmen. The duchess was bravely attir'd; and Don *Quixote*, out of pure courtesy and manners, took the reins of her palfrey, tho' the duke would not consent. At last they came to a wood, that was between two high mountains, where taking their stands, their lanes, and paths, and the hunters divided into several stands, the chase began, with great noise, hooting, and hollowing, so that one could scarce hear another, as well for the cry

cry of the dogs, as for the sound of the horns. The duchess alighted, and, with a sharp javelin in her hand, she took a stand, by which she knew some wild boars were us'd to pass. The duke also alighted, and Don Quixote, and stood by her. Sancho staid behind them all, but stirr'd not from dapple, whom he durst not leave, lest some ill chance should befall him. And they had scarce lighted, and set themselves in order, with some servants, when they saw there came a huge boar by them, baited with the dogs, and follow'd by the hunters, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth: and Don Quixote seeing him, buckling his shield to him, and, laying hand on his sword, went forward to encounter him, the like did the duke with his javelin; but the duchess would have been foremost of all, if the duke had not stopp'd her. Only Sancho, when he saw the valiant beast, left dapple, and began to scud as fast as he could, and striving to get up into a high oak, it was not possible for him, but, being even in the midst of it, fastned to a bough, and striving to get to the top, he was so unlucky and unfortunate, that the bough broke, and, as he was tumbling to the ground, he hung in the air, fasten'd to a snag of the oak, unable to come to the ground: and seeing himself in that perplexity, and that his green coat was torn, and thinking that, if that wild beast should come thither, he might lay hold on him, he began to cry out and call for help so outrageously, that all that heard him, and saw him not, thought verily some wild beast was devouring him.

Finally, the tusky boar was laid along, with many javelins points; and Don Quixote turning aside to Sancho's noise, that knew him by his note, he saw him hanging on the oak, and his head downward, and dapple close by him, that never left him in all his calamity: and Cid Hamet says, that he seldom saw Sancho without dapple, or dapple without Sancho, such was the love and friendship betwixt the couple.

Don Quixote went and unhung Sancho, who seeing himself free, and on the ground, beheld the torn place

of his hunting-fute, and it griev'd him to the soul, for he thought he had of that fute at least an inheritance. And now they laid the boar athwart upon a great mule, and, covering him with rosemary bushes and myrtle boughs, he was carry'd in sign of their victorious spoils, to a great field-tent, that was set up in the midst of the wood, where the tables were set in order, and a dinner made ready, so plentiful and well dress'd, that it well shew'd the bounty and magnificence of him that gave it.

*Sancho*, shewing the wounds of his torn garment to the duchess, said, if this had been hunting of the hare, my coat had not seen it self in this extremity. I know not what pleasure there can be in looking for a beast, that if he reach you with a tusk, he may kill you. I have often heard an old song, that says,

*Of the bears may'st thou be eat,  
As was Favila the great.*

He was a *Gothish* king, quoth Don *Quixote*, that going a hunting in the mountains, a bear eat him. This I say, said *Sancho*, I would not that kings and princes should thrust themselves into such danger, to enjoy their pleasure; for what pleasure can there be to kill a beast that hath committed no fault?

You are in the wrong, *Sancho*, quoth the duke; for the exercise of beast-hunting is the necessariest for kings and princes that can be: the chase is a shew of war, where there be stratagems, crafts, deceits, to overcome the enemy at pleasure; in it you have sufferings of cold and intolerable heats, sleep and idleness are banish'd, the powers are corroborated, the members agilitated: in conclusion, 'tis an exercise that may be us'd without prejudice to any body, and to the pleasure of every body: and the best of it is, that it is not common, as other kinds of sports are, except flying at the fowl, only fit for kings and princes. Therefore, *Sancho*, change thy opinion, and, when thou art a governour, follow the chase, and thou shalt be a hundred times the better.

Not



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Not so, quoth *Sancho*, 'tis better for your governour to have his legs broken, and be at home. 'Twere very good that poor suiters should come and seek him, and he should be taking his pleasure in the woods; 'twould be a sweet government i'faith. Good faith, Sir, the chase and pastimes are rather for idle companions than governours; my sport shall be vyed trump at *Christmas*, and at skettle-pins sundays and holidays; for your hunting is not for my condition, neither doth it agree with my conscience.

Pray God, *Sancho*, it be so, quoth the duke; for to do and to say go a several way. Let it be how 'twill, said *Sancho*; for a good paymaster needs no pledge; and God's help is better than early rising; and the belly carries the legs, and not the legs the belly; I mean, that if God help me, and I do honestly what I ought, without doubt I shall govern as well as an *Ier-Falcon*. I, I; put your finger in my mouth, and see if I bite or no.

A mischief on thee, curs'd *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, and when shall we hear thee, as I have often told thee, speak a wise speech, without a proverb? My lords, I beseech you leave this dunce, for he will grind your very souls, not with his two, but his two thousand proverbs, so seasonable, as such be his health or mine, if I hearken to them.

*Sancho's* proverbs, quoth the duchess, altho' they be more than *Mallaras*, yet they are not less to beesteem'd than his, for their sententious brevity: for my part, they more delight me than others that be far better, and more fitting.

With these, and such like savoury discourses, they went out of the tent to the wood, to seek some more sport, and the day was soon past, and the night came on, and not so light and calm as the time of the year requir'd, it being about *Midsummer*; but a certain dimmalness it had, agreeing much with the duke's intention, and so as it grew to be quite dark, it seem'd that, upon a sudden, all the wood was on fire, through every part of it, and there were heard here and there, this

way and that way, an infinite company of cornets, and other warlike instruments, and many troops of horse that pass'd through the wood; the light of the fire, and the sound of the warlike instruments, did as it were blind, and stunn'd the eyes and ears of the bystanders, and of all those that were in the wood. Streight they heard a company of *Moorish* \* cries, such as they use when they join battle, drums and trumpets sounded, and fifes, all, as it were, in an instant, and so fast, that he, that had had his senses, might have lost them, with the confus'd sound of these instruments.

The duke was astonish'd, the duchess dismay'd, Don *Quixote* wonder'd, *Sancho* trembled, and, finally, even they that knew the occasion were frighted. Their fear caus'd a general silence; and a post in a devil's weed pass'd before them, sounding, instead of a cornet, a huge hollow horn, that made a hoarse and terrible noise. Hark you, post, quoth the duke, what are you? whither go you? and what men of war are they that cross over the wood? To which the post answer'd, with a horrible and free voice, I am the devil, I go to seek Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, and they which come here are six troops of enchanters, that bring the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* upon a triumphant chariot, she comes here enchanted with the brave *Frenchman*, *Montesinos*, to give order to Don *Quixote* how she may be disenchanted.

If thou wert a devil, as thou say'st, quoth the duke, and as thy shape shews thee to be, thou wou'dst have known that knight, Don *Quixote de la Mancha*; for he is here before thee. In my soul and conscience, quoth the devil, I thought not on it; for I am so diverted with my several cogitations, that I quite forgot the chief for which I came for. Certainly, said *Sancho*, this devil is an honest fellow, and a good christian; for if he were not, he would not have sworn by his soul and conscience: and now I believe that in hell you have honest men. Streight the devil, without lighting, di-

\* Le li lies, like the cries of the wild Irish.

recting his sight toward Don *Quixote*, said, The unlucky, but valiant knight, *Montesinos*, sends me to thee, O knight of the lions, for methinks now I see thee in their paws, commanding me to tell thee from him, that thou expect him here, where he will meet thee; for he hath with him *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and means to give thee instruction how thou shalt dis-enchant her; and now I have done my message, I must away, and the devil, like me, be with thee, and good angels guard the rest. And this said, he winds his monstrous horn, and turn'd his back, and went, without staying for any answer.

Each one began afresh to admire, especially *Sancho* and Don *Quixote*: *Sancho* to see that, in spite of truth, *Dulcinea* must be enchanted; Don *Quixote*, to think whether that were true that befel him in *Montesino's* cave: and being elevated in these dumps, the duke said to him, Will you stay, Seignior Don *Quixote*? Should I not? quoth he: here will I stay couragious and undaunted, tho' all the devils in hell should close with me. Well, quoth *Sancho*, if I hear another devil, and another horn, I'll stay in *Flanders* as much as here.

Now it grew darker, and they might perceive many lights up and down the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth in the sky, that seem to us to be shooting-stars; besides, there was a terrible noise heard, just like that of your creaking wheels of ox-wains, from whose piercing squeak, they say, bears and wolves do fly, if there be any the way they pass. To this tempest there was another added, that increas'd the rest, which was, that it seem'd, that in all four parts of the wood there were four encounters, or battles, in an instant; for there was first a sound of terrible cannon-shot, and an infinite company of guns were discharg'd, and the voices of the combatants seem'd to be heard by and by afar off, the *Moorish* cries reiterated.

Lastly, the trumpets, cornets, and horns, drums, cannons, and guns, and, above all, the fearful noise of the

carts, all together made a most confus'd and horrid found, which try'd Don *Quixote's* uttermost courage to suffer it. But *Sancho* was quite gone, and fell in a swoon upon the duchess's coats, who receiv'd him, and commanded they should cast cold water in his face; which done, he came to himself, just as one of the carts of those whistling wheels came to the place, four lazy oxen drew it, cover'd with black clothes; at every horn they had a lighted torch ty'd, and on the top of the cart there was a high seat made, upon which a venerable old man sat, with a beard as white as snow, and so long, that it reach'd to his girdle; his garment was a long gown of black buckram, for because the cart was full of lights, all within it might very well be discern'd and seen: two ugly spirits guided it, clad in the said buckram, so monstrous, that *Sancho*, after he had seen 'em, wink'd, because he would see 'em no more. When the cart drew near to their standing, the venerable old man rose from his seat, and, standing up with a loud voice, said *I am the wise Lyrgander*; and the cart pass'd on, he not speaking a word more.

After this, there pass'd another cart, in the same manner, with another old man enthroniz'd; who making the cart stay, with a voice no less lofty than the other, said, *I am the wise Alquife, great friend to the ungrateful Urganda*; and on he went: and straight another cart came on, the same pace; but he that sat in the chief seat, was no old man, as the rest, but a good robust fellow, and ill-favour'd, who, when he came near, rose up, as the rest, but, with a voice more hoarse and devilish, said, *I am Archelaus the enchanter, mortal enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and all his kindred*. And so on he pass'd, all three of these carts turning a little forward, made a stand, and the troublesom noise of their wheels ceas'd, and straight there was heard no noise, but a sweet and consenting sound of well-form'd musick, which comforted *Sancho*, and he held it for a good sign; and he said thus to the duchess, from whom he stirr'd not a foot, not a jot.

Madam,



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Madam, where there is musick, there can be no ill. Neither, quoth the duchess, where there is light and brightness. To which, said *Sancho*, the fire gives light, and your bon-fires, as we see, and perhaps might burn us; but musick is always a sign of feasting and jollity. You shall see that, quoth Don *Quixote*, for he heard all, and he said well, as you shall see in the next chapter.

### C H A P, XXXV.

*Where is prosecuted the notice, that Don Quixote had, of dis-enchanting Dulcinea, with other admirable accidents.*

**W**HEN the delightful musick was ended, they might see one of those you call triumphant chariots come toward them, drawn by six dun mules, but cover'd with white linen, and upon each of them came a penitentiary with a torch, cloth'd likewise all in white; the cart was twice or thrice as big as the three former, and at the top and sides of it were twelve other penitentiaries, as white as snow, all with their torches lighted, a sight that admir'd and astonish'd jointly; and in a high throne sat a nymph, clad in a veil of cloth of silver, a world of golden spangles glimmering about her, her face was cover'd with a fine cloth of tiffany, for all whose wrinkles the face of a most delicate damsel was seen through it, and the many lights made them easily distinguish her beauty and years, which, in likelihood, came not to twenty, nor were under seventeen. Next her came a shape, clad in a gown of those you call side-garments, down to her foot, her head was cover'd with a black veil; but even as the cart came to be just over-against the dukes and Don *Quixote*, the musick of the hautboys ceas'd, and the harps and lutes, that came in the cart, began, and the gown'd shape rising up, unfolding her garment on both sides; and, taking her veil off from her head, she discover'd plainly the picture of raw-bon'd death, at which Don *Quixote* was troubled, and *Sancho* afraid, and the

dukes made shew of some timorous resenting. This live death standing up, with a drowsy voice, and a tongue not much waking, began in this manner:

*\* I Merlin am, he that in histories  
They say, the devil to my father had,  
A tale by age succeeding authoriz'd,  
The prince and monarch of the magick art,  
And register of deep astrology,  
Succeeding ages, since, me emulate,  
That only seek to sing and blazon forth  
The rare exploits of those knights-errant brave,  
To whom I bore and bear a liking great.*

*And howsoever of inchanters, and  
Those that are wizards, or magicians be,  
Hard, the condition, rough, and devilish, is,  
Yet mine is tender, soft, and amorous,  
And unto all friendly, to do them good.*

*In the obscure and darkest caves of Dis,  
Whereas my soul hath still been entertain'd  
In forming circles, and of characters  
I heard the lamentable note of fair  
And peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.*

*I knew of her enchantment and hard hap,  
Her transformation, from a goodly dame  
Into a rustic wench, I sorry was,  
And shutting up my spirit within this hollow,  
This terrible and fierce anatomy,  
When I had turn'd a hundred thousand books  
Of this my devilish science, and uncouth,  
I come to give the remedy that's fit,  
To such a grief, and to an ill so great.*

*\* Verses made on purpose absurdly, as the subject requir'd, and so translated ad verbum.*

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*Oh glory thou of all, that do put on  
Their coats of steel, and hardest diamond  
Thou light, thou lanthorn, path, north-star and guide  
To those that casting off their sluggish sleep,  
And feather-beds, themselves accommodate  
To use the exercise of bloody arms,  
To thee, I say, oh never prais'd enough,  
Not as thou ought'st to be, oh valiant!*

*Oh jointly wise! to thee, oh Don Quixote,  
The Mancha's splendor, and the star of Spain,  
That to recover to her first estate,  
The peerless Dulcinea del Tobos,  
It is convenient that Sancho thy squire,  
Himself three thousand, and three hundred give  
Lashes, upon his valiant buttocks both  
Unto the air discover'd, and likewise  
That they may vex, and smart, and grieve him sore;  
And, upon this, let all resolved be,  
That of her hard misfortunes authors were  
My masters, this my cause of coming was.*

By gad, quoth Sancho, I say not three thousand; but I will as soon give my self three stabs, as three; the devil take this kind of disenchanted. What have my buttocks to do with enchantments? Verily, if master Merlin have found no other means to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she may go enchanted to her grave.

Goodman rascal, quoth Don Quixote, you garlic stinkard; I shall take you, and bind you to a tree, as naked as your mother brought you forth, and let me not say three thousand and three hundred, but I'll give you six thousand and six hundred, so well laid on, that you shall not claw them off at three thousand and three hundred plucks, and reply not a word, if thou dost, I'll tear out thy very soul.

Which when Merlin heard, quoth he, It must not be so, for the stripes, that honest Sancho must receive, must be with his good will, and not perforce, and at what

what time he will, for no time is prefix'd him : but it is lawful for him, if he will redeem one half of this beating, he may receive it from another's hand that may lay it on well.

No other, nor laying on, quoth *Sancho*, no hand shall come near me : am I *Dulcinea del Toboso's* mother trow ye, that my buttocks should pay for the offence of her eyes ? My master indeed, he is a part of her, since, every stich while, he calls her, My life, my soul, my sustenance, my prop ; he may be whipp'd for her, and do all that is fitting for her disinchanting ; but, for me to whip my self, I \* bernounce.

*Sancho* scarce ended his speech, when the silver nymph that came next to *Merlin's* ghost, taking off her thin veil, she discover'd her face, which seem'd unto all to be extraordinary fair, and with a manly grace, and voice not very amiable, directing her speech to *Sancho*, she said, Oh thou unhappy squire ! soul of lead, and heart of cork, and entrails of flint, if thou hadst been bidden, thou face-flying thief, to cast thy self from an high tower down to the ground : if thou hadst been wish'd, enemy of mankind, to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizards, and three of snakes : if thou hadst been persuaded to kill thy wife and children, with some truculent and sharp scimitar : no marvel tho' thou should'st shew thy self nice and squeamish : but to make ado for three thousand and three hundred lashes, since the poorest school-boy that is, has them every month, admires, astonishes, and affrights all the pitiful entrails of the auditors, and of all them that in process of time shall come to the hear of it : put, Oh miserable and flinty breast ! put, I say, thy skittish moils eyes, upon the balls of mine, compar'd to shining stars, and thou shalt see them weep drop after drop, making furrows, careers and paths, upon the fair fields of my cheeks. Let it move thee, knavish and untoward monster, that my flourishing age (which is yet

\* Mistaken instead of renounce, for so it goes in the Spanish.

but



but in its ten, and some years, for I am nineteen, and not yet twenty) doth consume and wither under the bark of a rustic labourer: and if now I seem not so to thee, 'tis now a particular favour that Seignior *Merlin* has done me who is here present, only that my beauty may make thee relent; for the tears of an afflicted fairness, turn rocks into cotton, and tigers into lambs. Lash, lash, that thick flesh of thine, untam'd beast, and rouze up thy courage from sloth, which makes thee only fit to eat till thou burst, and set my smooth flesh at liberty, the gentleness of my condition, and the beauty of my face; and if, for my sake, thou wilt not be mollify'd, and reduc'd to some reasonable terms, yet do it for that poor knight, that is by thee: for thy master, I say, whose soul I see is travers'd in his throat, not ten fingers from his lips, expecting nothing but thy rigid or soft answer, either to come out of his mouth, or to turn back to his stomach.

Don *Quixote*, hearing this, felt to his throat, and, turning to the duke, said, Before God, Sir, *Dulcinea* has said true; for my soul indeed is travers'd in my throat, like the nook of a cross-bow. What say you to this, *Sancho*? said the dukes. I say what I have said, quoth *Sancho*, that the lashes I bernounce. Renounce, thou wouldst say, *Sancho*, said the duke. Let your greatness pardon me, said *Sancho*, I am not now to look into subtilties, nor your letters too many, or too few; for these lashes, that I must have, do so trouble me, that I know not what to do or say: but I would fain know of my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, where she learnt this kind of begging she has: she comes to desire me to tear my flesh with lashes, and calls me leaden soul, and untam'd beast, with a catalogue of ill names, that the devil would not suffer. Does she think my flesh is made of brass? or will her disinchantment be worth any thing to me or no? what basket of white linen, of shirts, caps, or socks, tho' I were none, does she bring with her, to soften me with? only some kind of railing or other, knowing that the usual proverb is, An ass laden with gold will

go lightly up hill ; and that gifts do enter stone walls ; and serve God, and work hard ; and, Better a bird in the hand, than two in the bush. And my master too, that should animate me to this task, and comfort me, to make me become as soft as wool, he says, that he will tie me naked to a tree, and double the number of my lashes ; and therefore these compassionate gentles should consider, that they do not only wish a squire to whip himself, but a governour also ; as if it were no more, but drink to your cherries, let 'em learn, let 'em learn with a pox, to know how to ask, and to demand ; for all times are not alike, and men are not always in a good humour : I am now ready to burst with grief, to see my torn coat, and now you come to bid me whip my self willingly, I being as far from it, as to turn \* *cacique*.

By my faith, *Sancho*, quoth the duke, if you do not make yourself as soft as a ripe fig, you finger not the government. 'Twere good indeed, that I should send a cruel, flinty hearted governour amongst my islanders, that will not bend to the tears of afflicted damsels, nor to the intreaties of discreet, imperious, antient, wise inchanters. To conclude, *Sancho*, either you must whip yourself, or be whipp'd, or not be governour.

Sir, quoth *Sancho*, may I not have two days respite to consider ? No, by no means, quoth *Merlin*, now at this instant, and in this place, this business must be dispatch'd, or *Dulcinea* shall return to *Montesino's* cave, and to her pristine being of a country wench, or, as she is, she shall be carry'd to the *Elyzian* fields, there to expect till the number of these lashes be fulfill'd. Go to, honest *Sancho*, said the duchess, be of good cheer, shew your love for your master's bread that you have eaten, to whom all of us are indebted for his pleasing condition, and his high chivalry. Say I, son, to this whipping cheer, and hang the devil, and

\* *Caciques*, are great lords amongst the West-Indians.

let

let fear go whistle, a good heart conquers ill fortune, as well thou know'st.

To this, *Sancho* yielded these foolish speeches, speaking to *Merlin*, Tell me, Seignior *Merlin*, said he, when the devil-post pass'd by here, and deliver'd his message to my master from Seignior *Montesinos*, bidding him from him he should expect him here, because he came to give order, that my lady *Dulcinea* should be disenchanted, where is he, that hitherto we have neither seen *Montesinos*, or any such thing?

To which, said *Merlin*, friend *Sancho*? The devil is an ass, and an arrant knave, I sent him in quest of your master; but not with any message from *Montesinos*, but from me, for he is still in his cave, plotting, or, to say truer, expecting his disenchancement, for yet he wants something t'ward it; and if he owe thee ought, or thou have any thing to do with him, I'll bring him thee, and set him where thou wilt: and therefore now make an end, and yield to his disciplining, and believe me it will do thee much good, as well for thy mind as for thy body: for thy mind, touching the charity thou shalt perform; for thy body, for I know thou art of a sanguine complexion, and it can do thee no hurt to let out some blood.

What a company of physicians there be in the world! said *Sancho*; even the very enchanters are physicians. Well, since every body tells me so, that it is good, yet I cannot think so, I am content to give my self three thousand and three hundred lashes, on condition that I may be giving of them as long as I please, and I will be out of debt as soon as 'tis possible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*; since it appears, contrary to what I thought, that she is fair. On condition likewise that I may not draw blood with the whip, and if any lash go by too, it shall pass for currant: Item, that Seignior *Merlin*, if I forget any part of the number, since he knows all, shall have a care to tell them, and to let me know how many I want, or if I exceed. For your exceeding, quoth *Merlin*, there needs no telling, for, coming to  
your

your just number, forthwith *Dulcinea* shall be disenchanted, and shall come in all thankfulness to seek *Sancho*, to gratify and reward him for the good deed. So you need not be scrupulous, either of your excess or defect, and God forbid I should deceive any body in so much as a hair's breadth.

Well, quoth *Sancho*, a God's name be it, I yield to my ill fortune, and, with the aforesaid conditions, accept of the penitence.

Scarce had *Sancho* spoken these words, when the waits began to play, and a world of guns were shot off, and Don *Quixote* hung about *Sancho's* neck, kissing his cheeks and forehead a thousand times. The duke, the duchess, and all the by-standers, were wonderfully delighted, and the cart began to go on, and, passing by, the fair *Dulcinea* inclin'd her head to the dukes, and made a low court'sy to *Sancho*, and by this the merry morning came on apace, and the flowers of the field began to bloom and rise up, and the liquid crystal of the brooks, murmuring through the grey pebbles, went to give tribute to the rivers, that expected them; the sky was clear, and the air wholesome, the light perspicuous, each by itself, and altogether, shew'd manifestly, that the day, whose skirts *Aurora* came trampling on, should be bright and clear.

And the dukes, being satisfy'd with the chase, and to have obtain'd their purpose so discreetly and happily, they return'd to their castle, with an intention to second their jest; for to them there was no earnest could give them more content.

#### C H A P. XXXVI.

*Of the strange and unimagin'd adventure of the afflicted matron, alias the countess Trifaldi, with a letter that Sancho Pancha wrote to his wife Terasa Pansa.*

THE duke had a steward, of a very pleasant and conceited wit, who play'd *Merlin's* part, and contriv'd the whole furniture for the pass'd adventure; he it was that made the verses, and that a page should



## Chap. 36. DON QUIXOTE. 257

should act *Dulcinea*. Finally, by his lord's leave, he plotted another piece of work, the pleasantest and strangest that may be imagin'd.

The duchess ask'd *Sancho* the next day, If he had yet begun his task of the penance, for the disenchanted of *Dulcinea*? He told her, Yes: and that, as that night, he had given himself five lashes. The duchess ask'd him, With what? he answer'd, With his hand. Those, quoth the duchess, are rather claps than lashes: I am of opinion that the sage *Merlin* will not accept of this softness, 'twere fitter that *Sancho* took the discipline of rowels or bullets with prickles, that may smart; for the business will be effected with blood, and the liberty of so great a lady will not be wrought so slightly, or with so small a price; and know, *Sancho*, that works of charity are not to be done so slow and lazily, for they will merit nothing.

To which *Sancho* reply'd, Give me, Madam, a convenient lash of some bough, and I will lash my self, that it may not smart too much; for let me tell your worship this, that tho' I am a clown, yet my flesh is rather cotten than mattress, and there's no reason I should kill my self for another's good. You say well, quoth the duchess, to morrow I'll give you a whip that shall fit you, and agree with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it were akin to them. To which, quoth *Sancho*, lady of my soul, I beseech you know, that I have written a letter to my wife *Teresa Panza*, letting her know all that has happen'd to me since I parted from her; here I have it in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the superscription: I would your discretion would read it, for methinks it goes fit for a governor, I mean, in the same style that governors should write. And who penn'd it? said the duchess. Who should, said he, sinner that I am, but I my self? And did you write it? quoth she. Nothing less, said he; for I can neither write nor read, tho' I can set to my firm. Let's see your letter, quoth the duchess; for, I warrant, thou shew'st the ability and sufficiency of thy wit in it. *Sancho* drew the letter open out of his bosom,

som, and the duchess, taking it of him, read the contents, as follows :

*Sancho Pancha's letter to his wife Teresa Panfa.*

**I**F I were well lash'd, I got well by it ; if I got a government, it cost me many a good lash. This, my *Teresa*, at present thou understand'st not, hereafter thou shalt know it. Know now, *Teresa*, that I am determin'd thou go in thy coach, for all other kind of going, is to go upon all four. Thou art now a governour's wife, let's see if any body will gnaw thy stumps. I have sent thee a green hunter's fute, that my lady the duchess gave me, fit it so that it may serve our daughter for a coat and bodies. My master, Don *Quixote*, as I have heard say in this country, is a mad wise man, and a conceited coxcomb, and that I am ne'er a whit behind him. We have been in *Montesino's* cave, and the sage *Merlin* has laid hands on me for the disenchanted my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, whom you there call *Aldonza Lorenzo*, with three thousand and three hundred lashes lacking five, that I give my self, she shall be disenchanted as the mother that brought her forth : but let no body know this ; for put it thou to descant on, some will cry white, others black. Within this little while I will go to my government, whither I go with a great desire to make money ; for I have been told, that all your governours at the first go with the same desire. I will look into it, and send thee word whether it be fit for thee to come to me or no. Dapple is well, and commends him heartily to thee, and I will not leave him, altho' I were to go to be great turk. My lady, the duchess, kisses thy hands a thousand times : return her two thousand, for there's nothing costs less, nor is better cheap, as my master tells me, than complement. God Almighty has not yet been pleas'd to bless me with a cloak-bag, and another hundreth pistolets as those you wot of : but be not griev'd, my *Teresa*, there's no hurt done, all shall be recompenc'd when we lay the government a bucking ;

ing ; only one thing troubles me, for they tell me, that, after my time is expir'd, I may die for hunger, which, if it should be true, I paid dear for it, though your lame and maim'd men get their living by begging and alms ; so that one way or other thou shalt be rich and happy : God make thee so, and keep me to serve thee. From this castle, the twentieth of *July*, 1614.

*The governour, thy husband,*

SANCHO PANCHAS

When the duchess had made an end of reading the letter, she said to *Sancho*, In two things the good governour is out of the way ; the one, in saying or publishing, that this government has been given him for the lashes he must give himself, he knowing, for he cannot deny it, that, when my lord the duke promis'd it him, there was no dreaming in the world of lashes : the other is, that he shews himself in it very covetous, and I would not have it so prejudicial to him ; for covetousness is the root of all evil, and the covetous governour does ungovern'd justice. I had no such meaning, madam, quoth *Sancho*, and if your worship think the letter be not written as it should be, let it be torn, and we'll have a new, and perhaps it may be worse, if it be left to my noddle. No, no, quoth the duchess, 'tis well enough, and I'll have the duke see it. So they went to a garden where they were to dine that day : the duchess shew'd *Sancho's* letter to the duke, which gave him great content. They din'd, and when the cloth was taken away, and that they had entertain'd themselves a pretty while with *Sancho's* savoury conversation, upon a sudden they heard a doleful sound of a flute, and of a hoarse and untun'd drum ; all of them were in some amazement, at this confus'd, martial and sad harmony, especially *Don Quixote*, who was so troubled, he could not sit still in his seat ; for *Sancho* there is no more to be said, but that fear carry'd him to his accusom'd refuge, which was the duchess's side

side or her lap; for in good earnest, the sound they heard was most sad and melancholy. And all of them being in this maze, they might see two men come in before them into the garden, clad in mourning weeds, so long that they dragg'd to the ground, these came beating of two drums, cover'd likewise with black; with them came the fife, black and besmear'd as well as the rest. After these there follow'd a personage of a giantly body, bemantled, and not clad in a cole-black cassock, whose skirt was extraordinarily long, his cassock likewise was girt with a broad, black belt, at which there hung an unmeasurable scimitar with hilts and scaleboard; upon his face he wore a transparent black veil, through which they might see a huge, long beard, as white as snow. His pace was very grave and staid, according to the sound of the drum and fife. To conclude, his hugeness, his motion, his blackness, and his consorts, might have held all that knew him not, and look'd on him, in suspense.

Thus he came with the state and *Prosopopeia* aforesaid, and kneel'd before the duke, who, with the rest that stood up there, awaited his coming: but the duke would not by any means hear him speak till he rose, which the prodigious scare-crow did; and, standing up, he pluck'd his mask from off his face, and shew'd the most horrid, long, white and thick beard, that e'er till then human eyes beheld; and streight he let loose and rooted out, from his broad and spreading breast, a majestic, loud voice, and, casting his eyes toward the duke, thus said:

High and mighty Sir, I am call'd *Trifaldin* with the white beard, squire to the countess *Trifaldi*, otherwise call'd the *Afflicted Matron*, from whom I bring an ambassage to your greatness, which is, That your magnificence be pleas'd to give her leave and license to enter and relate her griefs, which are the most strange and admirable that ever troubled thoughts in the world could think: but first of all, she would know whether the valorous and invincible knight, Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, be in your castle? in whose search she comes

a foot,



a foot, and hungry, from the kingdom of *Candaya*, even to this your dukedom : a thing miraculous, or by way of enchantment ; she is at your fortress-gate, and only expects your permission to come in : thus he spoke, and forthwith cough'd and wip'd his beard from the top to the bottom, with both his hands, and, with a long pause, attended the duke's answer, which was ;

Honest squire *Trifaldin* with a white beard, long, since the misfortune of the countess *Trifaldi* has come to our notice, whom inchanters have caus'd to be styl'd, the *Afflicted Matron*, tell her, stupendious squire, she may come in, and that here is the valiant knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, from whose generous condition she may safely promise herself all aid and assistance : and you may also tell her from me, that if she need my favour, she shall not want it, since I am oblig'd to it by being a knight, to whom the favouring of all sorts of her sex is pertaining and annex'd, especially matron-widows ruin'd, and afflicted, as her ladyship is. Which when *Trifaldin* heard, he bent his knee to the ground, and, making signs to the drum and fife, that they should play to the same pace and sound as when they enter'd, he return'd back out of the garden, and left all in admiration of his presence and posture.

And the duke, turning to *Don Quixote*, said, In fine, Sir knight, neither the clouds of malace or ignorance can darken or obscure the light of valour and vertue. This I say, because it is scarce six days, since that your \* bounty has been in this my castle, when the sad and afflicted come from remote parts, on foot, and not in caracks and on dromedaries to seek you, confident, that in this most strenuous arm they shall find the remedy for their griefs and labours, thanks to your brave exploits, that run over and compass the whole world.

Now would I, my lord, quoth *Don Quixote*, that that same bless'd clergyman were present, who the other

\* A forc'd word put in, in mockage, purposely.

day, at table, seem'd to be so distast'd, and to bear such a grudge against knights-errant, that he might see with his eyes, whether those knights are necessary to the world; he might feel too with his hands, that your extraordinary afflicted and comfortless, and great affairs and enormous mishaps, go not to seek redress to book-men's houses, or to some poor country sextons, nor to your gentleman that never stirr'd from home; nor to the lazy courtier, that rather hearkens after news which he may report again, than procures to perform deeds and exploits, that others may relate and write; the redress of griefs, the succouring of necessities, the protection of damsels, the comfort of widows, is had from no sort of persons so well as from knights-errant; and that I am one, I give heaven infinite thanks, and I think my disgrace well earn'd that I may receive this noble calling. Let this matron come, and demand what she will; for I will give her redress with this my strong arm, and undaunted resolution of my couragious spirit.

## CHAP. XXXVII.

*Of the prosecution of the famous adventure of the Afflicted Matron.*

THE duke and duchess were extremely glad to see how well Don Quixote answer'd their intentions; and then Sancho said, I should be loth this mistress matron should lay any stumbling-block in the promise of my government; for I have heard a Toledo apothecary say, and he spoke like a bull-finch, that where these kind of \* women were intermeddling, there could no good follow. Lord, what an enemy that apothecary was to them? for since all your matrons, of what condition or quality soever they be, are irksome and foolish, what kind of ones shall your afflicted be? as this countess

\* Duennas, here Sancho takes Duenna, in the former sense, for an old waiting-woman.

\* Three-

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\* *Three-skirts, or Three-tails*; for tails and skirts all is one.

Peace, friend *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*; for since this matron-lady comes from so remote parts to seek me, she is none of those that the apothecary hath in his bead-roll: besides, this is a countess, and when your countesses are waiting-women, 'tis either to queens or empresses, who in their houses are most absolute, and are serv'd by other waiting-women. To this, quoth Donna *Rodriguez*, that was present, My lady the duchess hath women in her service that might have been countesses, if fortune had been pleas'd; but the weakest go to the walls: and let no man speak ill of waiting-women, and especially of antient maids; for altho' I am none, yet I well and clearly perceive the advantage that your maiden waiting-women have over widow-women, and one pair of sheets went between us both.

For all that, quoth *Sancho*, there is so much to be shear'd in your waiting-women, according to mine apothecary, that the more you stir this business, the more it will stink. Always these squires, quoth Donna *Rodriguez*, are malicious against us; for, as they are furies that haunt the out-rooms, and every foot spy us, the times that they are not at their devotions, which are many, they spend in back-biting us, undigging our bones, and burying our reputation. Well, let me tell these moving blocks, that, in spite of them, we will live in the world, and in houses of good fashion, tho' we starve for it, or cover our delicate or not delicate flesh with a black monk's weed, as if we were old walls cover'd with tapestry at the passing of a procession. I'faith, if I had time and leisure enough, I would make all that are present know, that there is no virtue but is contain'd in a waiting-woman. I believe, said the duchess, my honest Donna *Rodriguez* is in the right: but she must stay for a fit time to answer

\* Alluding to the name *Trifaldi*, as if she had been call'd *tres faldes*, which signifies three skirts; and this was his mistake.

for

for herself and the rest of waiting-women, to confound the apothecary's ill opinion, and to root it out altogether from *Sancho's* breast. To which quoth *Sancho*, since the governourship smokes in my head, all squirely fumes are gone out; and I care not a wild fig for all your waiting-women.

Forward they had gone with this waiting-woman discourle, had they not heard the drum and fife play, whereby they knew that the *Afflicted Matron* was entering. The duchess ask'd the duke if they should meet her, since she was a countess, and noble personage. For her countesship, quoth *Sancho*, before the duke could answer, I like it that your greatness meet her; but, for her matronship, that ye stir not a-foot. Who bids thee meddle with that, *Sancho*? quoth Don *Quixote*. Who, Sir? said he; I my self, that may meddle, that, as a squire, have learn'd the terms of courtesy in your worship's school, that is the most courteous and best bred knight in all courtship; and, as I have heard you say, in these things, Better play a card too much, than too little; and, Good wits will soon meet. 'Tis true; as *Sancho* says, quoth the duke, we will see what kind of countess she is, and by that guess what courtesy is due to her. By this the drum and fife came in, as formerly. And here the author ended this brief chapter, beginning another, which continues the same adventure, one of the notablest of all the history.

#### C H A P. XXXVIII.

*The Afflicted Matron recounts her ill errantry.*

**A**FTER the musick, there enter'd in at the garden about some twelve matron-waiters, divided into two ranks, all clad in large monk's weeds, to see to of fulled serge, with white stoles of thin callicoe, so long, that they only shew'd the edge of their black weeds. After them came the countess *Trifaldi*, whom *Trifaldin* with the white beard led by the hand, clad all in finest un-napp'd bafe; for had it been napp'd, every grain of it would have been as big as your biggest peas. Her tail,





*The Afflicted Matron complains to Don Quixote of her Enchanted Beard.*

*Car. Coypel pinxit*

*J. B. Guiche sculp.*

Chap.

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*Lobuna*,  
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\* *The*

† *Zo*

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tail, or her train, call it whether you will, had three corners, which was born by three pages, clad likewise in mourning. Thus making a tightly and mathematical shew with those three sharp corners, which the pointed skirt made, for which belike she was call'd the countess \* *Trifaldi*, as if we should say, the countess of the three trains; and *Benengeli* says, it was true, and that her right name was the countess *Lobuna*, because there were many wolves bred in her country; and if they had been foxes, as they were wolves, they would have call'd her the countess † *Zorruna*, by reason that in those parts it was the custom, that great ones took their appellations, from the thing or things that did most abound in their state: but this countess, taken with the strangeness of her threefold train, left her name of *Lobuna*, and took that of *Trifaldi*.

The twelve waiters and their lady came a procession-pace, their faces cover'd with black veils, and not transparent, as was *Trifaldin's*, but so close, that nothing was seen through. Just as the matronly Squadron came in, the duke, the duchess, and Don *Quixote*, stood up, and and all that beheld the large procession. The twelve made a stand, and a lane, through the midst of which the *Afflicted* came forward, *Trifaldin* still leading her by the hand; which the duke, the duchess, and Don *Quixote* seeing, they advanc'd some dozen paces to meet her. She kneeling on the ground, with a voice rather coarse and hoarse, than fine and clear, said, May it please your greatnesses to spare this courtesy to your servant, I say, to me your servant; for as I am the *Afflicted*, I shall not answer you as I ought, by reason that my strange and unheard of misfortune, hath transported my understanding, I know not whither; and sure 'tis far off, since the more I seek it, the less I find it. He should want it, lady, quoth the duke, that by your person could not judge of your worth, the which, without

\* The word, in Spanish, importing so.

† Zorra, in Spanish, a Fox.

any more looking into, deserves the cream of courtesy, and the flower of all mannerly ceremonies; so taking her up by the hand, he led her to sit down in a chair by the duchess, who welcom'd her also with much courtesy.

Don *Quixote* was silent, and *Sancho* long'd to see the *Trifaldi's* face, and some of her waiting-women; but there was no possibility, till they, of their own accords, would shew them: so all being quiet and still, they expected who should first break silence, which was done by the *Afflicted Matron*, with these words: \* Confident I am, most powerful Sir, most beautiful lady, and most discreet auditors, that my most miserableness shall find, in your most valorous breasts, shelter, no less pleasing, than generous and compassionate; for it is such as is able to make marble relent, to soften the diamonds, and to mollify the steel of the hardest hearts in the world: but, before it come into the market-place of your hearing, I will not say your ears, I should be glad to know if the most purifiediferous Don *Quixote* of the *Manchissima*, and his squiriferous *Pancha*, be in this lap, this quire, this company.

† *Pancha* is here, quoth *Sancho*, before any body else could answer, and Don *Quixotissimo* too, therefore, most *Afflictedissimous Matronissima*, I speak what you will-issimus, for we are all ready and most forward to be your *servitorissimus*. Then Don *Quixote* rose up, and directed his speech to the *Afflicted Matron*, and said, If your troubles, streightned lady, may promise you any hope of remedy, by the valour and force of any knight-errant, behold, here are my poor and weak arms, that shall be employ'd in your service. I am Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, whose function is to succour the needy; which being so, as it is, you need not, lady, to use any rhetoric, or to seek any preambles; but plainly, and without circumstances, tell your griefs, for they shall be

\* *A fustian speech on purpose, and so continued.*

† *Sancho strives to answer in the same key.*

heard



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heard by those, that, if they cannot redress them, yet they will commiserate them.

Which when the *Afflicted Matron* heard, she seem'd to fall at Don *Quixote's* feet, and cast herself down, striving to embrace them, and said, Before these feet and legs I cast my self, Oh invincible knight! since they are the basis and columns of knight-errantry, these feet will I kiss, on whose steps the whole remedy of my misfortunes doth hang and depend. Oh valorous errant! whose valorous exploits do obscure and darken the fabulous ones of the *Amadis*, *Esplandias*, and *Belianises*. And, leaving Don *Quixote*, she laid hold on *Sancho Pancha*, and, griping his hands, said, Oh thou the loyallest squire that ever serv'd knight-errant, in past or present times! longer in goodness than my usher *Trifaldin's* beard! well may'st thou vaunt, that, in serving Don *Quixote*, thou serv'st, in cypher, the whole troop of knights, that have worn arms in the world; I conjure thee, by the most loyal goodness, that thou be a good intercessor with thy master, that he may, ere-soons, favour this most humble, most unfortunate countess.

To which, said *Sancho*, that my goodness, lady, be as long as your squire's beard, I do not much stand upon; the business is, bearded, or with multachoes, let me have my soul go to heaven when I die; for, for beards here I care little or nothing: but, without these clawings or entreaties, I will desire my master, for I know he loves me well, and the rather, because now in a certain business he hath need of me, that he favour and help your worship as much as he may. But pray uncage your griefs, and tell them us, and let us alone to understand them.

The dukes were ready to burst with laughter, as they that had taken the pulse of this adventure, and commended within themselves the wit and dissimulation of the *Trifaldi*, who sitting her down, said, Of the famous kingdom of *Taprobana*, which is between the great *Taprobana* and the *South-Sea*, some two leagues beyond cape *Comorin*, was queen the lady *Donna Maguncia*, widow to king *Archipielo*, her lord and husband, in which

matrimony they had the princess *Antonomasia*, heir to the kingdom. The said princess was brought up, and increas'd under my tutorage and instruction, because I was the antientest and chief matron that waited on her mother. It fell out then, that times coming and going, the child *Antonoma*, being about fourteen years of age, she was so fair, that nature could give no further addition, Discretion itself was a snotty-nose to her, that was as discreet as fair, and she was the fairest in the world, and is, if envious fates and inflexible destinies have not cut the thread of her life : but sure they have not; for heaven will not permit that earth suffer such a loss, as would be the lopping off a branch of the fairest vine in the world.

On this beauty, never sufficiently extoll'd by my rude tongue, a number of princes were enamour'd, as well neighbours as strangers, amongst whom a private gentleman durst raise his thoughts to the heaven of that beauty, one that liv'd in court, confident in his youth, and gallantry, and other abilities, and happy facilities of wit; for let me give your greatnesses to understand, if it be not too tedious, he play'd on a guitar as if he made it speak, he was a poet, and a great dancer, and could very well make bird-cages, and only with this art might have gotten his living, when he had been in great necessity; so that all these parts and adornments were able to throw down a mountain, much more a delicate damsel. But all his gentry, all his graces, all his behaviour and abilities, could have little prevail'd, to render my child's fortress, if the curs'd thief had not conquer'd me first. First, the curs'd rascal vagabond sought to get my good-will, and to bribe me, that I, ill-keeper, should deliver him the keys of my fortress.

To conclude, he inveigled my understanding, and obtain'd my consent, with some toys and trifles, I know not what, that he gave me : but that which most did prostrate me, and made me fall, was certain verses that I heard him sing one night from a grated window, toward a lane where he lay, which were, as I remember, these.

All

*An ill upon my soul doth steal,  
From my sweetest enemy:  
And it more tormenteth me  
That I feel, yet must conceal.*

The ditty was most precious to me, and his voice as sweet as sugar; and many time have I thought, seeing the mishap I fell into, by these, and such other like verses, and have consider'd, that poets should be banish'd from all good and well-govern'd commonwealths, as *Plato* counsell'd, at least lascivious poets, for they write lascivious verses; not such as those of the \* marquiss of *Mantua*, that delight and make women and children weep, but piercing ones, that like sharp thorns, but soft, traverse the soul, and wound it like lightning, leaving the garment sound. And again he sung,

*Come death, hidden, without pain,  
Let me not thy coming know,  
That the pleasure to die so,  
Make me not to live again.*

Other kinds of songs he had, which being sung, enchanted, and written, suspended; for when they deign'd to make a kind of verse in *Candaya*, then in use, call'd *Roundelaies*, there was your dancing of souls, and tickling with laughter, and unquietness of the body, and, finally, the quicksilver of all the senses. So, my masters, let me say, that such rhymers ought justly to be banish'd to the island of *Lizards*. But the fault is none of their's, but of simple creatures that commend them, and foolish wenches that believe in them: and if I had been as good a waiting-woman, as I ought to have been, his over-night's conceit would not have mov'd me, neither should I have given credit to these kind of speeches; I live dying, I burn in the frost, I shake in the fire, I hope hopeless, I go and yet I stay; with other impossibilities of this scum, of which his writings are full: and then, your promising, the phoenix of *Arabia*, *Ariadne's* crown, the locks of the sun, the pearls of the

\* Old ballad verses; the author speaks here satyrically.

south, the gold of *Tyber*, and *balsamum* of *Pancaia*, and here they are most liberal in promising that which they never think to perform.

But whither, Ah me unhappy ! do I divert myself ? What folly or what madness makes me recount other folks faults, having so much to say of mine own ? Ah me, again, unfortunate ! for not the verses, but my folly, vanquish'd me ; not his music, but my lightness, my ignorance, softned me ; that, and my ill fore-sight, open'd the way, and made plain the path to Don *Clanixo*, for this is the aforesaid gentleman's name ; so that I being the bawd, he was many times in the chamber of the (not by him, but me) betray'd *Antonomasia*, under colour of being her lawful spouse ; for tho' a sinner I am, I would not have consented, that, without being her husband, he should have come to the bottom of her shoe-sole.

No, no, matrimony must ever be the colour in all these businesses that shall be treated of by me : only there was one mischief in it, that Don *Clanixo* was not her equal, he being but a private gentleman, and she such an inheritrix : A while this juggling was hid and conceal'd, with the sagacity of my weariness, till a kind of swelling in *Antonomasia's* belly at last discover'd it ; the fear of which made us all three enter into counsel, and it was agreed, that, before the mishap should come to light, Don *Clanixo* should demand *Antonomasia* for his wife before the vicar, by vertue of a bill of her hand, which she had given him to be so : this was fram'd, by my invention, so forcibly, that *Sampson* himself was not able to break it.

The matter was put in practice, the vicar saw the bill, and took the lady's confession, who confess'd plainly ; he committed her prisoner to a serjeant's house. Then, quoth *Sancho*, have you serjeants too in *Candaya*, poets, and roundelays ? I swear I think the world is the same every where. But make an end, Madam *Trifaldi*, for it is late, and I long to know the end of this large story. I will, answer'd the countess.



## CHAP. XXXIX.

Where the Trifaldi prosecutes her stupendous and memorable history.

AT every word that *Sancho* spoke, the duchess was as well pleas'd, as Don *Quixote* out of his wits, and commanding him to be silent, the *Afflicted* went on, saying, The short and the long was this, after many givings and takings, by reason the princess stood very stiffly to her tackling, the vicar sentenc'd in Don *Clanixo's* favour, whereat the queen Donna *Maguncia Antonomasia's* mother was so full of wrath, that some three days after we buried her. Well, Sir squire, quoth *Sancho*, it hath been seen e'er now, that one that hath been in a swoon, hath been bury'd, thinking he was dead; and methinks that queen *Maguncia* might but rather have been in a swoon; for with life many things are remedy'd, and the princess's error was not so great, that she should so resent it. If she had been married with a page, or any other servant of her house, as I have heard many have done, the mischance had been irreparable; but to marry with so worthy a gentleman, and so understanding, as hath been painted out to us, truly, truly, tho' 'twere an oversight, yet 'twas not so great as we think for; for, according to my master's rules, here present, who will not let me lye, as scholars become bishops, so private knights, especially if they be errant, may become kings and emperors.

Thou hast reason, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*; for a knight-errant, give him but two inches of good fortune, he is in *potentia proxima* to be the greatest sovereign of the world. But let the *Afflicted* proceed, for to me it appears, the bitterest part of her sweet history is behind. The bitterest, quoth you? said she: indeed so bitter, that, in comparison of this, treacle and elicampene is sweet.

The queen being stark dead, and not in a trance, we bury'd her, and scarce had we cover'd her with earth, and took our *ultimum vale*, when, *Quis talia fando*

*temperet à lachrimis?* the giant *Malambruno*, *Maguncia*'s cousin-german, appear'd before her grave upon a wooden horse, who, besides his cruelty, was also an inchanter, who, with his art, to revenge his cousin's death, and for Don *Clanixo*'s boldness, and for despight of *Antonomasia*'s over-sight, enchanted them upon the same tomb, turning her into a brasen ape, and him into a fearful crocodile of unknown metal; and betwixt them both is likewise set a register of metal, written in the *Syriac* tongue, which, being translated into the *Candayan*, and now into the *Castillian*, contains this sentence:

*These two bold lovers shall not recover their natural form, till the valiant Manchegan come to single combat with me; for the destinies reserve this unheard-of adventure only for his great valour.*

This done, he unsheath'd a broad and unwieldy scimitar, and, taking me by the hair of the head, he made as if he would have cut my throat, or shear'd off my neck at a blow. I was amaz'd, my voice cleav'd to the roof of my mouth, I was troubled extremely; but I enforc'd my self as well as I could, and, with a dolorous and trembling voice, I told him such and so many things, as made him suspend the execution of his rigorous punishment.

Finally, he made all the waiting-women of the court be brought before him, which are here present now also; and after he had exaggerated our faults, and revild the conditions of waiting-women, their wicked wiles, and worse slights; and laying my fault upon them all, he said he would not capitally punish us, but with other dilated pains, that might give us a civil and continue death: and in the very same instant and moment that he had said this, we all felt that the pores of our faces open'd, and that all about them we had prickles, like the pricking of needles. By and by we clapp'd our hands to our faces, and found them just as you see 'em now. With this the *Afflicted*, and the rest of the waiting-women lifted up their masks which they had on,  
and

and shew'd their faces all with beards, some red, some black, some white, and lime-smear'd; at sight of which, the duke and duchess admir'd, Don Quixote and Sancho were astonish'd, and all the by-standers wonder-struck, and the Trifaldi proceeded: Thus that felon, and hard-hearted Malambruno punish'd us, covering the softness and smoothness of our faces with these rough bristles; would to God he had beheaded us with his unwieldy scimitar, and not so dimm'd the light of our faces with these blots that hide us; for, my masters, if we fall into reckoning, (and that which now I say, I would speak it with mine eyes running a fountain of tears, but the consideration of our misfortunes, and the seas that hitherto have rain'd, have drawn them as dry as ears of corn, and therefore let me speak without tears;) whither shall a waiting-woman with a beard go? what father or mother will take compassion on her? for when her flesh is at the smoothest, and her face martyrized with a thousand sorts of slobber-flabbers and waters, she can scarce find any body that will care for her; what shall she do then when she wears a wood upon her face? Oh matrons! companions mine, in all ill time were we born, in a luckless hour our fathers begat us; and, saying this, she made shew of dismaying.

CHAP. XL.

*Of matters that touch and pertain to this adventure, and most memorable history.*

CERTAINLY, all they, that delight in such histories as this, must be thankful to *Cid Hamet*, the author of the original, for his curiosity in setting down every little tittle, without leaving out the smallest matter, that has not been distinctly brought to light: he paints out conceits, discovers imaginations, answers secrets, clears doubts, resolves arguments: to conclude, manifests the least moat of each curious desire. Oh famous author! Oh happy Don Quixote! Oh renown'd *Dulcinea*! Oh pleasant *Sancho*! all together,

ther, and each in particular, long may you live, to the delight and general recreation of mortals. The story then goes on, that, just as *Sancho* saw the *Afflicted* dismay'd, he said, As I am honest man, and by the memory of the *Pansa's*, I never heard nor saw, nor my master never told me, nor could he ever conceit in his fancy, such an adventure as this. A thousand satans take thee ! not to curse thee, for an inchanter as thou art, giant *Malambruno* ! and hadst thou no kind of punishment, for these sinners, but this bearding them ? What ! had it not been better and fitter for them, to have bereav'd them of half their noses, tho' they had snuffed for it, and not to have clapt these beards on them ? I hold a wager they have no money to pay for their shaving. You say true, Sir, quoth one of the twelve, we have nothing to cleanse us with ; therefore some of us have us'd a remedy of sticking plaisters, which, apply'd to our faces, and clapp'd on upon a sudden, make them as plain and smooth as the bottom of a stone-morter : for tho' in *Candaya* there be women that go up and down from house to house, to take away the hair of the body, and to trim the eye-brows, and other slobber-sauces touching women ; yet we, my lady's women, would never admit them, because they smell something of the bawd : and, if Seignior Don *Quixote* do not help us, we are like to go with beards to our graves.

I would rather lose mine amongst Infidels, quoth Don *Quixote*, than not ease you of yours. By this the *Trifaldi* came to herself again, and said, The very jingling of this promise came into my ears in the midst of my trance, and was enough to recover my senses ; therefore once again, renown'd errant, and untam'd Sir, let me beseech you, that your gracious promise be put in execution. For my part it shall, quoth Don *Quixote* ; tell me, lady, what I am to do, for my mind is very prompt to serve you.

Thus it is, quoth the *Afflicted*, from hence to the kingdom of *Candaya*, if you go by land, you have five thousand leagues, wanting two or three ; but if you



go in the air, some three thousand two hundred seven and twenty by a direct line. You must likewise know, that *Malambruno* told me, that when fortune should bring me to the knight that should free us, that he would send a horse much better, and with fewer tricks than your hirlings, which is the self-same horse of wood, on which the valiant *Pierres* stole and carry'd away the fair *Magalona*; which horse is govern'd by a pin that he has in his forehead, that serves for a bridle, and flies in the air so swiftly, as if the devils themselves carry'd him. This horse, according to tradition, was made by the sage *Merlin*, and he lent him to his friend *Pierres*, who made long voyages upon him, and stole away, as is said, the fair *Magalona*; carrying her in the air at his crupper, leaving all, that beheld them on earth, in a staring gaze; and he lent him to none but those whom he lov'd, or that paid him best, and, since the grand *Pierres*, hitherto we have not heard that any else has come upon his back: *Malambruno* got him from thence by his art, and keeps him, making use of him in his voyages, which he has every foot through all parts of the world; and he is here to day, and to morrow in *France*, and the next day at *Ferusalem*: and the best is, that this horse neither eats nor sleeps, nor needs shoeing, and he ambles in the air, without wings, that he, that rides upon him, may carry a cup full of water in his hand, without spilling a jot; he goes so soft and so easy, which made the fair *Magalona* glad to ride upon him.

Then, quoth *Sancho*, for your soft and easy going, my dapple bears the bell, tho' he go not in the air; but upon earth. I'll play with him with all the amblers in the world.

All of them laugh'd, and the *Afflicted* went on: And this horse, if *Malambruno* will grant an end of our misfortune, within half an hour at night will be with us; for he told me, that the sign that I had found the knight that should procure our liberty, should be the sending of that horse whither he should come speedily. And how many, quoth *Sancho*, may ride upon that horse?

The

The *Afflicted* answer'd, Two ; one in the saddle, and the other at the crupper ; and most commonly such two are, knight and squire, when some stolen damsel is wanting. I would fain know, *Afflicted* Madam, quoth *Sancho*, what this horse's name is ? His name, quoth she, is not like *Bellerophon's* horse, call'd *Pegasus*, or *Alexander's* the great, *Bucephalus*, or *Orlando Furioso's* *Briliadoro*, or *Bayarte Reyzaldos de Montalvan's*, or *Rogeros Frontino*, or *Bootes* or *Perithon's*, the horses of the *Sun*, nor *Orelia Rodrigo*, the last unhappy king of the *Goths* his horse, in that battle where he lost his life and kingdom together.

I hold a wager, said *Sancho*, that since he has none of all these famous known names, that his name neither is not *Rozinante*, my master's horse's name, which goes beyond all those that have been nam'd already.

'Tis true, quoth the bearded countess, notwithstanding he has a name that fits him very well, which is, \* *Clavileno* the swift : first, because he is of wood, and then, because of the pin in his forehead ; so that, for his name, he may compare with *Rozinante*. I dislike not his name, said *Sancho* ; but what bridle, or what halter, is he govern'd with ? I have told you, said the *Trifaldi*, that with the pin, turn'd as pleaseth the party that rides on him, he will go either in the air, or taking and sweeping along the earth, or in a mean which ought to be sought in all well-order'd actions. I would fain see him, quoth *Sancho*, but to think that I'll get upon him, either in the saddle, or at the crupper, were to ask pears of the elm. 'Twere good indeed, that I, that can scarce sit upon dapple, and a pack-saddle as soft as silk, should get up upon a wooden crupper without a cushion or pillow-bier : by gad I'll not bruise my self to take away any body's beard ; let every one shave himself as well as he can ; for I'll not go so long a voyage with my master : besides, there's no use of me for the shaving of these beards, as there is for the disenchanted my lady *Dulcinea*. Yes marry is there, said the *Trifaldi*, and so much, that I believe.

\* *Clavo*, a nail or wooden-pin ; *Leno*, wood in Spanish. with-

without you we shall do nothing. \* God and the king, quoth *Sancho*, what have the squires to do with their master's adventures, they must reap the credit of ending them, and we must bear the burden? Body of me, if your historians would say, Such a knight ended such an adventure, but with the help of such and such a squire, without whom it had been impossible to end it, 'twere something: but that they write drily, Don *Parlalipomenon*, knight of the three stars, ended the adventure of the six hob-goblins, without naming his squire's person that was present at all, as if he were not alive: I like it not, my masters, I tell you again, my master may go alone much good may it do him, and I'll stay here with my lady, the duchess, and it may be, when he comes back, he shall find the lady *Dulcinea's* business threefold, nay fivefold, better'd; for I purpose at idle times, and when I am at leisure, to give my self a bout of whipping, bare breech'd. For all that, quoth the duchess, if need be, you must accompany him, honest *Sancho*; for all good people will entreat, that for your unnecessary fear these gentlewomen's faces be not so thick bearded; for it were great pity.

God and the king again, quoth *Sancho*, when this charity were perform'd for some retir'd damselfs, as some working girls, a man might undertake any hazard; but to unbeard waiting-women, a pox: I would I might see 'em bearded from the highest to the lowest, from the nicest to the neatest. You are still bitter against waiting-women, friend, quoth the duchess, you are much addicted to the *Toledonian* apothecary's opinion: but on my faith you have no reason, for I have women in my house, that may be a pattern for waiting-women; and here's Donna *Rodriguez*, that will not contradict me. Your excellency, quoth *Rodriguez*, may say what you will, God knows all, whether we be good or bad: bearded or smooth, as we are, our mothers brought us forth as well as other women; and since God cast us into the world, he knows to what end, and I rely upon his mercy, and no body's beard.

\* *Aqui del Roy, the usual speech of officers in Spain, when any arrested person resists.* Well,

Well, mistress *Rodriguez*, and lady *Trifaldi*, quoth Don *Quixote*, I hope to God he will behold your sorrows with pitying eyes, and *Sancho* shall do as I will have him, if *Clavileno* were come once, and that I might encounter *Malambruno*; for I know, no razor would shave you with more facility, than my sword should shave *Malambruno's* head from his shoulders; for God permits the wicked, but not for ever.

Ah! quoth the *Afflicted*, now all the stars of the heavenly regions look upon your greatness, valorous knight, with a gentle aspect, and infuse all prosperity into your mind, and all valour, and make you the shield and succour of all dejected and revild waiting-womanship, abominable to apothecaries, back-bited by squires, and scoff'd at by pages; and the devil take the queen that, in the flower of her youth, put not herself in a nunnery, rather than be a waiting-woman, unfortunate as we are; for tho' we descend in a direct line, by man to man, from *Hector the Trojan*, yet our mistresses will never leave be-thou-ing of us, tho' they might be queens for it: Oh giant *Malambruno*! for tho' thou beest an inchanter, thou art most sure in thy promises, send the matchless *Clavileno* unto us, that our misfortunes have an end: for if the heats come in, and these beards of ours last, woe be to our ill fortune.

This the *Trifaldi* said with so much feeling, that she drew tears from all the spectators eyes, and strok'd them even from *Sancho's*; so that now he resolv'd to accompany his master to the very end of the world, so he might obtain the taking the wool from those venerable faces.

#### CHAP. XLI.

*Of Clavileno's arrival, with the end of his dilated adventure.*

**I**T grew now to be night, and with the expected time when *Clavileno*, the famous horte, should come, whose delay troubled Don *Quixote*, thinking that *Malambruno* deferring to send him, argued, that  
either



either he was not the knight for whom the adventure was reserv'd, or that *Malambruno* durst not come to single combat with him: but look ye now, when all unexpected, four savages enter'd the garden, clad all in green yew, bearing upon their shoulders a great wooden horse; they set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of them said, Let him that has the courage get up upon this engine.

Then, quoth *Sancho*, not I, I have no courage, I am no knight: and the savage reply'd, saying, And let his squire ride behind, and let him be assur'd, that no sword but *Malambruno's* shall offend him, and there is no more to be done, but to turn that pin, which is upon the horse's neck, and he will carry them in a moment where *Malambruno* attends: but, lest the height and distance from earth make them light-headed, let them cover their eyes till the horse neigh, a sign that they have then finish'd their voyage. This said, with a slow pace, they march'd out the same way they came.

The *Afflicted*, as soon as she saw the horse, with very tears in her eyes, she said to Don *Quixote*, Valorous knight, *Malambruno* has kept his word, the horse is here, our beards increase, and each of us with every hair of them beseech thee to shave and shear us, since there is no more to be done, but that thou and thy squire both mount, and begin this your happy new voyage. That will I willingly, said Don *Quixote*, my lady *Trifaldi*, without a cushion of spurs, that I may not delay time, so much, lady, I desire to see you and all these gentlewomen smooth and clear. Not I, quoth *Sancho*, neither willing nor unwilling; and if this shaving can't be perform'd without my riding at the crupper, let my master seek some other squire to follow him, and these gentlewomen some other means of smoothing themselves; for I am no hag that love to hurry in the air: and what will my islanders say, when they hear their governour is hovering in the wind? besides, there being three thousand leagues from hence to *Candaya*, if the horse should be weary, or the giant offended, might we be these half dozen of years e'er we

we return, and then perhaps there would be neither island nor dry-land in the world to acknowledge me: and since 'tis ordinarily said, that delay breeds danger, and he that will not when he may, &c. these gentle-women's beards shall pardon me, for 'tis good sleeping in a whole skin, I mean, I am very well at home in this house, where I receive so much kindness, and from whose owner I hope for so great a good, as to see my self a governour.

To which, quoth the duke, Friend *Sancho*, the island, that I promis'd you, is not moveable, nor fugitive; it is so deep rooted in the earth, that a great many pulls will not root it up: and since you know, that I know that there is none of these prime kind of officers, that pays not some kind of bribe, some more, some less; yours for this government shall be, that you accompany your master, Don *Quiote*, to end and finish this memorable adventure, that, whether you return on *Clavileno*, with the brevity that his speed promises, or that your contrary fortune bring and return you home on foot, like a pilgrim from inn to inn, and from alehouse to alehouse, at your coming back, you shall find the island where you left it, and the islanders with the same desire to receive you for their governour, that they have always had, and my good will shall always be the same; and doubt not, Seignior *Sancho*, of this, for you should do much wrong, in so doing, to the desire I have to serve you.

No more, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I am a poor squire, and can't carry so much courtesy upon my back: let my master get up, and blind-fold me, and commend me to God Almighty, and tell me, if, when I mount into this high-flying, I may recommend my self to God, or invoke the angels that they may favour me.

To which the *Trifaldi* answer'd, You may recommend yourself to God, or to whom you will; for *Malabrundo*, tho' he be an inchanter, yet he is a christian, and performs his enchantments with much sagacity, and very warily, without meddling with any body. Go to then, quoth *Sancho*, God and the holy Trinity of *Gaea*

help

help me. Since the memorable adventure of the full-mills, quoth Don *Quixote*, I never saw *Sancho* so fearful as now ; and if I were as superstitious as some, his pusillanimity would tickle my conscience : but hark thee, *Sancho*, by these gentles leaves, I will speak a word or two with thee ; and, carrying *Sancho* amongst some trees in the garden, taking him by both the hands, said, Thou seest, both *Sancho*, the large voyage that we are like to have, and God knows when we shall return from it, nor the leisure that our affairs hereafter will give us. I prethee, therefore, retire thy self to thy chamber, as if thou went'st to look for some necessary for the way, and give thy self in a trice, of the three thousand and three hundred lashes, in which thou stand'st engag'd, but five hundred only : so that the beginning of a business is half the ending of it.

Verily, quoth *Sancho*, I think you have lost your wits, this is just : I am going, and thou art crying out in haste for thy maiden-head, I am now going to sit upon a bare piece of wood, and you will have my bum smart. Believe me, you have no reason, let's now go for the shaving these matrons, and when we return, I'll promise you to come out of debt : let this content you, and I say no more. Don *Quixote* made answer, Well, with this promise, *Sancho*, I am in some comfort, and I believe thou wilt accomplish it ; for tho' thou beest a fool, \* yet I think thou art honest.

So now they went to mount *Clavileno*, and, as they were getting up, Don *Quixote* said, Hood-wink thy self, *Sancho*, and get up : for he that sends from so far off for us, will not deceive us ; for he will get but small glory by it, and though all should succeed contrary to my imagination, yet no malice can obscure the glory of having undergone this adventure. Let's go, master, quoth *Sancho*, for the beards and tears of these gentlewomen are nail'd in my heart, and I shall not eat a bit, to do me good, till I see them in their former smoothness. Get you up, Sir, and hood-wink your-

\* Here I left out a line or two of a dull conceit ; so it was no great matter ; for in English it could not be expressed.

self first; for, if I must ride behind you, you must needs get up first in the saddle.

'Tis true indeed, said Don *Quixote*, and, taking a handkerchief out of his pocket, he desir'd the *Afflicted* to hide his eyes close; and when it was done, he uncover'd himself again, as said, As I remember, I have read in *Virgil* of the *Palladium*, that horse of *Troy*, that was of wood, that the *Grecians* presented to his goddess *Pallas*, with-child with arm'd knights, which after were the total ruin of all *Troy*, and so it were fit first to try what *Clavileno* has in his stomach.

You need not, said she, for I dare warrant you, and know that *Malambruno* is neither traytor nor malicious, you may get up without any fear, and upon me be it, if you receive any hurt. But Don *Quixote* thought, that every thing thus spoken to his safety, was a detriment of his valour: so, without more exchanging of words, up he got, and try'd the pin that easily turn'd up and down: so with his legs at length, without stirrups, he look'd like an image painted in a piece of *Flanders Arras*, or woven in some *Roman triumph*. *Sancho* got up fair and softly, with a very ill will, and, settling himself the best he could upon the crupper, found it somewhat hard, and nothing soft, and desir'd the duke, that, if it were possible, he might have a cushionet, or, for failing, one of the duchess's cushions of state, or a pillow from one of the page's beds; for that horse's crupper, he said, was rather marble than wood.

To this, quoth *Trifaldi*, *Clavileno* will suffer no kind of furniture nor trapping upon him: you may do well for your ease, to sit on him woman-ways, so you will not feel his hardness so much. *Sancho* did so, and saying farewell, he suffer'd himself to be bound about the eyes, and after uncover'd himself again, and, looking pitifully round about the garden, with tears in his eyes, he desir'd that they would, in that doleful trance, join with him each in a *Pater-noster*, and an *Ave Maria*, as God might provide them some to do them that charitable office, when they should be in the like trance.

To



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To which, quoth Don *Quixote*, rascal, are you upon the gallows, trow? or at the last gasp, that you use these kind of supplications? Art thou not, thou soulless cowardly creature, in the same place where the fair *Magalona* fate, from whence she descended not to her grave, but to be queen of *France*, if histories lie not? and am not I by thee? cannot I compare with the valorous *Pierres*, that press'd this seat that I now press? Hoodwink, hoodwink thyself, thou dishearten'd beast, and let not thy fear come forth of thy mouth, at least in my presence. Hoodwink me, quoth *Sancho*, and since you will not have me pray to God, nor recomend me, how can I chuse but be afraid, lest some legion of devils be here, that may carry us headlong to destruction.

Now they were hood-wink'd, and Don *Quixote*, perceiving that all was as it should be, laid hold on the pin, and scarce put his fingers to it, when all the waiting-women, and as many as were present, lift up their voices, saying, God be thy speed, valorous knight; God be with thee, undaunted squire: now, now you fly in the air, cutting it with more speed than an arrow; now you begin to suspend and astonish as many as behold you from earth. Hold, hold, valorous *Sancho*, for now thou goest waving in the air, take heed thou fall not; for thy fall will be worse than the bold youth's, that desir'd to govern his father, the sun's chariot.

*Sancho* heard all this; and, getting close to his master, he girt his arms about him, and said, Sir, why do they say we are so high, if we can hear their voices? and, methinks, they talk here hard by us. Ne'er stand upon that, quoth Don *Quixote*; for, as these kinds of flying are out of the ordinary course of thousands of leagues, thou may'st hear and see any thing: and do not press me so hard, for thou wilt throw me down: and verily, I know not why thou should'st thus tremble, and be afraid, for I dare swear, in all my life, I never rode upon an easier pac'd horse, he goes as if he never mov'd from the place. Friend, banish fear, for the business goes on successfully, and we have wind at will. Indeed 'tis true, quoth *Sancho*; for I have a wind comes so forcibly

forcibly on this side of me, as if I were blow'd upon by a thousand pair of bellows: and it was true, indeed, they were giving him air, with a very good pair of bellows.

This adventure was so well contriv'd by the duke, the duchess, and the steward, that there was no requisite wanting, to make it perfect. Don *Quixote* too, feeling the breath, said, Undoubtedly, *Sancho*, we are now come to the middle region, where hail, snow, thunder, and lightning, and the thunder-bolt are ingendred in the third region, and if we mount long in this manner, we shall quickly be in the region of fire, and I know not how to use this pin, that we mount not where we shall be scorched.

Now they heated their faces with flax set on fire, and easy to be quench'd, in a cave afar off; and *Sancho*, that felt the heat, said, Hang me, if we be not now in that place where the fire is, for a great part of my beard is sing'd: I'll unblindfold my self, master, and see whereabouts we are. Do not, quoth Don *Quixote*; and remember that true \* tale of the scholar *Toralva*, whom the devil hoisted up into the air a horseback on a reed, with his eyes shut, and in twelve hours he arriv'd at *Rome*, and lighted at the tower of *Nona*, which is one of the streets of the city, and saw all the mischance, the assault and death of *Bourbon*, and the morrow after return'd back to *Madrid*, where he related all that he had seen; who also said, that, as he went in the air, the devil bid him open his eyes, which he did, and saw himself, as he thought, so near the body of the moon, that he might have touch'd her with his hands, and that he durst not look toward the earth, for fear to be made giddy. So that, *Sancho*, there is no uncovering us; for he that hath the charge of carrying us, will look to us: and, peradventure, we go doubling of points, and mounting on high, to fall even with the kingdom of *Candaya*, as doth the scar, or hawk, upon the heron, to catch her, mount she never so high; and, tho' it seem to us not half an hour since we parted from the garden, believe me, we have travell'd a great way.

\* *A story believ'd in Spain as gospel.*

I know

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I know not what belongs to it, quoth *Sancho* ; but this I know, that if your lady *Magallanes*, or *Magallona*, were pleas'd with my feat, she was not very tender-breech'd. All these discourses of the two most valiant were heard by the duke, and duchefs, and them in the garden, which gave them extraordinary content: who, willing to make an end of this strange and well-compos'd adventure, clapt fire, with some flax, at *Clavileno's* tail, and streight the horse, being stuff'd with crackers, flew into the air, making a strange noise, and threw *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* both on the ground, and findg'd. And now all the bearded squadron of the matrons vanish'd out of the garden, and *Trifaldi* too, and all, and they that remain'd, counterfeited a dead swoon, and lay all along upon the ground.

*Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, ill-intreated, rose up, and looking round about, they wonder'd to see themselves in the same garden from whence they had parted, and to see such a company of people laid upon the ground: and their admiration was the more increas'd, when, on one side of the garden, they saw a great lance fasten'd in the ground, and a smooth white piece of parchment hanging at it, with two twisted strings of green silk, in which the following words were written, with letters of gold,

*The famous and valorous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, finish'd and ended the adventure of the countess Trifaldi, otherwise call'd, the Afflicted Matron, and her company, only with undertaking it.*

*Malambruno is satisfy'd and contented with all his heart, and now the waiting-women's chins are smooth and clean, and the prince Don Clanixo and Antonomasia are in their pristine being; and, when the squire's whipping shall be accomplish'd, the white pigeon shall be free from the pestiferous Ier-falcon that persecutes her, and in her lov'd tuller's arms; for so it is ordain'd by the sage Merlin, proto-inchanter of inchanters.*

When *Don Quixote* had read these letters of the parchment, he understood plainly that they spoke of the dis-inchanting of *Dulcinea*; and, giving many thanks to heaven,

ven, that with so little danger he had ended, great an exploit, as reducing the faces of the venerable waiting-women to their former smoothness, that were now gone; he went toward the duke and the duchess, who were not as yet come to themselves. and, taking the duke by the hand, he said, Courage, courage, noble Sir, all's nothing, the adventure is now ended, without breaking of bars, as you may plainly see by the writing there in that register.

The duke, like one that riseth out of a profound sleep, by little and little came to himself, and in the same tenour, the duchess, and all they that were down in the garden, with such shews of marvel and wonderment, that they did even seem to persuade, that those things had happen'd to them in earnest, which they counterfeited in jest. The duke read the scroll with his eyes half shut; and streight, with open arms, he went to imbrace Don *Quixote*, telling him he was the bravest knight that ever was. *Sancho* look'd up and down for the *Afflicted*, to see what manner of face she had now she was dis-bearded, and if she were so fair as her gallant presence made shew for; but they told him, that as *Clavileno* came down burning in the air, and lighted on the ground, all the squadron of waiting-women, with *Trifaldi*, vanish'd: and now they were shav'd and unfeather'd.

The duchess ask'd *Sancho*, how he did in that long voyage? To which he answer'd, I, Madam, thought, as my master told me, we pass'd by the region of fire, and I would have uncover'd myself a little; but my master, of whom I ask'd leave, would not let me: but I, that have certain curious itches, and a desire to know what is forbidden me, softly, without being perceiv'd, drew up the handkerchief that blinded me, a little above my nose, and there I saw the earth, and methoughts it was no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men that walk'd upon it, somewhat bigger than hazel-nuts, that you may see how high we were then. To this, said the duchess, Take heed, friend *Sancho*, what you say; for it seems you saw not the earth, but the men that walk'd on it; for



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for it is plain, that if the earth shew'd no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and every man like a hazel-nut, one man alone would cover the whole earth.

'Tis true, indeed, quoth *Sancho*; but I look'd on one side of it, and saw it all. Look you, *Sancho*, quoth the duchess, one cannot see all of a thing by one side: I cannot tell what belongs to your seeing. Madam, quoth *Sancho*, but you must think, that since we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might see the whole earth, and all the men, which way soever I look'd. And if you believe not this, neither will you believe, that, uncovering my self about my eye-brows, I saw my self so near heaven, that betwixt it and me there was not a handful and a half; and I dare swear, Madam, that 'tis a huge thing: and it happen'd that we went that way where the seven she-goat-stars were, and, in my soul and conscience, I having been a goat-herd in my youth, as soon as I saw them, I had a great desire to pass some time with them; which had I not done, I thought I should have burst. Well, I come then, and I take; what do I do? without giving notice to any body, no, not to my master himself, fair and softly I lighted from *Clavileno*, and play'd with the goats, that were like white violets, and such pretty flowers, some three quarters of an hour; and *Clavileno* mov'd not a whit all this while.

And while *Sancho* was playing with the goats all this while, quoth the duke, what did seignior Don *Quixote*? To which, quoth Don *Quixote*, as all these things are quite out of their natural course, 'tis not much that *Sancho* hath said: only for me, I say, I neither perceiv'd my self higher or lower, neither saw I heaven, or earth, or seas, or sands. True it is, that I perceiv'd I pass'd thro' the middle region, and came to the fire: but to think we pass'd from thence, I cannot believe it; for the region of fire being between the moon, and heaven, and the latter region of the air, we could not come to heaven, where the seven goats are, that *Sancho* talks of, without burning our selves; which since we did not, either *Sancho* lies, or dreams.

I nei-

I neither lie nor dream, quoth *Sancho*; for ask me the signs of those goats, and by them you shall see whether I tell true or no. Tell them, *Sancho*, quoth the duchess. Two of them, quoth *Sancho*, are green, two blood-red, two blew, and one mix'd-colour'd. Here's a new kind of goats, quoth the duke; in our region of the earth we have no such colour'd ones. Oh, you may be sure, quoth *Sancho*, there's difference between those and these. Tell me, *Sancho*, quoth the duke, did you see amongst those she's \* any he-goat? No, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, for I heard say that none pass'd the horns of the moon.

They would ask him no more touching his voyage; for it seem'd to them that *Sancho* had a clew to carry him all heaven over, and to tell all that pass'd there, without stirring out of the garden. In conclusion, this was the end of the adventure of the *Afflicted Matron*, that gave occasion of mirth to the dukes, not only for the present, but for their whole life-time; and to *Sancho* to recount for many ages, if he might live so long. But Don *Quixote*, whispering *Sancho* in the ear, told him, *Sancho*, since you will have us believe all that you have seen in heaven, I pray believe all that I saw in *Montesino's* cave, and I say no more.

\* *An equivocal question; for in Spain they use to call cuckolds, Cabrones, he-goats.*

*The End of the Third Volume.*



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